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CONTENTS.

Catholic Teachers and Educational Progress.— <i>Thomas Edward Shields, Ph.D.</i> ,	93	Francis, St., The Catholicism of.— <i>Montgomery Carmichael</i> ,	289
Catholic Teachers and the History of Education.— <i>Edward A. Pace, Ph.D.</i> ,	I	Francis, St., The Love and Humility of. <i>Countess de la Warr</i> ,	332
Celibate, A Determined.— <i>Jeanie Drake</i> ,	32	Hamlet the Dane.— <i>A. W. Corpe</i> ,	652
Christian Apologetics, A Study in Early.— <i>Patrick J. Healy, D.D.</i> ,	433	Ireland Under Charles II.— <i>William F. Dennehy</i> ,	522
Christianity, The Spiritual Value of.— <i>Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard</i> ,	625	Japanese Sketches.— <i>A. Lloyd, M.A.</i> ,	508, 619
Church and Her Saints, The.— <i>James J. Fox, D.D.</i> ,	81	Johnson, Lionel: Poet and Critic.— <i>Katherine Briggs</i> ,	466
Columbian Reading Union, The, 139, 282, 427, 573, 716, 862		Life and Money.— <i>William J. Kerby, Ph.D.</i> ,	43, 171
Convert, The Expectation of the.— <i>A. M. F. Cole</i> ,	806	'Liza of the Alley.— <i>M. F. Quinlan</i> ,	746
Current Events, 123, 246, 408, 537, 700, 841		Miramion, Madame de.— <i>Hon. Mrs. M. M. Maxwell Scott</i> ,	72, 192
Dante and the Spirit of Poetry.— <i>William Barry, D.D.</i> ,	145	Narcissus.— <i>Jeanie Drake</i> ,	202, 315, 483, 598, 733
Dreyfus Case, Some Notes on the.— <i>James J. Fox, D.D.</i> ,	664	New Books, 102, 257, 393, 550, 680, 829	
English Education, The Crisis in.— <i>William Barry, D.D.</i> ,	642	Newman and Littlemore.— <i>Wilfrid Wilberforce</i> ,	577
English Seventeenth-Century Poetry, Childhood in.— <i>Louise Imogen Guiney</i> ,	447	Newman's Littlemore.— <i>Louise Imogen Guiney</i> ,	820
Faith, The Margin of.— <i>George M. Searle, C.S.P.</i> ,	65	Nietzsche, Friedrich, Studies on.— <i>M. D. Petre</i> ,	159, 345
Father Hecker, Some Letters of.— <i>Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.</i> ,	233, 356, 456	Open-Mindedness.— <i>Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.</i> ,	18, 220
Foreign Periodicals, 134, 274, 419, 554, 711, 852		Passing of the Goddess, The.— <i>Lelia Hardin Bugg</i> ,	366
France, The Religious Situation in.— <i>Max Turmann, LL.D.</i> ,	612, 759	Philip, Duke of Wharton.— <i>William F. Dennehy</i> ,	792
Franciscan Centenary, The.— <i>Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.</i> ,	338	Prayer of Christ, The.— <i>George Tyrrell, S.J.</i> ,	54
Franciscan Studies, Non-Catholic Work in.— <i>R. E.</i> ,	721	Renouncements.— <i>Thomas B. Reilly</i> ,	497
Francis, St., and Modern Society.— <i>Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.</i> ,	299	Richard the Third.— <i>A. W. Corpe</i> ,	778
		Shadow Portrait, The.— <i>Mary Catherine Crowley</i> ,	769
		Submerged, Among the.— <i>M. F. Quinlan</i> ,	179
		Ward's, Mrs. Wilfrid, New Novel.— <i>James J. Fox, D.D.</i> ,	382

POETRY.

Mary Immaculate, To.— <i>Sr. M. Wilfrid, O.S.D.</i> ,	232
---	-----

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Ancient Egyptians, The Religion of the,	120	Lex Credendi,	561
Ancient Plain Song, An Earnest Appeal for the Revival of the,	109	Life and Matter,	393
Angels, A Book on the,	683	Literary Criticism, A Handbook of,	695
Anglicanism, Aspects of,	270	Living Wage, A,	688
Apocalypse, The; The Anti-Christ and the End,	553	L'Oraison de Simplicité. La Première Nuit de Saint Jean de la Croix,	557
Balzac,	838	Louisiana: A Record of Expansion,	119
Billy, Miss: A Neighborhood Story,	122	Mass, The Ordinary of the, Historically Liturgically, and Exegetically Ex- plained,	560
Marriage, Home,	558	Miracles of our Lady Saint Mary, The, More, Sir Thomas, The Household of,	686
Casentino, The, and Its Story,	113	Newman: Essai de Biographie Psycho- logique,	555
Catholic Church Hymnal,	110	Newman: Méditations et Prières Tradu- ites par Marie-Agnès Pérat,	555
Catholic Laymen, Great,	834	Pardoner's Wallet, The,	116
Catholiques Français, Les, et leurs Dif- ficultés Actuelles,	260	Patrick, St., The Life and Writings of,	102
Christianity and the Working Classes,	691	Pearl; or, a Passing Brightness,	683
Christian Origins,	554	Pedagogy, Elements of Practical,	117
Cistercian Order, The,	840	Pensée Catholique dans l'Angleterre Contemporaine, La,	836
City Government for Young People,	687	Pentateuch, The Problem of the,	833
Court and Cloister, Studies from,	263	Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher, The,	817
Darwinism and Evolution, Attitude of Catholics towards,	105	Pilgrim Walks in Rome,	684
Dissociation of a Personality, The,	272	Privilege, The Menace of,	831
Does it Matter Much What I Believe?	269	Progress, The Three Ages of,	261
England, The Political History of,	115	Prying Among Private Papers,	356
Eternal Sacrifice, The,	559	Pulpit and Pew, Elementary Apologet- ics for,	268
Faith and the Epistles and Gospels, Meditations on the Mysteries of,	687	Queen Mary of Modena: Her Life and Letters,	397
Far East, The New,	696	Recollections,	107
Field of Glory, On the,	263	Sainte Messe Exposée aux Fidèles, La Doctrine de la,	560
Fortifying the Layman,	552	Saintly Women, A Dictionary of,	118
Francis, St., of Assisi,	257	Savonarola, Fra Girolamo,	398
Francis, St., of Assisi, The Writings of,	113	Science et de la Bible, Les Conflits de la,	685
François, St., d'Assise, Les Opuscules de,	257	Science et Religion,	681
Gilbert, Sir John, LL.D., F.S.A., Life of,	402	Science Moderne, La Providence et le Miracle devant la,	395
God and Human Suffering,	259	Scripture, The Tradition of: Its Origin, Authority, and Interpretation,	265
God, The Existence of,	680	Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline,	682
Gospels, The Witness of the,	680	Seraphic Keepsake, The, Words of Counsel, and Praise of God Most High,	113
Graces d'Oraison, Des. Traité de Thé- ologie Mystique,	557	Sun or Shade, In,	266
Hearts and Creeds,	558	Theosophy and Christianity,	260
Holy Communion, Ancient Devotions for,	262	Trailers of the North,	686
Irish Catholics and Trinity College,	829	Umbria, The Cities of,	113
I Salmi,	121	Unseen World, The,	269
Jésus Christ, La Transcendance de,	684	Vénard, The Venerable Théophile: A Modern Martyr,	122
Jésus Christ, L'Imitation de,	119	Vers l'Eglise Libre,	403
Jewish Settlement in America, The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of, John, Saint, and the Close of the Aposto- lic Age,	551	Western Catholic Review, The,	699
Joseph's Help, St.; or, Stories of the Power and Efficacy of St. Joseph's In- tercession,	268	Women, The Subjection of,	264
Lamp, The,	406	World's Progress, Key to the,	550
Letters from the Beloved City to S. B. from Philip,	396	Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy,	406

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Catholic Teachers and the History of Education

Edward A. Pace, Ph.D.

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CATHOLIC TEACHERS AND THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

BY EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D.



FEW decades ago one might have written with profit a dissertation on the utility and necessity, for teachers, of studying the history of education. One would then have insisted on the advantage of knowing how principles, methods, and institutions have developed, through what vicissitudes education has passed, and by what factors it has been influenced. Beside the general argument that the present can be understood only by studying the past, there would have been special lines of reasoning. The student of any science must acquaint himself with its history. The student of education must know something of the great educational reformers. The fate of each reform—its measure of success or failure—must help us to estimate the value of the new things that are proposed to us. And so forth; the argument would have convinced any intelligent teacher, and the conviction would have been stronger because, fifty years ago, the spirit of historical inquiry reached its predominance. Everything—from the solar system down, or up, to the teacher's own mind—was viewed as the result of a development. In what other way could educational theory and practice have come to be?

At present, however, no such argument is needed. As a

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matter of fact, teachers study the history of education. It is an essential part of their professional training. It holds a prominent place in the programme of normal schools, pedagogical institutes, and university departments of education. It is outlined in manuals good, bad, and indifferent. Its details are set forth in all sorts and sizes of publications, from the doctorate thesis to the encyclopedia. And it is an important item in those tests of knowledge which are the gateway to promotion; it appeals to the practical reason.

If teachers in general need no urging to study the history of education, it might seem superfluous to recommend this study to Catholic teachers. Many of these, in fact, receive the same training as their non-Catholic colleagues and fulfil the same requirements. They are just as well persuaded as any other class of teachers that a knowledge of the history of their science is necessary; and they have, in their actual experience, equal opportunities of profiting by that knowledge.

There are some considerations, on the other hand, that justify the title placed at the head of this paper. First, not all our Catholic teachers are so situated as to feel that they could make a direct and explicit use of their historical knowledge. They are rarely called on to take part in discussions of a public nature. Their work in the class-room and various additional duties absorb their time. They have to teach just these children that come into the school, according to the best recognized methods of the present day. Under these circumstances, it may not occur to them that a knowledge of history would make them more efficient as Catholic teachers in Catholic schools.

Then, it happens from time to time, that Catholic teachers who follow courses in the history of education are surprised or perplexed by certain statements which they hear or read. "Standard works" seem occasionally to stand only for what discredits the Church. Lecturers in high places still revel in the myths of the "Dark Ages." The impression is conveyed that the only valuable features in modern education are due entirely to the Reformation and to subsequent movements outside the Church.

But again, the meaning of the history of education, like the meaning of any other history, depends chiefly upon the point of view from which the facts are considered. A simple enum-

eration of systems and theories may have its utility, but it will not be of real service to the teacher unless it is guided by certain large views of a fundamental character and appreciated in the light of principles. Whether a given change in educational lines really marks an advance is a question that can be settled only by deference to some general idea of the nature and purpose of education itself. The fact that an innovation creates a stir, or that the innovator secures a large and enthusiastic following, does not necessarily prove that genuine progress has been made. Thus, to one way of thinking, it was a great step forward when the teaching of religion was banished from the school; while, to another way of thinking, nothing could have been more disastrous.

The Catholic Church has definite ideas about the meaning and aim of education. These ideas are the warrant and inspiration of the Catholic school. They are the criteria by which the ultimate value of any educational theory is to be determined. They are also the guiding principles through which the past is to be surveyed. Presupposing an acceptance of these principles, we may affirm that the study of the history of education is more urgently the need and more explicitly the duty of Catholic teachers than of any other class of persons engaged in educational work.

The specific function of the Catholic school is to impart a training in morality and religion along with the knowledge of secular subjects. The teacher does his work, not merely as an individual nor as a state official, but as a co-operator in the work of the Church. He must, therefore, be imbued with the spirit of Catholicism, be conscious, as it were, of himself as part of a larger organic unity. In a word, he must feel the Church acting through him according to the measure of his office and ability. Now what he is doing is nothing new. The truth that he teaches is not of yesterday, tenable to-day and to-morrow to be cast aside. It is what was taught from the beginning. It has lived through centuries of change, of conflict, of widening civilization, of advancing knowledge, of unbelief in various forms. It lives to-day, a vital, uplifting force. To realize the *vitality* of Catholic truth is an essential duty of the Catholic teacher.

Of this vitality abundant evidence is supplied by the general history of the Church. But no items of the evidence are

more striking than those which are to be found in the history of education. For when we view the record largely, two great facts confront us. One is that the Catholic Church has maintained, through all the course of her existence, the self-same ideal of education. The other is that, in striving for the attainment of this ideal, she has invariably adapted her action to the changing conditions of humanity. Identity in substance, modification of form, adjustment to environment, these are the manifestations of life. A doctrine that has been taught to all races of mankind, translated into every tongue, scrutinized by every philosophy, and expounded in all sorts of theology, must have in itself a power of survival which no merely human authority could bestow.

What the Church considers as the ideal of education may be easily ascertained and as easily understood. Had it never been formulated in authoritative statement, nor explained in the course of critical discussion, it would or might have been inferred. Whoever realizes, on one hand the purpose of Christianity, and on the other the import of education, cannot fail to see what the Church aims at in all her teaching. To Catholics, especially, it must be clear that no other ideal could have been consistently adopted. If the Church were just now entering upon the work of education, the simplest logic would enable us to forecast the nature of that work so far as it would be determined by the end in view.

But history teaches the lesson more emphatically. It shows us that the Church has not only proposed an ideal, but that she has adopted every possible means for its realization. By action stronger than any declaration, she has manifested her appreciation of this ideal as the one worthy end of education. It is no optional affair. It cannot be abandoned for fear of opposition, nor bartered for the promise of peace.

How easy it would have been to accept the ideal of pagan education. Supreme in culture, the Greek had been trained for the State alone. Sovereign of the world, the Roman had been schooled for the service of Rome. It had been a fruitful education. Philosophy, letters, and art had flourished. Wealth and the things that make life pleasant abounded. The craft of the statesman and the wisdom of the lawmaker ruled an empire won by hardihood and military skill. What better results or what higher qualities of mind could be expected of a teaching

that did not proclaim public utility its ultimate aim? Yet the Christian school, opened in the catacombs, had another ideal.

When the learned world, after fifteen centuries, turned back to the classics of Greece and Rome, it would have been easier still for the Church to yield. She certainly perceived the charm and the power of humanism. That the Renaissance was possible, was due largely to her care in preserving the literature of antiquity. And in the movement itself she took an active part. From the human point of view, it would have been wiser to revive the spirit of the classic age, and to make the school an instrument of the State. This, in fact, was the wisdom of the Reformers. However they may have differed as to religious doctrine, they were unanimous in declaring that education was a function of secular power. And the secular power, on its side, was not slow to perceive the advantage it would reap by taking over the work of education. Had the Church surrendered her ideal, she would have fared better, or, at any rate, would have suffered less. The universities would not have been so completely estranged, nor would the alienation of monastic and other endowments have proceeded so rapidly. And yet, with a full appreciation of the consequences, she clung to her traditional view of education as she maintained her traditional belief. As a result, she was obliged to reconstruct, in large part, her educational system, to establish new institutions, and to provide new means for their support. To do all this in the face of opposition was no easy task. The fact that it was done is distinct evidence of vitality.

The revolution in philosophy which ushered in the modern period, necessarily affected men's views of education. Theories concerning the soul, the destiny of man, the nature and limits of knowledge, the meaning of morality, and the knowableness of God, are bound to get practical application. In many instances the philosophers themselves are the first to apply their theories. Locke and Kant and Herbart and Spencer are not content to speculate on abstract notions. They must see their thought working out in the concrete, fashioning the minds that are one day to be imbued with their philosophy. So it happens that ideas which, in their first conception and presentation, seem quite remote from the interests of the teacher, do nevertheless make their way into the school, its organization, method, and life. Unwittingly, perhaps, the teacher becomes an expon-

ent of philosophical notions, the origin of which he may not even care to investigate. Were they presented to him in concentrated form, he would probably question their truth. Diluted, they scarcely arouse his suspicion.

It is clear that the Church could not consistently sanction all the doctrines advanced since the Reformation in the name of philosophy. To begin with, these doctrines, viewed in bulk, bristle with contradictions. Philosophers even are sorely puzzled to find a basis of reconciliation. When they openly agree to disagree on fundamental questions, they cannot expect the Church to give them, one and all, equal and authoritative approval. But when, so far as they do agree, their conclusions tend to undermine those philosophical truths which are the centre and source of Christian education, the Church must raise her voice in protest.

The net result of modern philosophy has not been in favor of those ideals which have always inspired the Catholic teacher and permeated the Catholic school. If materialism is right when it avers that there is no life in man higher than the life of the body, it is obviously useless to say that education should prepare for eternity. If agnosticism accurately fixes the bounds of knowledge, any attempt to think of a divinely established order, to which our intelligence and will should adjust their activity, is foredoomed to failure. Nor are better results to be expected from naturalism and pessimism, from any philosophy that treats man as a mechanism, or degrades him to the level of the brute.

Suppose now that the Church, swinging with the tide of philosophical opinion, had consented to regard education as a purely temporal affair. She would have been spared, no doubt, a great many burdens and conflicts. She might, ostensibly, have continued to proclaim the truth of the Gospel. The learned world would have admired her policy, and the unlearned her mildness. But her teaching would have lost the force of consistency. The very reason that speaks in philosophy would have condemned a religion that had one ideal for the pulpit, and another for the school.

The Church, we are aware, made no such mistake. Whatever merit she may have recognized in this or that system of philosophy, she could not forget that the supreme end of education is identical with the ultimate purpose of religion itself. To

philosophy simply as philosophy she was not averse. The Fathers had learned from Plato, and the Schoolmen from Aristotle. But when the philosophers of the new time would have placed the whole value of life in the present phase of existence, and when, as a consequence, education was regarded purely as a means to worldly success, a new issue was forced upon the Church. The question was no longer whether the classics should be uppermost in the school curriculum, nor even whether the tenets of Catholicism should form an essential element of instruction. It was something more radical, a struggle for the maintenance of Christian principles. It was, in a word, a conflict of ideals.

Had the Christian world been united, the Christian ideal might have won an easy triumph. As it was, the advantage lay with the opponents of that ideal. Though Protestantism had much at stake, it did not possess the internal vigor requisite in such a clashing of the deepest religious and educational interests. However earnestly Luther, Melancthon, and other leaders of the Reformation may have planned and striven in behalf of the school, their successors were unable to cope with systems of philosophy which diverged more and more from the line of Christian thought. The Church was thus obliged to carry on single-handed a struggle in defence of her ideal against naturalism and materialism, rationalism and agnosticism—against the claims of governments grown hostile and the various movements that aimed at the secularization of the school.

It is just this struggle that divides the educational efforts of our own time. Those who look only upon the surface of things may imagine that differences in method, in system, in organization, are the all-important differences. Others may argue that control of the schools and distribution of school-funds are the essential problems. But the slightest review of educational history shows that at bottom the question is: What shall be the ideal of education? Answer this in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, and all other difficulties will be speedily and logically arranged. Answer it in any other spirit, and no amount of pedagogical wisdom or of careful administration will effectually and permanently settle the issue.

That the Church should not have yielded her position in

deference to the claims of discordant philosophical systems, was due primarily to the character of the teaching which those systems advanced. But philosophy itself has not enjoyed absolute peace in its progress. For a century or more especially, it has been forced to maintain its own struggle for existence. It has had to meet the onset of the sciences and to make a treaty with their results. Theoretically, the reconciliation depends on the ability of philosophy to interpret the guidings of science. In any acceptable "theory of things," there must be room for the facts of observation, and for the well-grounded generalizations of scientific thought. Without waiting, however, for the final reply of philosophy, science has pushed forward, in many directions, to the practical spheres of influence which were once dominated by philosophical ideas. Upon education, in particular, it has produced remarkable effects. By constant additions to the aggregate of knowledge, it has doubled and trebled the work of the school. By its contributions to our knowledge of life and mind, it has compelled a revision of educational method. The principles of biology and psychology have become indispensable guides in the work of teaching, and, therefore, a necessary element in the teacher's preparation. It is proper, then, to inquire in what way, or to what extent, the Christian ideal of education is affected by the progress of science. We know, as a matter of fact, that the Catholic school still clings to this ideal; but, in so doing, does it set itself in opposition to scientific truth?

It cannot be denied that, for some minds, the growth of knowledge has been prejudicial to the best interests of education, as these are understood by the Church. As nature is seen to be deeper and fuller, as life becomes richer in possibilities, the need of looking toward a higher order of existence is less keenly felt. Passing over the extreme view, which, in the name of science, either doubts or rejects immortality, there is a sort of forgetfulness in regard to man's destiny, the result of too thorough absorption in the study of nature's phenomena and laws. And this attitude, as may be readily seen, is not favorable to the conception of education as the means to a supernatural end.

Conversely, there is the undeniable fact that the Church, so far as circumstances permitted, has furthered the development of scientific knowledge. She has not come forward hastily to

adopt hypotheses that lived for a day, nor to champion theories which were still on trial and perhaps on the verge of condemnation. But she has accepted the genuine results of investigation, and given them the place they deserve in her schools. To such recognition the facts of science are entitled, not only because they are so many items of truth, but also because they are evidences of the wisdom and power of the Creator. A sincere appreciation of nature is no hindrance to the acknowledgment and attainment of a supernatural destiny. Acquaintance with physical law does not imply a reluctance to obey the precepts of God. On the contrary, a child who is trained to look for the ultimate meaning of natural phenomena may be easily made to understand that the purpose of all right thought and action is one and the same with the ideal of Christian education.

Similarly, in regard to the modifications which the advance of science has brought about in educational methods, the attitude of the Church is clear and intelligible. She is not committed to this or that particular plan; and much less does she consider that any method is an end in itself. The history of education shows only too plainly that the methods consigned to oblivion far outnumber those which survive. Of the latter class there is none so perfect as to command universal acceptance; and even those methods which have withstood the test of practical application, owe their success mainly to their elasticity. The doctrine of the relativity of knowledge may or may not square with our philosophical views; but the relativity of education is beyond question. To overlook this point, and to treat method as something absolute, would be an inversion. The school would then serve merely as an experiment station; and the teacher's work would consist, not in training pupils by method, but in testing methods by applying them to the pupils.

In the judgment of the Church, the value of any method depends on its relation to the final aim of education. A theory of teaching that sharpens the senses and the intelligence, while it does nothing to strengthen the will, is one-sided. Complete development of the faculties is an imperative need; but, just in proportion as the need is supplied, the adjustment of the whole mental life to its supreme ideal becomes more necessary. Increase of power implies, or should imply, greater responsi-

bility. Each improvement in method, because it enables the mind to think more clearly and to act more energetically, obliges us to consider more closely the direction which action and thought shall eventually take. It would hardly be wise in a shipbuilder to construct a floating palace and leave out the compass. Neither speed nor luxury nor carrying capacity will avail when the power of guidance is wanting. The same is true of educational progress. It is not sufficient that we profit by the aids which psychology or any other science may furnish. We must also realize that, in accepting such aids, we are under a deeper obligation to make sure that they are rightly employed.

The Church, then, cannot be indifferent to the genuine advances in method which, in this or any future age, may render education more fruitful. If she leaves the teacher free to select the methods which promise the best results, she is none the less solicitous that those results should mean an approximation to her ideal. If, in other words, education is to impart power, widen the mental view, and secure keener insight, it must also bring home to the mind with ever-growing clearness, the truth of its destiny and enable it to lay hold more firmly upon everlasting life.

Such considerations, it may be urged, go to show that the Catholic ideal is quite compatible with real and permanent progress. But is there in the maintenance of that ideal anything that invigorates and furthers the work of education? Suppose that some more immediate aim be kept exclusively in view; would the result be any less significant or desirable? Does not history prove that education has advanced according as it was confined to man and his present interests, to nature and the conquest of nature's domain? And, what is more to the point, do we not owe the best elements in modern education to thinkers who were not at all concerned with other-world problems?

Let us grant for a moment that the correct view gives an affirmative answer to the last two questions; it would still remain true that the Christian ideal is an influential factor. If it led to no discovery or radical modification, it would at least enable us to appreciate at their right value the changes in method suggested by philosophy and science. The real significance of a scientific discovery is gauged by its effect upon

the entire system of knowledge. Each new fact must be interpreted; and when the interpretation is false, the resulting error is serious in proportion to the importance of the fact itself. In education also, the final criterion can be none other than the end we are seeking. Each step in the process is a gain if it leads towards that end, a loss if it diverges. The ideal, then, of education can be no sterile concept unless, through obvious inconsistency, we shape our course in such a way as to defeat the purpose both of living and of learning.

There is, however, a further reply which goes to the root of the matter. The Christian ideal is sometimes criticized for looking beyond the limits of time and experience to find its realization in an eternal order or state. It thus seems to underrate, and perhaps altogether neglect, the life which we are actually leading and the world of which we know at least something. It would fill us so completely with concern for the future as to make us heedless of the present, its opportunities and its duties. And surely, if this criticism be valid, the ideal in question is worse than useless; it is a positive hindrance, and the first requisite in education is to set it aside.

No one, of course will maintain, seriously and literally, that the Church proposes such an impossible aim as preparation for the future with no thought for the present. But, on the other hand, the nature of the Christian ideal is often misunderstood, because the critic's attention is directed to the end with no reference to the means. What the Church really holds is that education, like every other form of human activity, should be regulated in view of its ultimate purpose. This, evidently, does not imply that life is simply an affair of waiting, or that a single moment is trivial enough to be squandered. It means, rather, that every moment, with its content of thought, volition, and effort, gets its value principally through its relation to eternity. Time is precious, we agree, not because it passes so quickly, but because, in its passing, so much may be accomplished. Years spent in school are valuable because, if spent profitably, they secure a richer harvest for the years that come after. And Christianity adds: all life has its worth enhanced by the fact that it contains, potentially, life everlasting. In proposing a higher ideal than temporal success, the Church intensifies the importance of education as a whole, and of its details. She also supplies an ade-

quate reason for making our knowledge and the means of obtaining it as perfect as possible. And she preserves, in practice as in theory, the unity of purpose which adjusts the natural order to the supernatural destiny of man.

There results from this estimate of life a principle which ought to underlie all educational method. It is the principle of proportion. Herbert Spencer very properly inquires: What knowledge is worth having? And his answer, though unsatisfactory, brings out quite clearly the bearing of ideals upon the structure of educational systems. The wise selection of subjects for a curriculum is certainly no trivial matter. The time allotted to the several subjects, the order in which they shall be presented, the whole process of correlation, are questions that demand careful consideration. Indeed, it would seem that the one anxiety of some educators is to make the school teach everything that may possibly be of use in practical life—a tendency that emphasizes the need of proportion. If, then, in this “enriched” curriculum, so little room is found for moral training, and none at all for the teaching of religion, the inference plainly is that these subjects are of little consequence in the work of education. No syllogism could lead so effectually to a negative conclusion as does this object lesson in values. The child may never hear a word against religion; but he learns, none the less, the relative value of things that are taught. As to the things that are not taught, he forms no estimate, or, it may be, he comes to regard them as hardly worth while.

Applying the same principle of proportion, the Church insists that religion and morality shall have in the school a prominence in keeping with their importance, and, moreover, that they shall permeate the entire work of education. If balanced arrangement and orderly sequence mean anything, there can be no doubt that a curriculum which includes the teaching of the highest truths is more logical and more complete than one which omits that teaching. If, again, the value of a school subject be determined on the basis of utility for life, it is hard to see why religious knowledge is less useful than algebra or physical culture. When life becomes so busy that there is no time to think of its final purpose, there is something wrong in our estimate of values. Likewise, when a curriculum of study is so crowded with other things as to leave no place for reli-

gious instruction, there is evidently need of revision. Increase of knowledge, and consequent multiplication of school subjects, may necessitate a lengthening of the course or a shortening of the time devoted to each subject; but the maintenance of proportion is equally necessary. To banish the idea of God just because we have found out more about his creation, is no proof of consistency, and still less of true educational progress.

The history of education, notably in the modern period, reveals another tendency which is significant. Quite gradually the conviction has grown that, from beginning to end, education must be characterized by unity and continuity. There must be no break nor any abrupt transition in the process. Elementary instruction must prepare the mind for its later more serious tasks. Habits of thought which are required for college and university work must have their inception at least in the primary school. Ability to observe, to correlate, to advance from facts to laws, and to discern causes in their effects, must be developed from the outset. And this adjustment, naturally, must be a decisive factor, both in the selection of subjects and in the choice of methods. If now, with the Christian ideal in view, we give religion its place in the curriculum, what result may we expect? Will we thereby hinder the growth of scientific habits, or will we stimulate that growth?

Take, to begin with, the idea of law. In some form, however elementary, this idea ought to be impressed upon the child's mind in the earliest lessons from nature. By degrees, and yet steadily, the insight should be developed that the physical world is ruled by order and uniformity, that its variety is not chaos, nor its ceaseless change a succession of fortuitous events. It is intelligible only on the supposition that its sequence and its harmony have somehow been pre-arranged. The existence of law points to the existence of a lawgiving power. If, then, the child be taught that this power is a supreme intelligence, he will surely not narrow his view of nature nor abandon his effort to find out its laws.

The same holds good of the idea of causation. Science, it is truly said, cannot stop with mere description; it must seek an explanation of the facts which it describes. The scientific habit of thought is developed out of the natural tendency to assign a cause for each observed effect. Keen analysis, careful attention to details, comparison, hypothesis, and experiment

are valuable just so far as they enable us to determine true causal relations.

Inductive methods have their import for logic and their application in research, because they are systematic ways of singling out, among complex conditions, those which really produce the effect. And the main purpose of putting elementary science into the school curriculum is to beget and foster the habit of accounting for the phenomena which nature presents. Our explanation may be limited to the causes which are within our immediate reach, or it may go back to those which are more remote, and finally to the concepts of matter and force; our inquiry is always a demand to know the why and the wherefore of things, and possibly their ultimate ground. That the success we may hope for is largely dependent on our training, every one admits. But the training itself is not less thorough when it accustoms the mind to think of a First Cause of which all things else are manifestations. Nor will the preparation for scientific thinking be inadequate because the various forms of finite causation are referred to their infinite source.

It may, however, be urged that the teaching of religion is incompatible with one of the essentials of modern education. The idea of God is far removed from sensory perception; it is metaphysical. If we admit the value of sense-training, we cannot consistently warp the mind into lines of thought which transcend the data of sense. We cannot quicken the activity of eye and ear by speaking of realities that are neither seen nor heard. History informs us that there is a close and logical connection between the philosophy that bases itself on experience and the educational theory which regards sensory training as all-important. The trend of philosophy in recent times has been in the direction of the empirical and the concrete; and, parallel to this movement, education has striven to bring the mind into actual touch with its objects through the medium of perception.

In meeting this difficulty, it is not necessary to question the value of sense-training. It might, on the contrary, be shown that the Church has always been careful to cultivate the senses, and direct this activity. Religious instruction has an educational value just because it supplies the intellect with ideas of invisible reality. Definite answers are thereby given

to those questions which inevitably spring up in the mind and which become more pointed as the senses are more fully developed. Greater keenness of perception does not imply that abstract thinking and principles can be dispensed with, but rather that greater vigor is required on the part of the intellect which elaborates the material furnished by sensation. The effect, therefore, of religious instruction is not to counteract, and much less to deaden, the perceptive faculties; it is to secure for the higher faculties the power of grasp and penetration which they naturally demand. The ideas of God, soul, creation, and immortality represent, of course, objects that are beyond the range of experience. An effort is required to form them even vaguely, and still more to render them distinct and in a measure accurate. The intellect must exert itself; but the exertion is helpful and its results beneficial.

Were education an affair of the intellect alone, religious ideas would still be serviceable. They would be an excellent means of developing proportion in thought, of widening the fundamental scientific concepts, and of securing normal relations between the faculties of mind. But when we turn to the more important purpose of education, and consider its possibilities on the moral side, the advantages of religious instruction are immeasurably greater. To insist upon them here is not my intention; they have been set forth so often, and they are emphasized so forcibly by experience, positive and negative, that they need not so much new demonstration as careful consideration. But it does concern us to know how the question of moral training has been dealt with in the past. What has been the basis of such training, its method and its outcome? How has it been affected by religious differences, by secularization of the school and by philosophical tendencies? History points to various experiments and expedients that have been resorted to in the hope of securing more effectual moral instruction. What has the same history to say about the success of all these?

Replies to such questions are certainly important for the Catholic teacher. They are not furnished by speculation or by the discussion of theories. They must be gotten by taking an account of the facts. They must serve, in turn, as the basis of the judgment which we pass upon each new scheme that is now proposed. If it appear from the record that this plan or

the other has been a failure, no wise educator will approve its revival. If, in a given system, the essentials are sound while the details need to be revised or adapted, the prudent course is equally clear. The very interest we take in moral education obliges us to make its methods as perfect as possible. Our teaching in this respect should not lag behind the teaching of purely intellectual subjects. Every useful suggestion offered by the sciences of biology and psychology should be welcomed, and criticism should be forestalled by our own eagerness to improve.

The vitality of the Christian ideal is nowhere so conspicuous as in the sphere of moral education. In one sense, it is true, the conflict has been less sharp and differences of theory less pronounced, because the need of some sort of moral training has been generally recognized. But in the selection of means and methods there has been, and there is now, no little divergence of opinion. While Catholicism has all along maintained that morality must be based on religion, other systems have been devised in which religion has no part. Without entering into a discussion of their merits, the Church insists on her ideal, because of its intrinsic value, and also because of the efficacy it imparts to every worthy motive. There is at present no valid reason for excluding the idea of duty towards God from an education that emphasizes the duties to self and neighbor and country. There is no chapter in the history of education to prove that patriotism, philanthropy, and personal virtue have been more successfully cultivated apart from the influence of religion. On the contrary, an unprejudiced review of the past, and a fair appreciation of its lessons, must lead to the conviction that all the advantages expected from other plans of moral instruction might have well been combined with the advantages derived from the teaching of religious truth. Not to separate the natural from the supernatural, and not to reverse the order of their importance, but to secure, through their co-operation, the highest educational efficiency is, on logical and historical grounds, the one adequate solution of the problem.

Whether this solution will finally be adopted by those outside the Church, is just now an interesting question. We know that earnest men are endeavoring to bring religion into closer contact with secular education; and we may hope for some

practical results. The verdict of history is so plain that it must necessarily serve as criterion and guide for all who seek the better things. To accept it, and to act accordingly, would seem the simplest way of meeting our difficulties.

Catholic teachers, on their part, will not fail to appreciate the new tendency in the light of history. Its real significance, they will readily see, lies in the fact that it is the outcome of experience. Had the conflict of ideals gone on indefinitely, the Church would have continued in her own way the work of education. Should the present movement fulfil what it promises, it will add one more witness to the vitality of the Catholic ideal. Should the end be simply speculation, and the acknowledgment of what ought to have been, Catholic teachers will understand that an ideal is one thing, its realization another. In any event, this much will be admitted: it would have been wiser to maintain the unity of intellectual, moral, and religious education than to separate the essential elements, and then cast about for a plan of conciliation.

Quite probably, the discussion of this problem will involve a more careful historical survey than has yet been undertaken. Thoroughgoing studies of the various systems of moral education may be expected, with the result that the attitude of the Church will be more fully appreciated. Should this forecast be verified, every Catholic teacher and every friend of the Catholic school will recognize the importance of the subject which has here been outlined. Possibly, with the recognition will come a regret.

OPEN-MINDEDNESS.

BY JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

II.

We can do nothing against the truth.—*St. Paul.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.—*Herbert.*

May truth shine out, stand ever before us.—*Browning.*

KEEPING in view both the general power of emotion to sway the judgment and the peculiar intensity of religious feelings, we are not surprised to find open-mindedness—that is, the disposition to allow full value to criticism—less prominent among believers than among other men. If there is a man who bares his soul to every argument, who faces willingly every fact, who displays no prejudice in discussion and no hesitation in drawing conclusions, the chances are that he is one of those who sit apart,

Holding no form of creed
But contemplating all.

The believer, on the other hand, is proverbially disposed to betray his prejudices during the very first moment of a disputation, and to give less than adequate consideration to the difficulties urged by his opponent.

Now, if it were necessary to choose between the two alternatives, bigotry might, indeed, be regarded as preferable to indifference; as the passionate prejudice of the patriot is a lovelier ideal than the cold aloofness of the man

Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land.

But, in fact, it is not necessary to choose between faith and open-mindedness. We can be fair and honest without aban-

doning our religion, as we can be fair and honest without renouncing our civil allegiance. To attain due balance of mind will, no doubt, require considerable labor; but for the sake of our own character, for the good of humanity, and for the cause of religion, such an effort is well worth making.

The recent trend of history gives us an opportunity of viewing some of the relations between prejudice and religious belief. It shows that, in general, people have been steadily growing more tolerant. At the same time, we recognize that the fierce fanaticism displayed in the old religious wars and persecutions was the outcome of an enthusiasm and devotedness far more intense than anything to be encountered at present. In comparison with our own, those days were "the ages of faith." They were likewise characterized by less readiness to examine into evidence pro and con; and by less willingness to admit that the denial of a doctrine may be made in perfectly good conscience. Nowadays the prevalent temper is liberal; creeds and confessions in the religious order are revised almost as easily as scientific theories; and, by common consent, to ignore obtainable evidence is to commit the unpardonable sin. And—we must add—doctrinal indifference is now the fashion; unbelief advances *pari passu* with the spirit of fair play. We begin with admiring the objectivity and fine critical temper of men who discuss, without any show of passion, such subjects as the connection between religious phenomena and mental aberration, the authenticity of the accepted sources of revelation, the comparative moral value of Mohammedanism and Christianity, the influence of Buddhistic teaching upon the Gospel. But before we have gone very far, it transpires plainly enough that, like Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," the speaker or the writer is, in religion, a mere dilettante, willing for the moment to assume any standpoint, to start from any given premiss, to conduct a methodic doubt to any extreme. "It's all in the point of view," is, perhaps, the most characteristic phrase on the lips of the tolerant and indifferent man; he is ready to look at the chess-board one way and call it white, or another way and call it black:

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

There are some observers of this condition of things who

regard the connection between open-mindedness and irreligion as essential; who say that the believer dare not expose his soul to the influence of the evidence presented by the free-thinker; who affirm that religious convictions are the result of auto-hypnotism, and incompatible with pure-hearted devotion to truth. Many earnest Christians confess to an insuperable horror for the methods of the open court. They set no limit to the dangers arising out of contact with unbelievers; they deprecate impartial examination of difficulties; they see in critical methods the entering wedge of atheism. If extremists, they even go to the length of placing all their religious opinions on practically the same level and of endeavoring to cover them all with the same mantle of finality. To question a received tradition, to cross-examine witnesses for the faith, to summon a pious belief before the bar of history—these are regarded as the prolegomena to apostasy.

Now, it should not be said that this view is wholly unreasonable, since, in fact, the believer cannot afford to be absolutely indifferent. The methods of physics and mathematics are out of place in the establishment of religious convictions; uncontrolled criticism would very soon give the death-blow to faith. In the constructing of the foundations of belief, our admirations, our affections, our "will to believe," are of great importance. We do not depend exclusively on analysis and demonstration; we do not proportion each assent to the exact logical force of the argument supporting it; we do not surrender a conviction every time we meet with an unanswered objection. To motives too fine and subtle to be set in the frame of a syllogism is given weighty consideration; and, by using the logic of the heart, we reach conclusions more recondite, but no less valid, than those mathematically demonstrated from evident premisses. Moreover, authority outweighs numerous difficulties, counterbalances many an argument, and decides for us many a controversy. As the Catholic believes that there has been established a divine power for the infallible communication of religious truth to all the world, and to every generation, it is not to be expected that he will so far depart from the reverence due it as to set aside its decisions for the sake of contrary objections which *ex hypothesi* are not demonstrated. Supposing that he has reasons to look upon a proposition as divinely guaranteed, then not all the difficulties in the world

avail to make the suspension of his assent to it a requirement of honesty.

All this, however, renders the problem harder rather than easier. For there is a whole field of views and opinions which, though confirmed by no divine guarantee, yet seem to be harmonious with, and more or less clearly suggested by, truths authoritatively defined. And with regard to these, what course should the believer pursue? If he abides strictly by the evidence, then he is accepting, to a certain extent, the canon of the rationalists, and is going a little distance in their company. If he holds to strictly traditional opinions, he will sometimes, perhaps, have to incline toward absurdities.

To be guided always by reason, or always by authority, would be a simple affair; but when neither reason alone, nor authority alone, introduces us to the whole truth, the mind is in a very perplexing situation. On either hand are the opposite extremes of rationalism and superstition. The one unduly exaggerates the function of reason—as if nothing but reason were needed; the other unduly exaggerates the function of authority—as if nothing but authority were needed. The partisans of each side are wresting an essentially true principle to their own confusion; and if the rationalistic unbeliever deprives himself of a great treasure of instruction, it is no less obvious that credulous and superstitious minds often array themselves against the light and in opposition to the truth.

Now this the Catholic must learn: that authority has to control and limit the activity of pure reason, not to dispense men from the duty of thinking and deciding for themselves. It no more destroys the proper function of the private judgment than it destroys the function of the private conscience. Its office is to guide and assist both to a certain extent, and afterwards to leave them to find the way and bear the burden themselves. Though reason alone is inadequate, this does not justify us in setting it aside altogether; neither does the fact of our faith's being built upon revelation imply that all our inferences and deductions are infallibly true, nor that all our customs and institutions are divinely established, nor that all our instructors speak with the same finality. "Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all doctors?" Must we not rather observe a certain discrimination and consult a certain sense of proportion? Within its own realm, where reason is ruler and judge, we must

pay all due respect to argument, we must listen heedfully to the suggestions of common-sense. If, in obedience to a superstitious prejudice, we refuse to open our minds to the light, if we fail to foster each little seed of evidence, we shall hardly deserve to be looked upon as the good and faithful servants of truth.

Infallibility is a very difficult element to introduce into one's philosophy; and scarce anything is easier to abuse than the divinely efficient but divinely delicate instrument of authority. When called upon to employ authority in the enlightenment of minds, or in the control of wills, one quickly discovers that it is far from being an easily wielded club to beat personality into submission. The self-restraint and penetrating insight required of those to whom the exercise of authority has been entrusted are so great, indeed, that their position really demands a degree of virtue little short of heroic—one reason why men should bear with their shortcomings and make allowance for their failures.

It follows, then, that we Catholics have to guard against the defects of our qualities. The possession of certainty and authority may easily tend to render us bigoted and despotic. It may dispose us to minimize the rights of the individual reason and the individual will, to confuse assumptions with arguments and mistake tyranny for persuasion. There is both a time to speak and a time to be silent, an hour for discussion as well as an hour for attention. Docile Christians and obedient Catholics still retain the natural human repugnance for mental blindness and spiritual slavery. Though loyal and reverent in the highest degree, they yet cherish freedom of will and openness of mind. The love of the Gospel accords perfectly with the love of liberty and the love of truth. These points, then, are to be remembered: that the deposit of revelation does not yield up an answer to all the questions put by restless ingenuity; that inerrancy cannot attach to all our opinions; that authority will never attempt to do the work of our personal intelligence; and that the analysis of a proof is perfectly compatible with acceptance of the conclusion. There are numerous problems which must always remain problems, because not within the competency of authority to solve. And when disagreement occurs in matters which authority does not decide, then, whether the field of dispute be philosophy or

history or industry, "both sides should show themselves willing to meet, willing to consult, and anxious each to treat the other reasonably and fairly, each to look at the other side of the case and to do the other justice."

To draw the line of demarcation is not easy. We cannot always predict beforehand just upon what authority will or will not pronounce; as we cannot say beforehand just what can and what cannot happen by the operation of the laws of nature. But as we say of some things that they are possible, and of others that they are impossible to natural human powers, so, too, we may say of some questions that they are within, and of others that they are outside the province of infallible jurisdiction; and of others again that they are of questionable character, that their relation to the teaching power is still undetermined. We must beware of lumping together all opinions which go by the name of "Catholic"; of making all alike part and parcel of the faith delivered to the saints; of asserting that religion bids us close our minds to further consideration of such or such a question. Were we to make agreement in every minor detail a test of orthodoxy and a badge of piety, our policy would soon reveal the suicidal principle involved. Some who have been brought up in the strictest traditions, and who have been given to understand that every "Catholic" notion is unquestionable, finally arrive at the conclusion that there is really no such thing as an infallible authority. It would seem worth while to ask if the false impression of the content of faith originally conveyed to these minds, may not have contributed to the fatal result; if the over-pious instructor of the child may not have to bear some responsibility for the impious attitude of the man.

We are all disposed to be too exclusive and too final. It is, therefore, instructive to note the difference in this respect between the action of the Church and the action of the individual Catholic. Curiously enough the same Church which bears the imputation of being rigidly exclusive is also reproached with being fickle and crafty and diplomatic, because ever ready to receive light from all quarters, and to adapt her policy to changed conditions. The truth seems to be that she partakes of both the constant and the variable elements. Firm in her attachment to the past and its deposit of truth, she has also, on occasions, shown herself to be capable of making

most generous concessions to the needs of the time. One does not have to go back very far in her history, or to dive very deep beneath the surface of events, in order to find instances of this which would seem incredible to many a simple mind engaged in defending as eternally immutable all the disciplinary routine and all the speculative details to which it has been accustomed. Seen even in outline, the history of the Church furnishes evidence that she possesses a spirit quite unlike the petty temper which is ever ready to dictate a speedy way of dealing with troublesome objectors.

Men will grow in wisdom and in truth when they learn to correct their narrowness by the pattern of the Church's divinely large and divinely patient disposition. If one has a too sharply defined conception of what can and what cannot happen, then the study of Church history will help to cure this precocious dogmatism. If one habitually entertains suspicions of all accounts which represent another Christian age as very different from our own, then a reading of the old records will give rise to new sentiments. And this shows us why the historian is usually differentiated from other men by his breadth of view. It is because his acquaintance with the secrets of the past keeps him from entangling himself in preoccupations about the future. The common man, more sure of his ground, rushes in where scholars fear to tread. He views new ideas with alarm; he is set against the possibility of development and the expediency of change. Unconsciously he has fostered so strong a prejudice against the likelihood of alterations of Catholic view or Catholic practice, in the past or in the future, that he holds out against most respectable evidence, and perhaps even ventures to condemn, in the name of faith, such theories as seem to be "disturbing."

That this is the tendency of the average believer can scarcely be denied; though it is indeed often controlled by a juster appreciation of things. Most of us uphold as necessary and immutable many details which have no essential connection with revealed doctrine and to which the pronouncements of authority really give no sort of guarantee. The present issue is not whether our views are true or false, but whether or not our attitude tends to bring discredit on the faith. The questions to put to ourselves are these: Do we reject over hastily such evidence as tells against us? Do we give a cold

welcome to unpleasant discoveries? Do we refuse to lift our anathemas until overwhelming proof shows that we have been fulminating against a myth? If we thus persecute the truth, then, no matter what may be our motive, we shall have to suffer the penalty of intellectual dishonesty. It is because familiarity with ecclesiastical history helps to prevent this sin that the study is so good a discipline. What it teaches us of the Church reveals a personality, a temper, and a method greater and more illuminative than those of any man or any nation. Directly or indirectly, as the case may be; by recording the success or the defeat of human diplomacy; by telling the triumph of the truth or the utter failure of mendacity; church history gives us many a lasting lesson on the value of open-mindedness.

One of the things we perceive as we read history is that an inordinate attachment to details as essential parts of the changeless faith is in great measure responsible for the schisms which, from time to time, have rent the Church, and for the lamentably slow progress of various movements for reunion initiated outside the pale or within. For a moment such agitations stir the Christian body; then, having encountered some deep-rooted prejudice, they quiet down and die out. Too few souls are ready to take the path pointed out by sage or saint. It would be an educative exercise for us, therefore, to go over the long list of compromises recorded in history as effected or as suggested, and to measure the comparative generosity of our own spirit by the willingness we feel to sacrifice accidentals. Perhaps many would experience an uncontrollable tendency to stick at little things, even though the salvation of multitudes were at stake. Few would manifest the qualities which mark out the great statesman or the great missionary, as distinct from the crowd, by the nobility of his spirit and the breadth of his views. And the difference would come largely from the fact that, by stern necessity or by long experience, the big-hearted men have been taught, as we have not, to discriminate between what is vital and what is unimportant. We are of the crowd; and most men, it would seem, must first grow used to things before being able to appreciate them justly. Doubtless Sts. Cyril and Methodius would never have dreamed of so revolutionary a plan as a change in the language of the Catholic liturgy had they always lived in the

one diocese, been inoculated with the provincial spirit, and contemplated the needs of the Slavonians impersonally and from afar. And when the Jesuit missionaries in China dressed themselves as mandarins, they gave proof of having broadened out under a unique experience; for at home they would probably never have imagined so strange a method of procedure to be a good and wise way for a Christian priest to go about the evangelization of a heathen land.

Strangely rare is the mind which can hold a just balance in comparing essentials and accidentals. Rare, too, is the faculty of examining proof objectively and of judging cases impersonally. Having small reason to believe that we are different from the majority of men, we should take account of this fact, lest we reject truth by an unconscious bias toward cherished theories and familiar notions. To give an instance: Suppose we were to hear it brought forward as an argument against the Immaculate Conception that Sts. Cyril and Basil accused the Blessed Virgin of sinning by want of faith and that St. Chrysostom charged her with pride. Would we not be likely to deny the statement, simply because it told against a Catholic thesis? Or suppose that, to support his criticism of Catholic modes of worship, a Protestant were to state that during the first five Christian centuries the use of the crucifix was unknown! Would we be perfectly fair and open-minded? Or would we not in this case, and in similar cases, deny the allegations at once, as if loyalty called upon us to answer with heat, and as if it were an irreligious thing to attend to the evidence and to that alone? Probably we should so act. But it would be a mistake; and in the long run, that kind of mistake has done much harm. There are so many masked errors which profess to be connected with the faith; so many prejudices entrenched behind a show of piety; and there is so much pseudo-science claiming the protection of religion, that imprudent zeal has often become a serious obstacle to the progress of truth. Unless wary of invoking the aid of religion in the support of a personal or a partisan or a national interest, we run the risk of opposing truth in the name of God.

Had the Christians of earlier times been as narrow as we, they would in all probability have condemned any man found predicting that the laity were one day to be deprived of the use of the cup at Communion. They would have thought it

impossible that baptism by immersion was to become the distinctive mark of a heretical sect, subjected for this practice to the ridicule of many an orthodox Catholic. They would have indignantly denied that the taking of interest would ever be universally sanctioned and practised in the Church. Another instance—the present organized form of canonization and of ecclesiastical preferment is so different from the democratic fashion of other days, that the average Catholic of either time would in all probability be quick to deny that the method to which he was unaccustomed ever did or ever could prevail. Again, it is very probable that the attachment to existing customs is strong enough to make ordinary Catholics rather uneasy when first told that infants used to be given Holy Communion, and that the laity were once allowed to receive the Sacred Host in their hands and to reserve it in their rooms at home. There is, however, no real reason for uneasiness over these or even much greater changes in ecclesiastical discipline.

The instances cited illustrate the general tendency of prepossession to lead minds away from the pursuit of truth. The failure to appreciate things in true proportion is due to a blind conservatism which holds the mind's eye tightly shut, and insists on laying out, in accord with its own preconceptions, a whole world of unknown and unexplained facts. A delusion which seems to be a sort of illegitimate offspring of faith bids men desperately defend every old position and obstinately set face against every new idea. See its influence in the current Scripture controversy, record of the infinite travail with which truth is brought to the birth. See it in the depreciation of the methods of the new psychology. See it in the slow progress toward recognition of the science of comparative religion. See it in the denial or concealment of most instructive words and incidents dug up out of the rich soil of patristic literature. See it in the stir caused by the publications of Lagrange on the Old Testament, Duchesne on national legends, Delehaye on the lives of the saints, Hemmer on popular devotions. Or, finally, see it in the general reluctance to concede such facts as Newman makes mention of in the following passage: "The use of temples, and these dedicated to particular saints, and ornamented on occasion with branches of trees; incense, lamps, and candles; votive offerings

on recovery from illness; holy water; asylums; holydays and seasons, use of calendars, processions, blessings on the fields; sacerdotal vestments, the tonsure, the ring in marriage, turning to the East, images at a later date, perhaps, the ecclesiastical chant, and the Kyrie Eleison, are all of pagan origin, and sanctified by their adoption into the Church" (*Essay on Development*).

We should, indeed, be cautious about adopting novelties, but we ought also to be cautious about condemning them. It does religion little good to be heard time after time on the wrong side of debated questions; nor does it mend matters very much to bestow a belated *Imprimatur* on ideas which have won their way in spite of censure and interdict. Certain affairs are whispered about in such mysterious wise that the propaganda of them seems to be fraught with some dire and dreadful consequence to religion; whereas a calm analysis of the situation would show that the triumph of the new views could never amount to anything more than a lasting rebuke and an unanswerable refutation to bigotry which masquerades as the accompaniment and support of faith.

The plain inference is that we need to grow more open-minded. In matters falling outside the domain of faith, and to a certain extent in our conceptions of the teachings of faith, we must be prepared for possible developments. We must also be prepared to find that in a number of theological disputes the advantage rests with the other side; and that in some respects our critics are occasionally justified. It is truly a pity when the interests of charity are set beneath those of party; and when victory in a controversy is sought more eagerly than truth. The truth will, of course, prevail at last, no matter how strenuously opposed; but perhaps the day of its triumph will also be the day of our punishment. Strong words with regard to our defects in these matters were written a while ago by Father Cuthbert, the Capuchin: "The very freedom of thought fostered by Protestantism, which for so long was the greatest danger to the Catholic faith, now bids fair to infuse new life into Catholic theology. . . . Original theological thought is not abundant among us at the present time. We have so accustomed ourselves to draw upon the labors of those who have gone before us, that we have in great measure ceased to think for ourselves. We quote texts instead of exercising

our own minds. In a word, theology with us has become stereotyped. . . . Catholic dogma is receiving outside the Church such thorough and original treatment, as it has not experienced since the golden age of scholasticism. . . . If the Protestant world is becoming more Catholic in temper and thought, it is owing more to their own religious thinkers than to ourselves" (*The Tablet*, April 6, 1901).

That is a good way to face unpleasant facts or humiliating discoveries. We should not make up our minds beforehand that a monopoly of truth and virtue has been established among us. Once and for all let us be convinced that it is a poor tribute to Christ to defend him with a lie; and that it must be a sad reflection on the Church's power to purify the human soul, if her children are not more than ordinarily devoted to the sacred interests of truth. The Apostle who sank into the waves because his trust had failed, and the disciples who cowered timidly under the onset of the storm, find many to imitate them in their weakness, but few to follow their sublime example of confidence after having been endued with power from on high. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" is a reproach deserved by every zealous controversialist who becomes too solicitous about the success of his defence to remain scrupulously truthful in the presentation of his arguments. To triumph quickly over the enemies of the Cross is sometimes our supreme ambition. A harder and a holier ideal requires that we suffer the assault of the powers of darkness, yet go on trusting nevertheless. This is a more heroic test than the call to assent to evident conclusions; it develops higher qualities than the following of a captain who is ever visibly victorious. Loyalty would be too easy a thing, were our courage not severely tested; and its moral worth would inevitably be small. And, in any event, burying our heads in the sand is a poor way to deliver ourselves from difficulties. Ultimately these must be met and faced in all their strength, the only question being whether we shall encounter them with suspicious or with open minds. Let us, then, beware of the tendency to deny facts for the reason that they upset our arguments, to ignore truth whenever its aspect is disagreeable.

At first it may seem like a very "conservative" process to enter an *a priori* denial of all hostile criticism, and to cite an easily-invoked authority in condemnation of every puzzling argument.

But there is danger that such policy will prove to be anything but conservative in the long run; that the day will dawn when those who now sit docile under our teaching will remember of it only our hasty condemnations. It is an awful thing recklessly to inform a man that there is necessary opposition between his opinion and the faith of the Church. In fact, it is an awful thing to make any rash statement about the content of the Church's teaching. Some one pays the price of this rashness, sooner or later. At the hour when a student opens the *Grammar of Assent* and laughs at himself for ever having believed the details of the scholastic philosophy to be akin to revelation, he is apt to experience a permanent weakening of his confidence in the magisterium. If he has been taught to repudiate as incredible the cavils of his Protestant playfellows against the least virtuous occupants of the Chair of Peter, he will suffer when he finds out such things as are faithfully set down by Pastor and by Barry. If staggered by an atheist's revelation of facts that might have been found in the pages of the Bollandists, he will perhaps offer to surrender cherished parts of his religious heritage. And if there ever comes a crucial moment, when it seems as if he has been all his life accepting myths and fables, and when he remembers with bitterness that the name of religion has often been invoked to sanction the inculcation of absurdities, then his world will perhaps go upside down. Nor are the suppositions just made altogether imaginary. There are thousands upon thousands of earnest men and women whose hearts have been sickened and whose consciences have been troubled by irresponsible definitions of "what all Catholics must believe."

Some souls never recover from shocks which in the beginning were perfectly gratuitous, and in the event are seen to have been "all a mistake." Censure these souls as weak, if you will; but acknowledge that the responsibility is not theirs alone. If children grow up with crippled faith and weakened trust, their instructors are probably to blame for it in part. If there should come upon us the epidemic of religious decay, which less hopeful men are now predicting, then the fault of causing it must lie largely at the door of all such as force the acceptance of views which possess only the guarantee of prejudice or, at most, of probability. If we have kept the facts concealed as long as possible, how can we wonder that the pupil is now suspicious of us; that he imagines we are still attempting to deceive him

"for his own good"? *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is the perennial challenge of truth. To those who maltreat her is dealt out retribution, slow, perhaps, but certain—in this instance the demoralization of souls upon whom the hopes of the future are built.

So open-mindedness is not only right; it is expedient too. To rely upon the truth is safer than to build upon a lie. Salvation comes from the facing of facts rather than from the endeavor to ignore or to refute them.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie,

wrote Herbert; and ages before him another had written:


Non eget Deus mendacio nostro.

Theoretically we see, and in the abstract we approve, these principles. It is not plain, however, that in actual conduct many of us are willing to take the risk of living up to them.

We have all heard much of "the will to believe"; possibly we have begun to understand that in matters of religion it is indispensable. But we must not, therefore, forget the value of "the will to be true." The *pia credulitas* of the disciple is certainly one of the dearest possessions of his soul; yet it should not be suffered utterly to exhaust his mental activity or entirely to supplant his devotion to the pursuit of facts. Briefly, together with the wish to believe, he must also cherish the *fortis affectus veritatis*, which might perhaps be freely translated as "an open mind."

A DETERMINED CELIBATE.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

HE Needlework Guild of Grace Church, in Hillsborough, was in a state of effervescent expectation, which showed itself in chaos of conversational din. Upon this wordy tumult fell a miraculous peace, as oil upon tempestuous waves, and the voice of the warden was announcing formally: "Ladies, the Reverend Mr. Marchpane, our new pastor, who will preside."

"Most happy, I'm sure," said the Reverend Ethelbert, who had a mellow voice and an English accent, "to meet the tender lambs of my flock." His gaze encountered dignified aloofness through large spectacles from a lady who might easily have been his grandmother, and he reddened.

Yet he could not have heard Elizabeth Western, her great-niece, murmur dispassionately: "It does seem more of a pity for a clergyman to make himself ridiculous than for another man to do the same thing. But I don't know why. They're all human."

"Elizabeth!"

"Well, they are. So are we, for that matter, whose rare appearance at the Guild this afternoon to gossip and listen to anæmic 'Poems of the Spiritual Life,' is through curiosity, isn't it, aunt?"

"I induced you to come, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Mackenzie, reprovingly, "as a decent attention to your new minister. Just as, for your sake, I frequent a church whose ways annoy me considerably at times."

"Bless your dear old Scotch traditions!" said Elizabeth soothingly. "Isn't it more sociable to go where most of one's acquaintances do? And in Hillsborough, with only two churches, it's this or immersion. Now, how would your rheumatic tendency agree with a mountain stream in midwinter? Maybe—" with hopefulness—"this breezy little Englishman, in spite of that black kimono, preaches shorter sermons than Dr. Prigmore."

Her aunt frowned repressively, while the subject of their remarks was being inducted into the most comfortable chair, persuaded to taste—with conspicuous moderation—of virtuously weak and over-sweetened claret cup; and to accept more freely welcoming incense from such of the tender lambs as could group about him. Mrs. Mackenzie, devoting herself to the construction of a poor child's petticoat, and her niece, perfunctorily assisting with the same, were not among these.

"His introducer seems to have fled," whispered the young lady. "The atmosphere was too oppressively feminine for any but a clergyman."

The converse of her conclusion was proved by the ease of manner, almost reckless, of the Reverend Ethelbert. "Having 'mellered the organ,' like Silas Wegg," he began, "I will now, with him, 'drop into poetry in a friendly way.'" Craving an appreciative twinkle, his blue and bright and very responsive eyes fell upon Scylla and Charybdis in the glitter of Aunt Mathilda's hostile spectacles and the cool neutrality of Elizabeth's clear, gray orbs.

Hastily he betook himself to his work, while Elizabeth relented to the extent of thinking: "That isn't so bad—for a stony Briton. Perhaps his grandmother was an Irishwoman."

Then she straightway forgot him and his intoning of innumerable vacuous stanzas, in picturing to herself, regretfully, the glory of the autumn woods on this afternoon wasted indoors.

She was recalled to present surroundings by a sudden hiatus, and the voice of the reader remarking cheerily: "The piety of this author is beyond question, ladies, but you must find him a bit sporadic. Let me see—" He felt in various pockets of the "kimono" and extracted the *Dolly Dialogues*, which he proceeded to recite with much humor and a touch of sentiment.

Which of these two was more displeasing to Mrs. Mackenzie, it would have been hard to decide. The shocked surprise, the majestic disapproval, the speechless condemnation which chased each other over her expressive features reduced her niece to joining in the ripples of laughter about her, in a mirth which had nothing to do with Mr. Hope's quips and cranks.

Fortunately, Mr. Marchpane's available time was limited.

"Pardon me—" he drew out his watch, with various clerical emblems attached, admiringly regarded by fascinated juniors—"I have a sick-call to make. Mr. Choral tells me that, before I go, you wish to consult me on some mode of raising money for the church debt."

It was instantaneously apparent that the room contained two camps strongly opposed. He made out finally, through hubbub of argument and objection, that those desired a lecture as a dignified method of raising funds, and these a bazaar with dancing as a more enlivening one. Quickly and gaily was the matter arranged.

"Why, let's have both," he decided. "For the lecture—well, I'll read myself, if you'll let me—it'll be cheaper—the rest of the *Dialogues*, perhaps, or something amusing. Then the proceeds'll pay for the band and other bazaar expenses, and we'll have a ripping time and make lots of money."

The senior camp responded with marked reserve; the younger with enthusiastic adhesion. "Now," he resumed, "there's a little matter more personal I want to mention. I heard a good old darkey exhorter state the other day that the women of his congregation were noble and self-sacrificing heroes, as they had suffered much for the faith—and made fifty-six patch-work quilts! In stitching of garments for the needy I am sure you have excelled these; therefore, let me suggest that you take a temporary vacation from petticoat and pinafore making; since the poor you have always with you, and me you will not have long if somebody does not look after my—ahem, my vestments. The few I find here are quite worn and plain and certainly not—not modern. I will explain what I require later." And with hasty farewell he was gone almost before any but Elizabeth had noticed how small he was and boyish looking, and that his flapping coat-tails reached nearly to his heels.

Her chin went disdainfully high, while the girls present dropped their sewing and raised their voices in honor of this bachelor acquisition. "Quite a change from good old, dear old, prosaic Dr. Prigmore," they pronounced. "Did you notice his eyes—and that delightful accent? And faith, hope, and charity and all the little crosses on his chain? Didn't the candles and flowers look lovely on Sunday? And, what do you think he wants us to make for him?" And more and

more of this, until Miss Western lapsed again into amusement at her aunt's face.

"I could have overlooked his innovations on Sunday," said that lady as they drove homeward, "but now it's vestments! After that, some other Ritualistic frill, I suppose. And calls himself Protestant!"

"Not oftener than he can help. But it's the blood of the Covenanters that's boiling in your veins, auntie. You have now the prospect of enjoying a little Anglican persecution, with its sustaining hope of grim reprisals later."

"For the matter of that," returned Mrs. Mackenzie calmly, "you're more likely to enjoy such persecution than an old woman, for I saw him, very well, making eyes."

"Unberufen! And heaven forefend! And Abracadabra! And all such like shielding spells!" replied her niece, temperately amused.

That Mr. Marchpane was not of those who let grass grow under their feet was evidenced by a round of visits which he soon made with, upon his short but resolute right arm, a large basket containing patterns.

"Most unseemly," pronounced Mrs. Mackenzie, and pretended to think he called one of these a "Cossack," and another an "elbow."

"I haven't time, I assure you, Mr. Marchpane," she told him, inflexibly. "A dirty little ragged girl is waiting for this petticoat right now."

"Who appeals to you more than I do—I see," he said, with unabated good temper. "Well, then, Miss Western, surely—she looks efficient." He did not add that she also looked charming, but she knew he thought so.

"My looks belie me," she replied discouragingly. "If I attempted a—oh, yes—a chasuble, you would regret it. But here comes an evidently predestined victim of revolution in Miss Granby. Laura, my dear, you have always yearned to embroider a chasuble—or would have done so if you had known what it was. Now, do not deny it, for this is the chance of your life."

Miss Granby, an heiress, blonde and effusive, gave gratified consent to whatever Mr. Marchpane might desire. This entailed a duo of interrogation, explanation, demonstration, during which Mrs. Mackenzie left the room, and Miss Western's

nimble fancy pleased itself with an arrangement which should be mutually advantageous to an admiring heiress and an admired pastor, whose salary was small sometimes to the vanishing point. That the corner-stone of this castle of altruism might be laid at once, she affected an interest in the matter in hand.

"My dear Laura, how can you *really* understand unless you *try* the pattern on Mr. Marchpane! Over his head, so—take care—that's right. Now kneel down and pin the hem."

"How very good you are, Miss Western," gravely commented the Reverend Ethelbert, in paper panoply, with Miss Granby at his feet.

"Yes, I *am* good."

"I suspected it from the beginning."

"You are a judge of human nature. I intend to cheer Laura on; she will pay for the materials and make and embroider this robe; you will wear it. It is what is called the division of labor. And here comes auntie with a cup of solace for us all."

This being really Mrs. Mackenzie's hospitable intention, she wore nevertheless, viewing the tableau, a face to which Medusa's was girlishly radiant. That same afternoon, driving with her niece past a field bordering the town, she started, settled her glasses more firmly, and said solemnly: "Is that, or is it not, Mr. Marchpane, without coat or vest? And what is he doing?"

"'Tis he himself," said Elizabeth lightly. "He appears to be acting as pitcher for the Sunday-School baseball club. He is doing it pretty well, but would probably play cricket better."

Aunt Mathilda waved these trivialities aside. "Isn't that a red and white striped shirt?"

"Yea, a *négligé*."

"'Négligé,' indeed!" witheringly. "And' with that—that black—chest protector topping it—and a red cap, and sleeves rolled up! I ask you how he seems?"

"He seems warm. You look, in comparison, as cool and tart as a lemon ice."

"I shall have a talk with the bishop about that young man."

"Oh, I wouldn't. He would make him repeat the thirty-

nine articles backward, or something of the sort. Besides—"mysteriously—" "you might break up a promising romance."

"Elizabeth," said her aunt severely, "no tricks, if you please, or you will be doing some woman an ill service."

It was disappointing that at the bazaar that week Miss Granby wore by no means the complacency natural to an embroiderer-in-chief. Nor were the lesser aides as intense about ecclesiastic needlework as they had been.

"Silks don't match—or bullion given out, Laura?" Miss Western asked, unsympathetically.

"Oh, they're all right. You don't go to early Lenten service, Elizabeth, do you? No; Bess and I are the only ones there. That yellow and white thing Mr. Marchpane had on this morning was perfectly fascinating. Did—did you hear that he is a celibate?"

"A celibate? What's that?"

"Oh, you know. A sort of obstinate bachelor. He told us at class-meeting that he didn't judge for other men in those matters; but that his—his priestly duties claimed *his* life."

Miss Western was now sitting up and taking notice. "He told you that, did he? How considerate of him to warn you all off! Yet he is certainly and distinctly flirtatious."

"Elizabeth!" horrified.

"He is, I tell you. I know the signs from long—observation." She took the other girl's arm and wended her way towards the minister. "This music is tempting—yet you are not dancing, Mr. Marchpane?"

"Why, I'd be very glad," eagerly; "but, you see, I waltz so badly. If you'd get up a Sir Roger de Coverly, now, and honor me—"

Their heads were about on a level and she gave him one of her cool, repressive glances: "Oh, as for me, I am playing Cinderella and hastening home before the stroke of twelve."

She looked so enchantingly fair, in a pale green gown glistening with crystal dewdrops, that the words escaped his lips: "If you are Cinderella, I beg the part of Prince!"

"You might," reflectively, "enjoy dressing the part—blue velvet and silver, you know, with large, white-plumed hat; but, otherwise, it would never do. The Prince was not a celibate, I believe."

She smiled a little, as going out she passed him and Miss

Granby leading a Sir Roger, hastily organized at a word or two from her. And he bowed so low as to suggest pique. Miching mallecho certainly dictated also the note he soon after received requesting escort for herself and Miss Granby on a horse-back excursion.

Upon being informed of this engagement, Mrs. Mackenzie remarked irrelevantly: "That was a nice performance of his—dancing at the bazaar! Are you aware that the young men call your minister 'Bertie'?"

"To his face?"

"No; behind his back."

"He can't help that. I'm taking him now because Laura looks lovely in her habit."

Mrs. Mackenzie sniffed slightly, but she could not have denied that Miss Granby's graceful figure, already mounted, did more or less embellish their lawn when the Reverend Ethelbert rode up. His immediate start of consternation must, therefore, have been at Miss Western's appearance. Though Mr. Marchpane's prejudices were few, they were of British rigidity; and she, having practised much in Colorado, had elected to ride astride, which she did easily and well. With a sweet, unconscious look from under the becoming sombrero, she put her horse in swift motion at once. Mr. Marchpane knew that he had been criticized in conservative Hillsborough for advanced methods, but this was altogether too advanced for him. Swept along in her wake, his coat-tails flying, and detecting a smile here and there among the passers, he groaned: "Needs must —" unaware that he spoke aloud.

"What insular ungallantry!" cried Elizabeth delighted. "That is equal to calling me—with Mr. Kipling's officers—'infernally adequate.'"

"Heavenly competent, rather," amended Ethelbert, recovering somewhat. But he took the first opportunity of turning into a side street, and thence to country lanes. And he devoted himself ostentatiously to Miss Granby, who received his attentions with gratification tempered by misgiving.

Elizabeth, her purpose achieved and her horse the fleetest, sped away in single-hearted enjoyment of the ride. "Miss Western," called Ethelbert, "will you kindly not ride too far out of sight on this lonely road. It would hardly be possible to help you in case of accident."

"Why," exclaimed Laura, "Elizabeth rides miles and miles in every direction alone."

"What can Mrs. Mackenzie be dreaming of?" he asked sternly, Elizabeth being again within ear-shot.

"What could she do about it," proposed that young lady, "the archaic method of locking up on bread and water having passed away with the *Children of the Abbey*—in America, at least?"

With sudden, quiet dignity, which was becoming, he said: "I should think young women—even in America—might sometimes like to please those to whom they are dear," and turned again to Miss Granby.

They saw no more of Elizabeth until, the main street regained, with rapid pounding of pursuing hoofs, she pulled up sharply on one side of Mr. Marchpane.

"You're not ashamed of me, I hope," she said, in innocent effect of pathos. "If I ride behind, they'll take me for some sort of Mameluke guard." He bit his lip, while the passers smiled again at his far from triumphal re-entry with his fair troopers.

From the date of that ride the Mackenzie household saw but little of their pastor, his calls being of the briefest and most perfunctory. Elizabeth, indeed, could have forgotten him, her thoughts being much occupied by a tempestuous correspondence whose author clamored for a promise she felt no imperative prompting to give. Then she went on a long visit to a gay pleasure resort, and came back as clear of eye and skin and poised of manner as ever.

"What have you been doing to the Reverend Bertie?" she asked her aunt. "He looks wretched and tried to escape your niece on the street."

"Oh," said Mrs. Mackenzie irritably, "no one can deny that he's a worker, and he's overdoing it. Two of the mills have shut down, and there's been any amount of poverty and distress and suffering among the hands. He gives away pretty much all he has, and is at everybody's beck and call. I told him last time I met him that if he'd quit starving himself, and give up his new-fangled notions in millinery, he'd be a very decent sort of minister."

"You did?"

"Yes; and he just laughed and said: 'Mrs. Mackenzie, you're a delightful woman!'"

Miss Granby's confidences were of a plaintive sort, "He told me again, Elizabeth, that he never expected to marry. If he keeps on this way, he'll work himself into a decline, and—and die!"

"Then he'll have a halo; and it couldn't be more unbecoming than that amazing hat," said Elizabeth lightly. But utilizing her own and Mrs. Mackenzie's comfortable competence, she began at once such sympathetic visitations and helpful arrangements and charitable work generally as would have lightened much of Mr. Marchpane's burden, only there now broke out, among the wretchedly under-fed and under-clad, disease of serious type.

"Are you aware," he asked sharply, meeting her with her packages in the doorway of a certain shanty, "that the sickness here is communicable?"

"We do not receive our friends at present," said Elizabeth with coldness. Then, stung into retort; "We cannot all be clerics, yet are not necessarily of stone."

He made no answer, and thereafter they crossed each other in such scenes ever and again without further protest. Then disease became epidemic, and decimated and almost swept the squalid quarters of the poor, and threatened the fashionable streets whose dwellers fled incontinently, Miss Granby being of the number. But she left her check-book and, while using it, Elizabeth had opportunity to know that, in charity's cause, the pastor gave even more freely of himself.

"Your sleeve is torn," she said to him once, "let me mend it. I am not good at—chasubles," with her rallying smile, "but I fancy I can patch."

His quick blush brought back some English bloom to the thin cheeks, "I—I haven't time just now to get my other coat."

"His other coat—" she mused, and found out, indeed, elsewhere, that it had served in which to bury one who was without.

Then from a neighboring city there came as volunteers the Catholic priest and the Presbyterian minister, bringing zealous assistants, and they all worked together valiantly. The parsonage had been turned into a hospital, in which the Rever-

and Ethelbert reserved for himself but a tiny dressing-room, where, as things mended, he snatched a few moments for food and rest. Miss Western also had time now anxiously to note that the unusual strain had told upon her aunt.

"No," said Mrs. Mackenzie, in answer to argument, "I will stay at home to-morrow, but to-night I go with you, Elizabeth, to the parsonage to help with these children. I could not sleep for thinking of them."

Thus, somewhere in the midnight watches, Elizabeth knocked wildly at the pastor's door. "Oh, come, come!" cried to him the voice of voices, and there followed a leap to the floor and the shuffling of slippers. Without delay he confronted her.

"Yes, Elizabeth!" He named her as always in his dreams he did. Together they bent over the unconscious Mrs. Mackenzie, lifted her to a couch, and applied restoratives with recently acquired skill. "Only a faint," he whispered, reassuringly, as animation returned.

"I feared—everything," murmured the girl, with pale lips.

"Capital nurses, both," pronounced the unavoidably belated doctor. "At her age," he added privately to Mr. Marchpane, "promptness was vitally important."

Some days later, as Aunt Mathilda sat comfortably in her own armchair, Elizabeth bent to hide a sudden curve of the lips: "Did you notice, the other night, auntie, the elegance of Mr. Marchpane's pink pajamas?"

"I noticed nothing," Aunt Mathilda answered curtly, "but that he tended me like—like an angel."

"I wonder now—do the angels wear pink pajamas?" And only the minister's appearance in the avenue below prevented her aunt's dealing with this.

Ethelbert, pacing the library on her entrance, would have no more, this time, of Elizabeth's debonnaire fencing. "I had thought never to marry—that was my plan," he confessed.

"So I have heard," she said demurely.

"But," he persisted with steadiness, "I know now that I have loved you from the first glance of your eyes; and, since we have worked side by side, I need you more than anything in life."

"It is Laura Granby you should marry—if she would have you," she exclaimed in mock consternation. "Think what you could do for the poor with her money!"

"There are none poorer than I—lacking you."

"And you a professed celibate! No, then; that *was* ungenerous. But—" the table still between them—"you know that Aunt Mathilda—superficially—disapproves of your—superficial—self?"

"I have fancied sometimes—" with his boyish smile—"that I was *persona non grata* to Mrs. Mackenzie. But I may win her over. I have more than—superficial—reverence for age."

"Ethelbert—" he had circled the table—"you are really a good fellow."

"And you—better and best!"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Mackenzie to the Presbyterian minister, "that, under the circumstances, I must keep on countenancing his church, candles and all."

"Oh, I think I should," he agreed, tolerantly, "I suppose he may be classed as evangelical, for all his fads. To marry your niece, I hear? I've had three wives myself."

Aunt Methilda sat up very straight with all of her former spirit. "Well," she said with much emphasis, "I earnestly hope that he will *not*; but that *one* may be enough for him, and that she may survive him!"

LIFE AND MONEY.

IV.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

SPENDING and saving may be studied as great social processes, closely related to the progress of society, inasmuch as they concern the development of all trade, awaken the habit of foresight, and foster demand for the varied products of industry. Accumulation of capital and consumption of wealth are the two conditions requisite for economic progress. Too much saving, too much spending, may entail serious social disturbances. The problem of finding a balance between the two is given over to economics and ethics for solution.

Again we may study the personal types produced by habits of spending and of saving. We then seek to know kinds of character, mental and social traits, points of view, valuations to be found among those who abandon themselves, with more or less of reserve, to the practice of spending or of saving. While few will combine in themselves all of these traits, the knowledge of the characteristics which the habits develop is of great value.

Finally, we may attempt to classify a population in reference to the habits of spending and of saving. Social classes appear to possess these traits in varying degrees. Since spending and saving are closely related to morals, to individual happiness, to social security, to religion, to life in many phases, it will be of service to understand the influence that a given class will exert upon its members. The problem is by far too subtle and complex to permit exhaustive treatment within a few pages. Hence, only a brief outline is here attempted.

I.

If spending is living, or to invert the phrase into a form that is more accurate, if living is spending, and saving is a dis-

cipline of life, peoples and individuals will spend naturally, while saving will be reluctantly undertaken after experience, education, or necessity shall have forced one to commence it.

A population in a genial climate, with unlimited food supply, and little irregularity in the seasons, will develop but little foresight, no habits of saving, prevision, or enterprise. If, however, there are alternating seasons of production and barrenness, the inhabitants will necessarily store supplies, during the productive season, in quantities needed to tide them over from season to season. This is a beginning of foresight or discipline. If crops occasionally fail, if fruit, game, or fish at times is lacking, greater foresight is necessary. Expeditions may be planned, storing in great quantities will be attempted, or even enforced frugality. Methods of drying, preserving, hiding supplies will be perfected through the influence of systematic consideration of the future. Robinson Crusoe gives us valuable illustration of the whole process.

To-day in our world and civilization, whose complex organization defies analysis, and whose varied relations are beyond comprehension, we have wonderful methods and wonderful results in the production and distribution of necessities of life. The world is now so completely one, and communication and transportation are so prompt and sure, that our security is complete. And yet legal and social factors hinder the distribution of necessities to many in our great cities as effectively as mountains and rivers might.

But it is not so much this point of view that is now pertinent. Granting the social importance of prevision, one may ask: Who are the spenders, and who the savers? If the individual is responsible to his own future, he should save in obedience to that responsibility, unless he have other guarantee that his future needs will be secure. Spending and saving among individuals reveals their own views of life and of future, and give us the key to an understanding of their activity.

We sometimes speak of whole peoples as spenders or savers. It is said that the Italians, the Chinese, are savers; that the Jew invariably lives within his income; that he saves, whether he be poor or rich; but spends much when he has in abundance; little, when he is poor. It is said, on the other hand, that Americans are lavish spenders. Munsterburg claims that the American buys the best and dearest that his purse can

stand, yet William D. Howells gives Americans credit for saving more than our English brothers.*

Saving is, among some, a matter of temperament. If race traits survive in the individual when he has no particular use for them, we find, reflected in the temperamental saver, a time in the history of the race when saving had a definite purpose.

In general, however, one is apt to find the habit of saving among those whose interest or aims are fixed on the future. We might say, then, theoretically that men with definite ambition; fathers with keen sense of responsibility to their families; the educated whose enlightened judgment and widened vision enable them to appreciate the risks of life; business men whose large plans demand increased capital, are savers. Yet, in fact, there may be and there are counter influences which make spenders of them. The ambitious man may find that spending furthers his plans; the father may spend in obedience to affection or to desire for prestige, and depend on life insurance to care for his family.

One might be led to believe that where income is fixed, regular and certain, one would find spenders, and that where income is irregular, uncertain, one would find savers. Thus the farmer is a saver and the city man on salary is a spender. The farmer is subjected to the variations of the seasons; he plants and sows, labors much and awaits the harvest in patient simplicity. His crops may fail, his interest may fall due. He is, therefore, farsighted, shrewd, saving. His income is uncertain, and he knows the doubts the future awakens. Fall plowing is for spring planting, and planting is for autumn harvest. His circle of life is small, his labors exacting, his tastes simple. Passion for distinction disturbs him little, unless it be to take a prize at his county fair or to have the best horse

* In his recent *North American Review* article, on "English Idiosyncrasies," he says, for instance: "The English live much nearer their incomes than the Americans do. I think that we save more out of our earnings than they out of theirs, and that in this we are more like the continental peoples, the French or the Italians. They spend vastly more on state than we do, because, for one thing, they have more state to spend on. A man may continue to make money in America and not change his manner of living till he chooses, and he may never change it. Such a thing could not happen to an English woman as happened to an elderly American housewife who walked through the magnificent house which her husband had bought to surprise her, and sighed out at last: 'Well, now I suppose I shall have to keep a girl!' The girl would have been kept from the beginning of her husband's prosperity, and multiplied till the house was full of servants. If you have the means of a gentleman in England, you must live like a gentleman apparently; you cannot live plainly and put by; and largely you must trust to your life insurance as the fortune you will leave to your heirs."

in the neighborhood. In the city, on the contrary, salary is continuous, independently of weather and crops. It suggests no uncertainty, no risk, and one lives constantly in the hope that it will be increased. The salaried cashier lives where social rivalry is keen, social standards are insistent and expensive; the example of spending is universal, and incentive to it unceasingly strong. Opportunity and occasion to spend surround one constantly; credit is easy when money is lacking. Thus we find, in a general way, that the salaried man in the city is a spender. The small business man, not on salary, but conducting business independently, exposed, as he is, to risk, absorbed largely, if not entirely, in his business, his mind set on accumulating, eagerly looking forward to leisure secured by his foresight, is apt to be a consistent saver. Newman observes somewhere that difficulty in accumulating wealth tends to develop the traits of the saver. This may be more true of small accumulations than it is of great wealth.

The small town probably shows a rather large proportion of thrifty persons, since one finds in such centres few artificial wants, little social rivalry, plain taste, self-employment with small capital, little incentive to or opportunity of great expenditures.

Within the typical modern city we find wage earners and those on salary in the majority. We notice in these great numbers every degree of income, from starvation wages to princely salary, with a relatively small number of social standards according to which to live. Persons of widely varying salaries will drift into certain classes, named from the standard of life to which they hold. As before remarked, the best situated in the class fix the scale of living high, and others within the group attempt to conform. Everything in city life combines to develop the habit of spending. The labor unions, which express so strongly the views of life held by representative laborers throughout the country, find themselves in sympathy with a spending rather than with a saving philosophy. As a rule, wages are notably lower than the current traditional wants of the class would demand. An increase in wages, always slight necessarily, suggests, not opportunity for saving, but the satisfaction of some long cherished desire. Then, too, the labor movement agitates for higher wages in order to have "increased power of consumption," and resists reduction be-

cause it decreases the power of consumption, and thereby threatens shrinkage in business, and industrial crises.

One finds in every class referred to many exceptions due to the thousand factors that play in every life. On the whole, the drift of society is toward spending, short-sighted enjoyment of to-day, and reluctant attention to to-morrow. The development of cities, intense social rivalry, increasing love of pleasure and indulgence; the proximity in daily life of people of all grades of income; the feeling of equality as an authorization to look up and not an obligation to look down; increasing self-appreciation; the display of modern industry and the seductive methods by which it overcomes us; the passion for distinction, rivalry, as they manifest themselves about us in a thousand forms; the general spirit of worldliness everywhere asserted, everywhere sanctioned, everywhere exalted—are all sources of tremendous expansive pressure on our wants. Income is fixed for men, generally, by an economic process entirely unrelated to the preferences, wants, tastes of the individual. And it is always insufficient to meet demands which are actively insistent. Credit devices and debt enable many to attain to more than their actual cash resources allow. The margin between income and enjoyment, bridged as it is by credit, contains unrecorded tragedies and heart longings that would discount all literature, could they be written.

The situation, thus viewed, presents to observation these facts: wants generally in excess of income, love of pleasure, dislike and absence of discipline of wants, dissatisfaction with income. Does this condition tend to foster the spirit of Socialism? The question is not so much one of doctrine as of spirit and temperament. Does the condition referred to create a mental attitude which favors Socialism, making the mind receptive to its teachings? Munsterburg finds no envy among Americans, and in this he sees a most effective obstacle to Socialism. It is, however, not so certain that we are entirely free from envy. Socialists may employ, with good effect, the contrast between starving children of the poor and overfed poodle dogs of the rich.* Luxury, vice, crime, as actually or

* The New York *Tribune* (February 16, 1906), recently quoted an intelligent visitor to the dog show, as having said at a meeting of philanthropists who are interested in the sick children of the poor: "I haven't a word to say against this outpouring of interest in dogs, but when I found one having its toilet made with a brush and comb, and another, a Chinese dog, resting against a background of Chinese tapestry, the happy creature feeding out of a blue willow pattern dish, I did wonder if a fraction of the money might not have been better devoted to the care of little children."

apparently identified with great wealth, are of great service to the socialistic press. But, aside from such aspects of conditions, it is now asked whether the characteristic mental traits, developed among spenders, are favorable or unfavorable to Socialism.

II.

No wise man will care to underrate Socialism, to misunderstand its character, confuse its issues, mistake its emphasis, or ignore its spirit. It is too powerful in its sentiment, too strong in organization, and too sure in its merciless criticism, to fail to take advantage of every error committed by those who oppose it. Seligman observes rightly: "Instead of being the voice of envy and confiscation, as it often appears to the smug, the sleek, and the contented, Socialism is, to the elect few, an inspiring ideal and a veritable religion; while in the case of the mass, it is an inarticulate cry of anguish and a vague expression of the demand for social progress." If Socialism implies mental revolution in its follower, what is the atmosphere of mind which favors or invites it?

The socialist surrenders the individual point of view, and adopts a class or race point of view. He merges his interests into the interests of the class-conscious laborers; rather he recognizes these interests as objectively identified. The supreme effort of propaganda is to emancipate the individual from an individual point of view. Class consciousness, class action, class interest, class domination absorb his sympathies. Where this view takes hold in a mind, its whole psychology changes. The sincere socialist becomes an enthusiast, an apostle, and a flood of subjective altruism supposedly sweeps away all traces of self-love or self-seeking. As a rule, men do not wax eloquent over individual wrongs. They may fight or shoot, but they do not make speeches. But when an incident represents a tendency, an individual typifies a class, when "an offense to one is the concern of all," then oratory is abundant. The socialist individual is merely one atom of the consciousness of the socialist class; in him live the issues, through him speak the ideals which inspire the class. The socialist mind then has the class point of view.

It has, secondly, a strong feeling for equality. As a socialist sees the class, it is made up of equal units, whose equality

is natural, ethical, original, whose inequality is accidental and derived. It is felt that the "noblest things in men make them all alike," that wisdom is found in emphasizing the likeness among men and in neglecting their differences. Thus, to the socialist mind, men are or ought to be equal. Justice means equality, ultimately, if not actually; progress is toward equality, work and hope and sacrifice are for it. The socialist appears to be unconscious of any passion for distinction, of any instinct for rivalry. Where his reason fails to see what he would see, his fertile sympathy paints as he would see, and nothing breaks the continuity of the picture of life which so fascinates him; equality supreme, institutions expressing it, property laws confirming it, emotions and sympathy sanctioning it; all men cultured, free, noble through it.

Thirdly, the mind of the socialist is filled with despair of our institutions. The downtrodden class, as a class, will not fit in anywhere, as he sees things. That the individual may succeed to-day does not impress the socialist, for in his mind the individual is secondary to the class, and the class is exploited. Instead of looking at the race as in pyramidal column, the few leading, the many following, all sharing variously in culture, opportunity, joy, as the individualist sees it, the socialist represents, as to be striven for, a far-flung line of humanity, moving in uniform step toward culture and peace. In the individualist's view, civilization succeeds each time that an individual succeeds; in the socialist mind, it fails unless all succeed. As present institutions do not favor the great laboring class, as it cannot in any way be made chief beneficiary under them, the socialist despairs entirely of them and advocates their suppression. As individuals are always advancing, the conservative is ever hopeful; as the class appears not to advance, the socialist is a victim of despair.

Yet, paradoxically or otherwise, the socialist is an idealist. He pictures the best possible condition of society as within reach. Back of his judgments, predetermining them, ahead of his impressions coloring them, in and through his emotions controlling them, appears this strain of idealism which is supreme. Placed by his fervent imagination in the full glare of the light of the ideal, seeing in fancy, culture universally shared, peace wisely ordered, joy and rest and congenial occupation filling every life, all other light seems dark, all lesser hope dis-

mal, any other ambition, a sacrilege. In the mind of the socialist history becomes a story of majestic advance from barbarism to perfect civilization; reject Socialism as futile, and the socialist sees in history no record of enlarging hope and widening emancipation. He sees rather retrogression of a nobly destined race to savagery.

III.

It is suggested, then, that the socialist mind appears to be animated by the class sense, belief in equality, despair, idealism. What is meant is that the mental set of the socialist mind is of that sort. Neither the first step nor the last step toward Socialism can be easily traced out, even by him who takes it. Whether emotion or conviction, recoil from what is seen or attraction from what is hoped for, whether more knowledge might have hindered, or mental or emotional intensity hastened one in the advance to Socialism, is quite difficult to say. Burns, the commanding labor leader in England, who has just entered the Cabinet, became a socialist by the reading of an argument against it; Jack London tells us that he "discovered that he was a socialist" without having set out to become one. A recent prominent convert to Socialism in Chicago stated that he was "incapable of a logical argument," but "he believed in it." It is said of William Morris that he disclaimed all knowledge of economic theory of Socialism, and referred questioners to those who knew. He knew only art.

In spite of logic and logicians and colleges, human nature refuses to act and feel along logical lines, and persists in arriving at attitudes which are called convictions, by its own most devious ways. There are few chains of reasoning that have not some links of feeling or prejudice or sentiment in them, and these are by no means the weakest. Bacon called the attention of men to the sources of error in the mind; to the idols of the den, of the tribe, of the theatre, of the market; that is, to prepossessions, mental set, due to personal traits, to race traits, to social intercourse, and to systems of thought, all of which interfere with the process of pure induction and hinder objective views. He likened the mind to a curved mirror which imparted its own form to all images which it reflected.

There is ample authority, then, for taking this view of Socialism; for assuming that every feature of assent will appear among its adherents. The mind's predisposition for or against the class idea, equality, despair, and idealism, is a most important factor in determining one's attitude to the doctrines and organization of Socialism. In this great variety in the genesis of Socialism, it is suggested that the atmosphere is or tends to be uniform; that the trend of the mind is toward the mental set described. Whatever be the initial impulse, the socialist mind tends to become fixed in the class view, in belief in equality, in despair, in idealism. If one walk among socialists, and read fairly their popular literature, one finds these elements everywhere, as doctrine, as feeling, as sympathy. This mental set among them explains their antagonisms, hypotheses, assumptions, explains why they are critical or credulous, why they doubt so little and know so much; how prophecy is as potent as fact, and hope as comforting as realization. Doctrine, system, conviction, are not lacking, but these do not at present bear on the thought.

Sometimes men may think they are socialists when, in fact, they are not. They may appear to assent to the doctrine, but they lack the atmosphere. Speaking of socialists serving on committees charged with the administration of workingmen's insurance laws in Germany, a German employer is quoted by Mr. Vanderlip in the *North American Review* (December, 1905), as having said: "It is simply wonderful to see how the most radical political shouters quiet down when they find themselves members of a committee discussing grave matters and charged with the responsibility of important decisions." One who can change in that manner is not a thoroughgoing socialist. On the other hand, men may be socialists or well on toward Socialism, and not suspect it. The socialistic atmosphere permeates them, and only an incident, a chance phrase, a meeting, is required to complete the work. Any observant man may hear, at any time, among conservative circles, expressions of emotions, criticisms, appreciations, that make directly and frankly for Socialism, if one have merely the habit of following one's leading emotions without reserve. It may be doubted if any socialistic arraignment of society is more sweeping than this from Pope Leo's Encyclical: "For the result of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely differing castes.

On the one side there is the party which holds power because it holds wealth; which has in its grasp the whole of labor and of trade; which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply, and which is represented even in the councils of the State itself. On the other side, there is the needy and powerless multitude, broken down and suffering, and ever ready for disturbance." While the Holy Father checks the effect of this criticism by suggesting conservative action, still, profound belief in it, uncorrected by broader views, might be a short road to very radical positions.

The forces, views, conditions, contrasts, ideals, in modern life, that tend to generate a mental atmosphere, which we may call socialistic, that is, that tend to develop in many minds the class point of view, feeling for equality, despair of institutions, and idealism; all of them, or any of them, may be said to contribute, formally or materially, directly or indirectly, to the development of Socialism. Forces, views, conditions, ambitions in society which hinder the development of these mental attitudes, may be said to act as a barrier to the development of Socialism. We come then to the question: What is the relation of modern extravagance to the development of Socialism? Do our habits of spending, of living beyond means, living in debt, tend to produce a state of mind which is receptive to the doctrines and claims of Socialism? The outlines of an answer will be suggested in the next paper. Meantime it may be well, by way of conclusion, to note the peculiar relation that these traits of Socialism have to life in general.

Our American traditions, our institutions, aim to foster equality among men in political relations; the socialist holds that the logic of that view leads directly to Socialism. The Labor movement attempts with tireless energy and resourceful methods to induce the laboring class to believe in the class point of view and to organize for its expression. The vast majority that remain unconverted show how difficult must be the task, and the bitter contests resulting unfortunately at times in personal violence, between union and non-union men, reveal a tenacity of view on each side that suggests the resisting qualities of granite as well as the explosiveness of powder. Poets, literary men of the highest order, religion clothed with the authority of heaven and endowed with all the power of earth, have tried to foster idealism and bring men to the ideal, but

the partial failure that has met them loudly proclaims the futility of hoping for entire success.

With such prestige, teaching, sanction for belief in equality, in idealism, in the class point of view, it is not to be wondered at that some at least would feel their emotions aroused, and carry these doctrines to extremes. This Socialism does. Whatever the motive of the socialist, whether love or hate, envy or resentment; whatever the mental and moral views which enter into the system which he holds, he feels that he carries the principles which underlie our institutions to their necessary conclusions. The conservative, who admits a class point of view, or limited equality, or modified idealism, always corrects his assent by admitting other truths bearing on these. He sees class, but also individual; equality, but also inequality; fault, but also virtue; idealism, but as well the limitations of nature and life. The socialist appears to be carried away by his logic; if he take the class point of view at all, he takes it completely; if he believe in democracy, he applies it to industry as well as to State; if men are equal at all, they are to be equalized entirely or nearly so; if idealism have any value, it is entirely feasible, and one should strive for it. In this way we understand Socialism's claim that it is merely the logical extension to industrial life of accepted principles.

THE PRAYER OF CHRIST.

BY GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J.

XIII.



It was in the consciousness of union and solidarity with his people past and present, of membership in Israel, that the Jew invoked God as "Our Father." He was Israel's God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Moab and Egypt had their gods; but Israel alone had the true God, and none could claim his fatherhood and protection save through Israel and as adopted into the family of Abraham. There was a note of exclusiveness in the pronoun "our"; it meant "ours" and not "theirs." That the individual as such, and apart from his title of membership with Israel, had a right to call God "Father" or "my Father" had hardly come into clear and general recognition in Christ's day. As in earlier forms of society, the people was everything, the individual was altogether subordinate. Israel collectively was God's son; or, if later the dignity was vested in the King or promised Messiah, it was as in the representative of the whole people.

It is to the influence of Christ's teaching that we owe that development of the sense of personality which has destroyed the excessive collectivity of ancient social institutions, has led to a juster idea of the relation of the individual to the community, and has taught us that neither can be wholly subordinated to the other, that their interests are common; that the heart and perfection of the one is the heart and perfection of the other. But the modern reaction against old-world collectivism has often been in the direction of a crude individualism as hurtful to true spiritual personality as ever was slavery. One great factor, at least, of such personality was saved in the Israelite's sense of participation in a corporate life, in the cause of God, in the kingdom of heaven. When he stood in the Temple with the worshippers; when he went forth to fight the battles of Israel, he was no longer himself in the narrower

sense; it was the life of God's people which pulsed in his veins, and raised his own separate value and importance in the eyes of him who is the Father of each as well as the Father of all; he has not yet broken down the walls of partition that divided Israel after the flesh from Israel after the spirit, that narrowed the cause of God to the cause of a nation; he had not yet entered into an all-inclusive universal life; but he had to a great extent risen to a sense of spiritual personality and had entered into the divine life as far as he understood it.

Far deeper and wider was the divine love that burned in Christ's heart; and whose meaning and implication were ever clear to his vision. He who felt not merely the effects and manifestations of God's fatherliness towards Israel, but also its very root and substance, felt also that it could not be so limited to Israel as to exclude any creature begotten and sustained by Eternal Love; that though there were infinite degrees and kinds of sonship, yet God's love for the least of his children was "greater than the measure of man's mind"; that no will could be perfectly true to this which set limits to human brotherhood. It is not the voice of Israel alone, but the voice of all humanity, the voice of all creation, the blended voices of the "Benedicite" that cried: "Our Father who art in heaven."

This is evident from our Lord's whole practice and teaching, as set before us in the Gospels, and as interpreted more explicitly by St. Paul. His life was one prolonged fight against exclusivism in any sense; and in the interests of Catholicism in every sense. Whom or what did he shut out from his love? Nothing that bears the shape of man; nothing that breathes the breath of life; not the birds of the air, nor the grass of the field, nor the heaven that is God's throne, nor the earth that is his footstool. Hence St. Paul (Coloss. 1. 19) speaks of the whole fulness of creation as dwelling in him, as gathered up into his consciousness and his love, as already sharing in the redemption which his blood had wrought for all mankind, as groaning and travailing for the fuller deliverance to come.

XIV.

This sense of solidarity, through God, with all that proceeds from God and belongs to God, is of the essence of the

spirit-life: "All things are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." God is transcendent; he stretches beyond the world in every direction; infinitely higher, deeper, wider. But it is only through, in, and with the world that we are one with him; we must take it all into ourselves, into our thought, feeling, and will, if we would possess him. That mysticism is doomed to sterility which would see him, like the entombed hermits of Thibet, in absolute silence and darkness; which would empty the mind and heart of every creature in the vain hope of finding more room for God. As little could our mind think of life apart from things that live. What God is out of relation to his creatures, his creatures can never know. Whatever ghostly figure of him such as abstract contemplation may conjure up, owes the little substance it has to relics of concrete living experience which the mind has failed to banish, and which still cling to it in its mad endeavor to soar up, beyond all atmosphere, to the region of the absolute.

The seeming justification of this endeavor to escape from creatures lies in the notorious fact that the preoccupation and over-crowding of the heart and mind with creatures are manifestly hurtful to converse with God. Such converse is favored by the liberation of the faculties for the contemplation of divine things; hence the conclusion, that a total liberation should be our aim. This is equivalent to supposing that, because surfeit is injurious to health, starvation can never hurt us. Life, experience, is the pabulum of the spirit. As the bee goes to and fro between the garden and its hive, now gathering, now storing up and utilizing what it has gathered, so the spirit lives by alternations of experience and reflection. An undue excess of either over the other is fatal; either religion is choked amid thorns and briars, or it becomes abstract, empty, unreal, out of relation to life, a frail thought-structure imperilled by every breath of fresh air. We need then to pause frequently in life; to turn from experience back to reflection and prayer, so as to consider experience explicitly in its relation to God, as revealing him; and then to turn from prayer and reflection to the quest of new experience with an enlarged capacity for receiving and profiting by it; with a greater power of assimilating it. And thus gradually should the whole world become food to us. "If thy heart were but right," says A Kempis, "every creature would be to thee a

mirror of life, a holy book; for there is no creature so small or despicable as not in some way to represent the divine goodness." The way to contemplation, therefore, is not to fly from creatures, but so to rectify the heart by reflection, that one can gradually embrace them all; for the more we embrace of them, the more we embrace of God.

The spirit in prayer, then, comes face to face with God, without intermediary; but it must not come alone, isolated, separate. Such separateness belongs to the psychic self. The spirit takes the whole world into its thought and affection, gives it a consciousness and a voice which cries, not "My Father," but "Our Father"—"ours," because inclusive of everything, exclusive of nothing. Through the spirit the whole world returns to God in praise; but to return through it, the world must enter into it, must be assimilated and transformed by it.

In One alone has it been so, perfectly; that One whose "heart was right" in a unique sense; that One who alone could say: "All mine are thine, and all thine are mine"; that One in whom "it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell," and of whose fulness we have all received.

It is vain then to approach the altar, to draw near to God, if one is estranged from one's brother. Let him first go, and, by reconciliation, take the whole world into his heart, and so come and offer it, together with himself, as a gift. As the negative estrangement of indifference starves the soul, and as the positive estrangement of hostility narrows and contracts it by pressure and opposition, so it is sustained, strengthened, expanded, enriched by spiritual communion with others, in the measure that it lives in them and they in it. "I in them, and thou in me, that we all may be perfect in one."

If this holds pre eminently of the rational creature, of the world of spirits and wills, yet it must be extended in due proportion to the humbler and humblest orders of existence to which man, in virtue of his complex nature, stands in relation of brotherhood:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

This we had learnt already from the Hebrew psalmist; this was the inspiration of the authors of the *Laudate* and the *Benedicite*. But what with them may have been but a spiritual instinct, was for Christ a felt fact, a clear vision. His joy in creation was enriched with a sense of fraternity and affection. He beheld all things proceeding from the same root as man, fostered by the same love. It was the same Father who clothed the lilies of the field and Solomon in all his glory; who fed the birds of the air and the Israelites in the desert; who noted the fall of a sparrow and numbered the hairs of man's head. To the Poverello of Assisi belongs the glory of having resolved the harmony of Christ's spirit into its closely allied components of sorrow and joy; of having taken each apart, and brought it home with new freshness to the Christian consciousness. The prophets had told us that "The sea is his and he made it, and his hands prepared the dry land—the strength of the hills is his also"; that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"; that "sun, moon, and stars obey him"; that "the winds are his messengers and lightnings his ministers"; but they had hardly reached that joyous sense of brotherhood and friendliness which belongs to the child of God, and springs from the deeper intuition of his Fatherhood, which greets the sun as a brother and the moon as a sister through an inspiration of true fraternal feeling, and not merely through a flight of poetic fancy.

It may be rightly objected that this nature-feeling often exists when the love of God and man is weak, and is absent when this is strong. One might reply that those who so lack it would be all the better for it; that no one loves God more for loving nature less; or less, for loving nature more. The true answer is that not all nature-feeling is religious, but only that which springs from the intuition of God's Fatherhood, and whose quality and extent are determined by the depth and purity of that intuition.

XV.

"*Generationem ejus quis enarrabit?*"—"Who shall declare his generation?" These words have been applied somewhat poetically, by patristic writers, to signify the mysterious generation of the Eternal Son. They might be applied with equal

truth to the mystery of the origin of all things; to the relation of fatherhood and sonship that obtains between God and the last and least of his creatures.

We know well that the dependence of the creature is immeasurably greater, closer, and other than that of a son; that sonship is little more than a symbol, a feeble image of reality, an expression which belongs to the order of parables and similitudes rather than to that of allegories or metaphors. We cannot break the idea into its factors, and find for each of them a parallel in the relation of creaturehood. Some of them correspond, others do not; hence, sonship is a similitude of creaturehood, partly like, partly unlike. Thus a son is begotten by an act that passes, a creature is being breathed forth by God's love at every moment of its existence; a son becomes separate from and independent of his father, a creature is ever clinging to the bosom of God; a son is a product of blind instinct and necessity, a creature is a product of intelligence and unconstrained love; a son reaches maturity and attains the perfection of his father's nature, a creature will always fall infinitely short of the perfection of the Creator. Other relationships offer points of similitude, and have been used to supplement the poverty of that of fatherhood and sonship. "Though a mother should forget her child, yet will not I forget thee." "How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathered her chickens under her wing." "There is one that sticketh closer than a brother." "Abraham was called the Friend of God." Here we see how God is our Mother, Brother, and Friend. Mystics delight to see in him the soul's Spouse and Lover. Nay, he is even in some way the child of his children; the servant of his servants: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, my little ones, ye did it unto me." "Lo, I am in your midst as he who serveth"—for our Lord says these things in the name of the Father and as revealing the Father who, in so many ways, is dependent on us and serves us.

Yet Fatherhood is the similitude in which he has principally revealed his relation to us. And if, in various civilizations, the rights and duties of fatherhood have been variously understood, we need not on that account be over-critical to determine exactly how they were understood in Galilee two thousand years ago; for that would be to press a similitude, point by point, as though it were a metaphor. Its value lies

in what fatherhood signifies everywhere and always, under all varieties of usage and custom, namely, a claim to reverence and love.

XVI.

The conception of God as a Father is easy for religion in its childish stages, when reverence and love are but crude and embryonic. But when science has pulverized the earth and made it a speck in a measureless waste of sand; when it has shown us the reign of ruthless law in little and great, without us and within us; and when reflection has penetrated us with the sense of God's otherness and unlikeness, and brought them home to our feeling and imagination; then, indeed, it is only the very heroism of faith that can affirm a likeness and sameness notwithstanding, and can say: "Our Father who art in heaven."

Yet without such a faith, our mental and moral life must be brought to a standstill through a paralysing scepticism. If God's otherness were such that what is false in us might be true in him, or what is evil in us might be good in him; if, as rash preachers have sometimes implied, he has a right to deceive or to be cruel; if differences of false and true, good and evil, depend merely on his arbitrary *fiat*; then our standards of moral and mental endeavor are purely relative. We might fear such a Being as we fear an earthquake, or a volcano, or the unknown and capricious forces of nature; but reverence him we could not. Reverence is not of the merely vast and wondrous, but of an excellence that is vast and wonderful; what we reverence is an excellence which we can understand, magnified beyond our understanding. And this is the excellence of personality, of the human spirit—its power, wisdom, goodness, and love. In us these attributes are separate, and limited each to its kind; that in God they should be unlimited and identical, makes him endlessly vast and wonderful, the supreme object of mystic awe. It makes him unlike us in his likeness. But it is the substance of these same spiritual excellences, as distinct from their limits and modes, that makes him like us in his unlikeness and constrains us to cry: "Our Father."

But it is only by faith of the highest kind that this fatherhood can be held firmly, so as to be the governing inspiration

of our lives. The evidence of all-controlling goodness and love in the world round us grows weaker and not stronger in the cold light of purely intellectual criticism; for such reasons exclude the reasons of the heart. It sees only a vast mechanism, callously grinding out good and evil, joy and sorrow, on no conceivable plan; now rewarding virtue, now punishing it with a capriciousness that excludes all idea of intelligent goodness. We could not possibly love, praise, or reverence a man who acted as nature, or God through nature, seems to act. We should feel ourselves immeasurably better than such a one, for all our selfishness and frailty—that is to say, if we were to attend to what *seems* to be, to the imperfect revelation of God given in the world, apart from the things made known in the heart. Could the worst of us stand by and witness the agonies of any innocent creature, if our bare *fiat* could relieve those agonies? One such instance would be an unanswerable difficulty against millions of contrary instances. Yet there are oceans of agony all round us at every moment. We cannot, then, under pain of moral scepticism, say that the world, as it seems in the light of purely intellectual criticism, appears to be the work of One who is at once All-Good and All-Mighty.

But to study the world apart from man's heart, is like studying music on its mathematical side, and without reference to the ear. Man's heart is also the heart of the world, not something outside it; and neither of them can be studied truthfully in abstraction from the other. Had the Boudhdha looked within as well as without, he might have divined a power that could transmute the all-pervading waters of human tribulation into the wine of gladness; but in his contemplation he sat aloof, as one who witnesses a play in which he has no part; as having no sense of his solidarity with the world which he condemned.

Faith in God's Fatherhood is our answer to the revelation of his Fatherhood, a revelation which is made in our own spirit by God's Spirit. It comes to us as a feeling; not as a blind feeling, but as a felt truth, a felt reality; as a feeling which implies and demands a truth. "We have received the Spirit of adoption wherein we cry: Abba, Father." "The Spirit itself beareth witness to our spirit that we are the sons of God." And, in its ethical manifestation, this Spirit is "Charity" or "Love." It is, therefore, in the sudden kindling of our purest and strongest spiritual love, that the revelation of God's Father-

hood is given to our faith; when, "Like a man in wrath, the heart stands up and answers: 'I have felt'"; when it asks: "Shall man be more just than his Maker?" "Shall he be more good, more pitiful, more wise, more loving?" "He that made the eye, shall he not see?" "He that made the ear, shall he not hear?" "He that made the heart, shall he not understand?" When it cries: "Though he should slay me, yet will I hope in him." In such moments we feel that the life and the love within us stream from the very centre and heart of reality, from the veins of the Eternal who lives in us, of our Father in heaven, we feel that what pains and resists our higher will in the world round us, pains and resists him too; that he, through us and in us, in some mysterious way, is in conflict with all that evil whose opposition to the spirit is the very condition of spiritual growth and expansion; that he is battling with ignorance, error, selfishness, suffering and sin.

It is this faith in the revelation of the spirit—faith in the intuitions of love, faith in the felt truths of our best moments—that warms and fills up the chill and ghostly conception of a "Supreme Being," infinitely vast and strange; that corrects our despairing sense of God's otherness and distance by a trustful sense of his likeness and nearness; that transforms mere awe and wonder into filial reverence and love.

Of this faith it is said: "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son and he to whom the Son will reveal him"; and again: "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven."

XVII.

This explicit faith in God's Fatherhood gives life its warmth. Let us contrast the life without faith in its best and highest manifestation, and the life with faith in its thinnest and poorest manifestation. Let us take the case of a truly cultivated man of the highest moral principle and practice, one whose will is, unawares, altogether sympathetic with the Divine Will; whose life is sincerely, selflessly, and enthusiastically devoted to the interests of truth and goodness; and yet whose religion has remained implicit and latent; who has never realized the Lawgiver behind the law which his conscience imposes; who has never felt the personality of that Goodness and Truth for

whose claims he would utterly sacrifice self indeed, but with a confused notion that it was himself to whom he was sacrificing. Such a purely ethical life—so far as explicit consciousness goes—is, after all, a monologue of the heart, a cold soliloquy. The faith that, somehow or other, Goodness matters absolutely and externally, is a blind faith that must either stumble, or open its eyes on God's face. As the race of man on earth began, so it will also end, within an appreciable time; and then, faith apart, what will it matter whether we have lived well or ill? Is not then the affirmation of conscience as to the absolute and eternal importance of right a lie? Only by a studious self-blinding to ultimate problems, can such a man as we have described escape a sterilizing pessimism, and maintain his spirit-life in its vigor. And even if he succeed, still in his heart he is always alone.

And if, as usually happens, the circumstances and conditions are far less favorable than above described—if he be an uncultured, lonely, aimless, unsuccessful, or much-tempted man—then he will feel the chill of faithlessness far more keenly than one clad in prosperity. But let a man be never so impoverished and obscure, socially, mentally, and even morally, if he has an explicit faith in God's Fatherhood, it will transform his spirit-life into a dialogue, and abolish his inward loneliness. Each thought and action, however small, are felt not only to matter absolutely and eternally, but to strengthen or loosen ties of love and friendship with the Divine Spirit and Father of Spirits.

"I am not alone," says Christ, "but I, and the Father who sent me" (John viii. 16). If a certain dualism of oneself against oneself is a practical necessity of the moral life, a dualism of person against person is no less a necessity of the religious life; and to this need he has ministered who has taught us to say: "Our Father."

XVIII.

Thus the new wine bursts the old bottles. The new love of Christ, the new commandment of Christ, the new spirit of Christ could not be cramped up in the Old Testament categories and modes of thought. Into every time-honored phrase and expression a new wealth of meaning was crowded. "Go borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty

vessels, borrow not a few" (IV. Kings iv. 3). In obedience to some prophetic impulse the Christian Church wandered forth among the Gentiles, borrowing their vessels, even their empty vessels, right and left, to hold the treasures for which she found no receptacle in the home of her birth. And if the flow of oil is stayed, it is not that its source is dry, or that we have exhausted the depth of meaning latent in the "Our Father," but only because "there is not a vessel more." Wherever human thought frames a larger and worthier vessel, that too will be filled.

Christ's love was a "felt truth"; feeling alone was its adequate expression; no language could ever equal it. It was not only the feeling of a truth, but the feeling of an end, of a will to be accomplished; it was at once a perfection of mind, heart, and will—of the whole spirit-life.

The invocation "Our Father who art in heaven" is designed to bring our spirit into accord with his; to determine our inward attitude of prayer in the presence of God; to adjust our feeling, our thought, and our will; to safeguard the emotional, moral, and mystical interests of the spirit against material encroachments, against sentimentality, against mysticality, and against practicality.

THE MARGIN OF FAITH.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



IN a recent number of this magazine, the author of an article on "The Church and Her Saints," makes a rather important statement which, to say the least, is certainly open to discussion. He makes it, however, with perfect confidence, and, as he is undoubtedly a learned and able man, it may probably be accepted with equal confidence by many even of those in whom personally it would not be verified. It may then be well to examine it, and see if it is as correct as it may seem.

The statement is as follows; we give the exact words: "For better or worse, the *pia credulitas* of the Middle Ages has disappeared almost completely, except among those who do not read. Intelligent Catholics are becoming more exacting in the matter of evidence, before they believe anything outside the domain of authoritative doctrine."

Now there are several points in this statement, and also some things implied which are not directly stated. It is also in some ways a little ambiguous in meaning. Let us see if we understand it correctly.

Dr. Fox tells us that the "*pia credulitas*," or pious credulity, of the Middle Ages has disappeared almost completely, except among those who do not read. One would at first imagine that he means by "those who do not read," those who cannot read. But by what immediately precedes, it would seem that he rather means those who do not read promiscuously; or, more precisely, those who try to confine their reading—as of course Catholics, without some special reason to the contrary, should do—to matter approved, or, at any rate, allowed as perfectly safe by the Church.

Those Catholics who do read the stuff that Dr. Fox speaks of, the "popular editions of historical, scientific, and philosophic works—the current novel and the daily newspaper," that

is, if they swallow down their contents from beginning to end, undoubtedly have a hard task, unless fortified by such instruction as only a priest usually can receive, in reconciling it all with adhesion to even the irreducible dogmatic teaching of the Church; still more, of course, with the "*pia credulitas*," which believes much beyond this dogmatic teaching. Dr. Fox, if this be his meaning, seems certainly to be correct.

But let us look at this matter of "*pia credulitas*," and see just what it is. It may, we think, be defined as the disposition to readily believe either doctrines or facts which seem in harmony with Catholic faith, or with the usual customs or ideas of Catholics; to pay more attention by far to the devotions and practices authorized by the Holy Roman Church, to the beliefs which she encourages, and to the common belief of the faithful, than to the objections of learned critics.

Now this disposition is, thank God, still tolerably strong among great numbers of Catholics, who certainly have a right, in the ordinary way of speaking, to be called intelligent; fully as much so as those who waste their intelligence over the "popular editions" just referred to. But with their intelligence, they have faith, strong and also reasonable. With regard to the matter of miracles, for instance, their faith teaches them that miracles are to be expected in the Church. "He that believeth in me," says our Lord. "the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do." If any one believes this thoroughly, he will not be surprised at a reported Catholic miracle, or disposed to doubt or disbelieve it; he knows, of course, that the report may be false, but the presumption will be not against it, but in its favor. He will rather be surprised that there are not more miracles even than all that are reported; and if he be pious, he will certainly wish that there were more; for every manifestation of the divine power, especially in favor of the Catholic Church, is a gratification and a consolation to piety. And it is plain that this disposition of mind is not only pious, but also logical.

Again this truly reasonable, as well as pious, tendency to believe is shown in the various devotions approved by the Church. What can be more reasonable than to expect that the various mysteries of our holy religion will be developed into devotions, some attracting some minds, some others, and

that these devotions will be rewarded by special marks of the divine favor? Or why should we not expect that God will honor, from time to time, some special saint in a very notable way, and attract crowds of the faithful to invoke him? In some cases—that of St. Expeditus may be mentioned—these devotions may possibly be based on some mistake or misunderstanding; but the divine intelligence is not worried, as our poor wisdom is, by blunders, and kindly and lovingly tolerates them, and even miraculously rewards the faith shown by them. It seems to us that every one who believes in God, as he is revealed to us in the Church, should rejoice in every devotion which is not plainly superstitious; that the presumption should always be in favor of such devotions. Of course the Church herself needs to be more careful than an individual Catholic in their approval; we can adopt them more freely than the Church can. Some people, however, seem to be offended by them; even in the great, principal, and undoubtedly salutary ones it is, as Blessed Grignon de Montfort says: "all they can do to endure that there should be more people before the altar of the Blessed Virgin than before the Blessed Sacrament, as if the one was contrary to the other, as if those who prayed to our Blessed Lady did not pray to Jesus Christ by her." These he kindly terms the "scrupulous devotees."

Now this attitude of mind, which is rightly known as "*pia credulitas*," and which we have just endeavored to sketch, is not broken up or even shocked, if it is intelligent, as it may perfectly well be, by finding that something which it has believed to be true is not so. But it requires proof of the falsity. It is precisely the contrary of that which Dr. Fox ascribes to "intelligent Catholics." It requires evidence before *disbelieving* what is commonly believed in the Church, not evidence before *believing* it.

A startling example of this difference may be found in the matter of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. According to Dr. Fox, intelligent Catholics must be getting all the time more and more doubtful about it. For, so far as we are aware, no new evidence is coming in in its favor; perhaps the Church may define it as a matter of faith; but there is no certainty to that effect. The case is just where it has been for centuries. If, then, our intelligent Catholics are becoming

more exacting in the matter of evidence, they must be becoming less satisfied with that which exists; or, as has been said, more and more doubtful about the fact of the Assumption. But the "*pia credulitas*"—undoubtedly including Dr. Fox himself—is practically just as sure of it as if it had been defined, and is not losing that confidence at all.

There were some intelligent—or, at any rate, learned—Catholics, who felt it due to their intelligence to doubt the dogma of Papal Infallibility before its definition. The mind of the Church was plain enough; the "*pia credulitas*" had no doubt about it at all. But these intelligent Catholics were holding off; becoming, as Dr. Fox says, "more exacting in the matter of evidence"; nothing would satisfy them but a definition. The result, in many cases, showed the danger, and indeed the want of thorough intelligence, in being too exacting. They had the definition; but still they were not satisfied.

It hardly needs to be remarked that we do not mean to say that Dr. Fox himself is in the state of mind which he seems to tell us is that of a really intelligent Catholic. He is highly and thoroughly intelligent; there is no doubt about that. So when he says that "intelligent Catholics are becoming more exacting," etc., he means simply to state that the effect of this hodge-podge of education which Catholics are likely to receive from the mixed influences surrounding them, and which makes them intelligent in the sense of being—or, at any rate, wishing to be—"up to date," has a bad effect on the spirit of faith which they ought to have.

But now to come down to the matter of fact: Is it really true that with the majority of the reading public, in the Church or outside of it, there is a trend in the direction of scepticism, which requires continually more and more evidence to satisfy it, at any rate where anything supernatural (or preternatural) is concerned?

It will, we think, be generally admitted that such, not long ago, was the case. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, there was no doubt a period in which materialism was in vogue; in which it seemed that physical science was getting settled on quite a solid basis; that we knew its laws pretty thoroughly, and that there was no escape from them, so that we could tell fairly well what was possible, what impossible.

Miracles were, of course, in the latter class. Spiritism, which excited so much interest in the middle of the century, was not in favor with the popular leaders of thought. Scientific men refused to examine it, and unhesitatingly condemned it as a fraud.

But a change has gradually come over the spirit of the age, and it is still going on. Whether it be from the unsettling of some conclusions of science which seemed almost proved, which has resulted from discoveries like that of radium; or whether it be from a mere weariness of the "reign of law"; or whether it be from the irrepressible longings of the human spirit, and its consciousness of superiority to matter; from whatever cause it may be, an interest has lately been awakened in phenomena which not long ago were simply ridiculed; a tendency toward supernatural religion has developed, and an intense desire has arisen to prove the reality of life beyond the grave. To a great extent this has come from the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research.

But this interest, this tendency, this desire, have been the motive, even more than the result, of those investigations. The world, outside the Church, instead of requiring more and more evidence for the supernatural, is requiring less and less. It is more prone to belief day by day; were it not for this, our expositions of the Catholic faith would command nothing like the attention that they actually receive. The world is tired of destroying; it wants to reconstruct. It is ceasing to regard the age of miracles as past; it is looking for and expecting them. If it does not find them in the Catholic Church, it will insist on finding them elsewhere. And it wants positive teaching and plenty of it. It wants a religion like the Catholic religion, not a mere rationalistic philosophy.

It must, probably, be confessed that this tendency outside the Church has hardly as yet been followed within her fold. The swing of thought, so to speak, outside the Church, has its effect on Catholics, but it takes some time for the effect to be produced. Owing to our conservative instinct, we are likely not to be affected by changes of thought outside till they are somewhat spent, and a new movement has set in. The pious credulity of which we have spoken has always been, and we think always will be, the disposition of Catholics in general;

but, so far as there has been any change, it has probably been lately in the direction indicated by the statement or remark of Dr. Fox with which we began. The reason seems to be that we—some of us at any rate—are, or wish to be, “up to date,” but our date is some twenty or thirty years behind the present one. For instance, we are still sneering at ghosts, thought-transference, spirit communications, with the scientific world of twenty or thirty years ago, while that world is beginning to see that these matters are worthy of examination. We are becoming critical and incredulous just when the world is getting tired of being so.

So, with all respect for Dr. Fox, and those who work on the lines which he recommends in his article, we think that those lines, as a rule, are mistaken ones, and especially just now. As a rule, we say; for there are cases, like that of *Barlaam* and *Josaphat*, which he adduces, where some special explanations may be advisable. But to slash away at all that is dear to the “*pia credulitas*,” to take up everything that is not absolutely of faith, and labor to show all the objections that can be made to it, seems to us entirely unnecessary. It seems quite sufficient to say: “These matters are not of faith; it is quite possible that criticism outside the Church may be able to throw doubt on them; if they are really disproved, the Church will abandon them, and we, of course, will be quite ready to do the same.” But, until then, it is rather our part to furnish arguments for them than against them. There is no need for us to do the enemy’s work, even with the best intentions, unless we really wish to reduce religion to a minimum; to allow no one to believe more than is absolutely obligatory, *i. e.*, the “authoritative doctrine” of which Dr. Fox speaks, and which we have presumed—fairly enough, we think—to mean what authority requires us to believe under pain of sin.

And we fear that the result of the course which he recommends, instead of securing Catholics in this irreducible faith, will be to tempt them to drop something off of this as well. In the case of the “old Catholics,” referred to above, the danger of believing nothing but what is defined seems quite plain.

“We should not fear to say what is true,” as Dr. Fox quotes from Pope Leo XIII. in the beginning. But it would seem that this applies rather to exhaustive treatments of a

subject, such as historians aim at; and these we are not always obliged to make. We should, of course, acknowledge what we have deemed true to be false, if it is definitely *proved* to be so; but there seems to be no obligation to rehearse all that can be said against it. Any harm that its adversaries can do is averted by simply saying that we are not committed to it.

The disposition to believe what seems in harmony with faith, and the actual holding, resulting from this disposition, of a number of beliefs which we have called "the margin of faith" in the title of this article, will always, we think, be common among Catholics; and the disposition is, so far as it is free from superstition, a most excellent one, and this "margin of faith" a protection, not a danger, to the faith itself. It seems to us better to leave it unharmed, unless we are absolutely compelled to act otherwise.

MADAME DE MIRAMION.*

1629-1696.

BY HON. MRS. M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

I.

"Je fais la révérence à la sainte et modeste sépulture de Mme. de Guise . . . et pour Mme. de Miramion, cette Mère de l'Église, se sera une perte public" (*Mme. de Sevigné*).



THE history of the seventeenth century in France is rich in records of great women, and it is difficult to choose among lives so brilliant in virtue and talent; but the story of Mme. de Miramion has an advantage over that of many of her contemporaries, as it has been twice written, once by her cousin, the Abbé de Choisy, in 1707, and again in our own day,* so that we have full and detailed biographies to assist us in the interesting study of her character and of the stirring times in which she lived.

Marie Bonneau de Rubelle was born in Paris on November 26, 1629, her father being Jacques Bonneau, Seigneur de Rubelle and Councillor and Secretary to the King, and her mother, Marie d'Ivry, of a noble family in Melun. By her birth Marie belonged to one of those great families "of the Robe," which were the glory of France at that time and which appear to have shared in most of the privileges and honors of the Court and society, although not entitled to call themselves "noble."

Marie's life was early overshadowed by sorrow, for she lost her mother when she was only nine years old. Mme. de Rubelle, who was "of a rare merit but of delicate health," had taken great care of her education, and, as if foreseeing her own early death, had striven to impress sentiments of solid piety in her child's heart. Marie was inconsolable for her loss, and "child though she was," says Choisy, "she made reflections upon this death in a way much above her age," and became ill from grief. Although she soon regained her health, she seems never to have lost the impression of this first sorrow, which left on her character a trace of sadness and gravity

* *Mme. de Beauharnais de Miramion*. Par M. Alfred Bonneau. Paris, 1868.

† For mention of Mme. de Miramion, consult also the lives of St. Vincent de Paul, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Mlle. le Gras, Valckenaer's *Mme. de Sevigné*, etc.

never afterwards effaced. She grieved especially, as other sensitive souls have done, that *she had not loved her mother enough* in the short years they were together, but this grief helped her to form a resolution to imitate her in all the duties of piety and charity which she had seen her practise.

Marie's governess was a pious and excellent person, whose influence strengthened her pupil in her good resolves and in the development of her character, and she was her best friend at this moment, for her father's official duties absorbed his time. Left a widower with five children—for Marie had four brothers—M. de Rubelle felt anxious at his daughter's loneliness, and accepted his brother's, M. de Bonneau's, invitation to live with him in his vast hotel in the *Marais*, where his sons could be brought up with their cousins, and his daughter benefit by her aunt's care. The change from the quiet home life, to which she was accustomed, to the large, gay, and luxurious household of the de Bonneau, was a very considerable one for Marie.

Mme. de Bonneau, née Pallu du Ruan, had a brilliant salon, where all the legal luminaries of Paris, the great financiers, literary men, and even some of the courtiers, met.

It was a moment of great intellectual enthusiasm. Corneille was inaugurating a new era at the theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne, while the Hotel de Rambouillet, the salons of Mme. de Sablière, Mme. de Cornuel, and the literary circle which met at the house of M. de Lamoignon, all offered golden opportunities for culture. Mme. de Bonneau, who considered her niece too serious for a girl of her age, took her, even at the age of eleven or twelve, to balls and plays. She enjoyed the former especially, for she danced well, but the poor child could not forget her sorrow.

"I think of death continually," she said to her governess, "and when every one is thinking only of amusing himself, I say to myself: 'Should I wish to die at this moment?'"

She resolved to mortify herself in the midst of her gaities, and would wear an iron chain which she had bought with her pocket money, and when at the play "she shut her eyes, but when her aunt laughed she turned towards her and laughed also, as if she was paying attention to the piece."

Her great delight was to nurse any one who was ill in the house, and to spend her recreation in reading pious books to the sick. It is related how on one Feast of the Epiphany, when every one was in the drawing-room amusing themselves,

and Marie was to open the ball, she had withdrawn to assist a servant of her father who was in his last agony.

In the seventeenth century "cures" were already quite the fashion, and we find Marie accompanying her aunt in 1643 to Forges, a watering-place in Normandy. They journeyed by slow stages, stopping at St. Germain, Nantes, and Rouen, and everything charmed Marie, who had never before been out of Paris. It was, however, during this little absence that her second sorrow came upon her in the death of her father, which occurred too quickly for her to reach Paris in time to see him alive. This unexpected blow deepened Marie's wish to live entirely for God, and though still so young she thought of entering religious life, and felt herself drawn, not for the only time in her life, to the great Carmelite Order. Her uncle, M. de Bonneau, however, who was devoted to Marie and did not wish to lose her, pointed out to her how much she could help her brothers by remaining in the world, and this thought, and the dread of separating from them, led her to change her views—views which were evidently at that time only the effect of her young and ardent zeal, for other duties awaited her.

In 1645 Marie, then 16, began to go regularly into society with her aunt, and her future was seriously discussed. Mlle. de Rubelle was both charming and beautiful, and had an "air modest though proud" which drew all hearts to her. She was tall, with a fine figure, "a dazzling complexion, chestnut hair, and the most beautiful eyes in the world." Like those of other beauties of the time, they were dark blue and very brilliant, but "the gentle melancholy and exquisite kindness of her heart often showed itself and gave them an expression truly angelic." Marie had also every intellectual gift, and possessed a good and solid judgment. Possibly, as she would accuse herself later, she had rather too proud an air; but this apparent haughtiness, which was due chiefly to her regular features, was softened by the gentleness of her voice and the exquisite politeness of her manners. With these advantages it is not surprising that "everywhere the brilliancy of her charms, even more than her great wealth, attracted a crowd of young men who disputed for the honor of obtaining her hand."

Already, however, she had noticed M. de Miramion, who often accompanied his mother to the parish church, St. Nicolas des Champs, and the deference and respect which he showed her had prepossessed Marie in his favor. When, therefore, among

the names suggested to her as suitors by her family she heard that of M. de Miramion, her blushes showed her wishes, and happier than her friend and contemporary, Mme. d'Aiguillon, no obstacles arose to interfere with her choice. M. de Miramion was barely twenty-seven, fine looking, with a charming character and a fortune equal to that of his bride. He was, in short, in the parlance of the seventeenth century, a perfect gentleman.*

For the first time in her life Marie was perfectly happy. She loved and was beloved, and she felt that God blessed her happiness. Her only desire was to merit that the blessings given to her so abundantly in this life might never interfere with the hopes she had conceived for the world to come. She begged M. de Miramion to allow her to live in the same pious way as before, and spoke to him so beautifully of religion that he admired and loved her virtues more than ever, and promised her full liberty.

The marriage took place on April 27, 1645, and a few days later Marie and her husband left the Hotel de Bonneau to go to their new home in the house of M. de Choisy, the grandfather of M. de Miramion. Here Marie found herself in the midst of a very patriarchal family. M. de Choisy, long the friend and counsellor of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., was much honored at court, and his wife, Madeleine de Charron, was a woman of great virtue, and the tenderest of mothers. These good old people had never been separated from their daughters, Mme. de Miramion and Mme. de Caumartin, and inhabited with them a very fine house at the corner of the Rue du Temple and the Rue Michel le Comte. Mme. de Caumartin was a widow, and her only son and M. de Miramion had grown up together like brothers.

Marie was received with delight by all the family. "Every one wanted to entertain and fête her, and for several weeks there was nothing but presentations, suppers, and pleasures of all sorts, of which the grandest seems to have been "a magnificent collation" given by M. de Miramion's aunt, the Comtesse de Choisy, at the Palais de Luxembourg. This lady was one of the leaders of society, and had a brilliant salon. Corneille read aloud *Cinna*, and Bussy de Rabutin his *Maximes*

* The family of Beauharnais was descended from Guillaume de Beauharnais, lord of Miramion and la Chaussée, who lived in 1380, and his son appears as a witness for Joan of Arc in the Rehabilitation Trial. The family again occupied a prominent position in Napoleon the First's reign, and Napoleon III. was, says M. Bonneau, related in the tenth degree to Mme. de Miramion.

d'Amour in her house, and she was the friend and correspondent of the Queens of Poland and Sweden. If Marie had wished to shine in society, nothing would have been easier under her aunt's patronage, but she longed to lead a quiet home life, and her husband, who had not been indifferent to the world, had early enjoyed all it had to give, and was rather tired of its frivolities; so that in his new happiness he was content to follow his wife's wishes, while her gentle piety also soon led him back to his religious duties. "I gave up cards, balls, and plays," Mme. de Miramion writes of this time, "which caused great astonishment. I began a regular life. I gained over my husband and persuaded him to live as a good Christian. In short, we were very united and beloved by all our family, and we never had any differences except in fun."

But, alas for the joys of this world! this happy, peaceful life was to last for only six months. At the end of that time M. de Miramion was siezed with violent fever and inflammation of the lungs, and was soon in danger. He accepted death with Christian courage and resignation, and we can imagine how tenderly he must have bade farewell to Marie, whose whole existence seemed to be bound up in that of her husband. As he expired she fell insensible beside him, and remained unconscious for hours. Even when she came to herself, she seemed hardly to be alive, so utterly was she crushed. Great anxiety was felt about her, and it was only her mother-in-law's urgent entreaties that she would remember her expected child that roused her to accept nourishment. For months she remained ill, and was obliged to keep her bed till the birth of her child, but in this time of anguish her resignation was unfaltering, and, as her biographer says, "she felt her soul to be born anew in the love of God, penetrated with humility and full of charity for all who suffer."

On the 7th of March, 1646, her little girl was born. At the sight of the child, in whose features she traced those of her husband, Marie's tears flowed for the first time. The baby was very frail and delicate and needed all her care, but this new duty seemed to bring her back to life, and she slowly regained her health. Marie spent the next two years retired from the world, "always at the foot of the altar or by the cradle of her daughter."

During this time she passed through a danger very common to the period and, as her biographer says, greatly dreaded

by beautiful women. She had smallpox, and was in danger of death, but her serenity remained unshaken, and seeing her mother-in-law in tears she only said: "Do not weep; is a perishable beauty and a useless life worth these tears?" To every one's surprise she recovered, and her eyesight and even her beauty were spared, but the brilliancy of her complexion was gone, which Marie did not regret. She looked upon this little trial as a sort of declaration of God's will, hoping that the world, seeing her less beautiful, would cease to pay her court, and leave her in peace to execute her plans for her future perfection. Her family indeed dreaded that she would again wish to become a nun, and longed to keep her with them, and when they thought sufficient time had elapsed they pressed her to marry again. Many proposals were made for her hand, some of her suitors only regretting that she was so rich, as they feared to be suspected of mercenary motives. Marie was, however, quite determined never to remarry, and lost no opportunity of declaring her intentions; but she did not dare resist the wishes of her family by actually "shutting her door" against the persons they introduced to her. Her humility also made her feel that she was unworthy to enter religious life, and so she begged for time to decide, and multiplied her prayers and good works, hoping that Almighty God would show her his will.

And now we come to the most surprising event in Mme. de Miramion's history, her abduction by Mme. de Seigné's famous cousin, the brilliant and erratic Bussy de Rabutin, an episode which curiously illustrates the manners of the time. That a highborn lady, surrounded by numerous and powerful relations, should be carried off by force during her drive sounds to us incredible, and although, as we have said, not an unprecedented occurrence in the seventeenth century, this special outrage did make a great impression on contemporary history. We will briefly relate what occurred, recalling the fact that Bussy was, according to his own account of the affair, deceived by friends of Mme. de Miramion into the belief that she was not indifferent to him, but was prevented by the wishes of her family from marrying outside the circle of "the Robe," from which he concluded that his audacious attempt would not be unwelcome to its object.

The summer of 1648 was passed by Mme. de Miramion at Issy, where M. de Choisy had a charming country house,

whither he withdrew to escape from the troubles of the Fronde. On August 7 Marie, who had vowed a pilgrimage to Mont Valérien after a recent illness of her child's, set out to fulfil her promise, accompanied by her mother-in-law. The ladies had also with them in the carriage a gentleman attendant and two waiting women. The coachman, a young footman, and four mounted grooms completed the party. It was a hot day, and the leather curtains of the chariot were raised for the sake of the fine view visible as they ascended the heights of St. Cloud.

They had approached within a quarter of a *lieue* of Mont Valérien, when the carriage was suddenly stopped by twenty men on horseback. Mme. de Miramion's mounted escort fled in dismay, the footman only remaining. The coachman was removed, and one of the strangers took his place, while two of the cavaliers approached the windows of the carriage, intending to draw down the leather curtains, and so to prevent the ladies from seeing by what road they were to travel, but Marie, who had not lost her presence of mind, and was silently commending herself to God, stood up, and seizing a heavy velvet bag which contained her prayer book, hit at the faces and hands of the cavaliers with it, crying out loudly for assistance, while her mother-in-law got possession of a sword of one of the assailants and wounded his arm. All this time they were being hurried along, and when they reached the Bois de Boulogne a fresh relay of horses awaited them. Marie, when she saw they were being really carried off, said a short prayer for the grace to keep her judgment, for courage to defend herself, and especially that she might not offend God, and then kept calling out that she was Mme. de Miramion and was being taken by force, and begging that her family might be informed; but the clouds of dust concealed her from view, and the noise of the carriage and the wind drowned her cries.

It would take us too long to relate all the adventures of this terrible day. Presently her captors insisted on leaving behind the old Mme. de Miramion and one of the attendants, only allowing Marie to keep one of her women and the faithful footman, who refused to leave her, and they tried to induce her to accept food, but she resolved to eat nothing till she should be at liberty. When the carriage came to a village Marie would redouble her cries for help, but the cavaliers

announced that they were escorting a poor mad woman, and her now dishevelled appearance gave color to their words.

At last towards evening the party reached the castle of Launay, which belonged to the Grand Prior of France, Hugues de Bussy de Rabutin, whom Mme. de Sevigné designated as "my uncle the pirate." The sight of this grim donjon, the number of cavaliers assembled, and the care with which she had been separated from her mother-in-law, filled Marie—who was still quite ignorant of the cause of her capture—with terror. She made up her mind that she would not leave her carriage and would spend the night there. Presently a masked cavalier came to the carriage door and begged her very respectfully to get out. This she refused to do, and asked him if it was he who had brought her here.

"No, Madame," he replied, "it is M. de Bussy de Rabutin; and he assured us all that he carried you off of your own free will, and only in order to force your family to accord him your hand."

"What he has told you is false, and you will see whether I will consent," replied Marie.

"Madame," responded the gentleman, who was de Bussy's brother, a Knight of Malta, "we are here two hundred gentlemen, relations or friends of the Comte de Bussy, but if he has deceived us, we will defend you, Madame, against him, and give you your liberty; only we must reason with him first. Please get out without fear, trusting to my word, and rest in the castle."

The cavalier's air was so noble and trustworthy that Mme. de Miramion believed him, and entered the house, but refused all refreshments. Bussy then sent various influential persons to intercede for him, and to induce her to marry him at once, for which purpose he had a priest in the house. At last he ventured himself into her presence; but, quite intimidated by Marie's noble and dignified appearance, he could only fall on his knees before her, imploring her to forgive him and to grant his suit.

"I swear," she replied, "I swear before the living God, my Creator and yours, that I will never marry you"; and, overcome by all she had gone through, she fainted. A doctor was summoned, and found her so exhausted by the strain and long fast that he feared for her life. Thoroughly alarmed at the idea of her possible death under such circumstances in his house, and at the news that six hundred men of Sens were setting out to besiege him, moved also by her valor, Bussy now

determined to let Marie depart. She was accordingly allowed to enter her carriage, and consented to take two raw eggs which could not, she knew, contain any drug, and escorted by the Knight of Malta and two men, set out for Sens.

The escort, not daring to enter, stopped at a short distance from the town, and taking out the horses, left Marie and her two servants in her carriage on the road. She now made her way painfully to the nearest inn, where she was told that the whole town was in arms by order of the Queen Regent to go to the rescue of a widow lady who had been carried off by a great lord.

"Hélas, that is I," said the poor lady. Worn out with fatigue she retired to her room, and here her brother, M. de Rubelle, and her cousin, the Abbé de Marsay, who had already reached Sens, speedily joined her. She eagerly asked for news of her mother-in-law, and found that the brave old lady had been the means of procuring succor for her. Left in the forest by M. de Bussy's men, Mme. de Miramion had made haste to a village, from which she had despatched a message to Paris, and M. de Rubelle and a good many of his friends had reached Sens half an hour before his sister's arrival. Now, burning to punish Bussy de Rabutin, these gentlemen proceeded to the Chateau de Launay, but only to find that the culprit had fled.

Marie, utterly exhausted by all she had suffered, became seriously ill, and, although her brother had her removed to Paris for the best advice, her convalescence was long and painful. She writes thus of this time in her life: "After my abduction I was sick to death, and received Extreme Unction. However, God permitted me to recover. I pursued M. de Bussy in the courts of justice for two years, and then I forgave him in God's name."

But she had forgiven him from the first, and, when obliged to summons him to satisfy her family, she gave her testimony as favorably for him as she could, consistently with the truth. After a time de Bussy's generous conduct during the Civil War, in protecting from damage Marie's ancestral home, the Chateau de Rubelle, helped to heal the breach, and her family ceased to prosecute, on the condition that the Count should never see her again. He submitted to this humiliating decision, and they never met again till very many years had passed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE CHURCH AND HER SAINTS.

III.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

IN the early centuries, to which the greater number of the saints belong, there was not, as there is to-day, any formal process of canonization; nor did any official pronouncement of the Roman Pontiff announce to the Church that a new name had been inscribed on the celestial bead-roll. The cultus of a saint usually appeared as a spontaneous growth of popular devotion; no official act marked its first appearance above the soil; and usually, before any authority took notice of it, it had attained to vigorous development. In the first ages of Christianity, on the death of a martyr, who, having given his life for Christ, was believed to have passed to his heavenly crown, the faithful gathered his relics with reverent devotion, religiously celebrated his anniversary, and invoked his intercession. When the age of persecution had closed, custom gradually extended similar treatment to the memory of men who had been conspicuous for saintly life, apostolic labors, or great learning in the things of the Kingdom. Local cults were established, usually with the approbation and active co-operation of the local clergy; and in proportion as the fame of the holy one spread, the devotion became more general. Great missionaries, holy cenobites, were declared blessed, so to speak, by popular acclamation. The supreme authority of the Church preserved a passive attitude, except in cases of controversy or abuses, as, for example, with regard to the Donatists in Africa; toleration first, followed by implicit and ultimately, by indirect explicit approbation, was the course held by the *Ecclesia docens*. We have but to recall the conditions of Europe in the age that saw the advent and the conversion of the Northern barbarians, with its ignorance, simplicity, credulity, with its generally unsettled state of society and loose ecclesiastical discipline, to understand that episcopal supervision over the de-

velopments of devotion was not rigorous enough to exclude all possibility of legend being taken for history, and to repress disorderly manifestations of indigenous piety, with the judicial rigor and vigilance that, in after years, characterized the action of Rome in this matter. Indeed, the judicial processes of later times are but the logical result of the conditions which led the popes to reserve the power of canonization to the Holy See itself.

Many examples occur in which we find a bishop compelled to exercise coercive authority to crush some local outcropping of ill-directed piety. To take one instance from comparatively later times, we have the case of Fair Rosamond, Henry the Second's paramour, whose name figures in English ballads and songs that are not at all of a hagiological complexion. As she had been, during life, the munificent benefactress of a convent near her home, the grateful inmates, confiding in the assurance that charity covereth a multitude of sins, buried her in the church, and were making her tomb a centre of devout veneration when the bishop, St. Hugh of Lincoln, put a stop to the practises and compelled the religious to remove the body from its sacred resting place. But all bishops were not as exacting as St. Hugh. In 1170, Alexander III. severely reprimanded some bishops for having permitted the cultus of a man whose life had been far from saintly. The Pope concludes his monition with the words: "Do not, then, for the future presume to honor him; since, even if miracles were performed by him, it would be unlawful for you to do so without the authority of the Roman See." It is interesting to note in passing, that here the pontiff speaks, as one exercising an established prerogative, not as putting forth a new claim. In fact, the popes had, long before this date, for very good reasons, taken the right of canonization into their own hands. That their vigilant eye was needed to counteract the mistakes which national, diocesan, or personal attachments might easily have perpetuated on the calendar, is a fact illustrated by a history of the *causes* that have failed to stand the test of judicial inquiry.

One example, cited by Father De Smedt, is from a late period. During the reign of Urban VIII., the clergy of a church in Spain forwarded a petition asking for indulgences for the feast of St. Viar, whose body the church possessed, properly authenticated by a monument of antiquity. The

monument was said to be a stone placed on the spot where the martyr was buried. It bore an inscription, the greater part of which had become obliterated; but the important portion, the name, S. Viar, was in good preservation. Pope Urban was somewhat surprised at the strange name; so he sent some trained epigraphists to examine the monument. They reported that the words were the remains of an inscription making mention of a certain [Præfectu] S. Viar[um], that is, a superintendant of highways, during the Roman domination of Spain. The cultus of St. Viar did not survive. From this and many similar occurrences, we may understand how easily devotion was directed to objects that had no real claim to such honor, in times when the supreme authority had not yet asserted its prerogative in this matter.

The canonization of a saint, in modern times, is, then, a very different affair from what it was in ancient days. It is a solemn decree emanating from the Supreme Pontiff after a long, rigorous, judicial investigation, involving great expense,* extending, sometimes, over two or three or four generations, in which evidences offered for the sanctity of the person presented for the honor, is subjected to pitiless scrutiny. The part played in the process by the *advocatus diaboli*—an honorable function to which an unsavory designation has been, playfully, attached—is too well known to require more than a passing mention. When theologians teach that the Church is infallible in the canonization of saints, they limit this prerogative to such a declaration of the Pope, or to some equivalent approbation of an immemorial cultus.

The above considerations are, perhaps, necessary to forestall the surprise that some persons might experience on finding that, through the studies of such archæologists as De Rossi, and under the analytic criticism of historians like the Benedictine, Dom Leclercq, the Jesuits, De Smedt and Delehaye, and many others, the personality behind the name of many a saint vanishes into nonentity. It is also well to remember that, as Father Delehaye

* In his introduction to the *Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi*, the late Cardinal Vaughan remarks that one of the reasons why so few secular priests have been canonized is the expense of the process, which can be borne only by communities, or wealthy families. He mentions that members of the Gonzaga family used to say that another canonization would make them bankrupt. But there has been some exaggeration on this subject. The tariff fixed by Benedict XIV. was revised, some time ago, by Cardinal Masella, who regulated the minutest details, even to the amounts to be given to the domestics of the cardinals. A ceremony of canonization, M de Boudhinon affirms, costs about 100,000 francs; and, according to another authority, the entire expenses may be set down at about 250,000 francs.

takes care to iterate, regarding another class of results, that the reality of a saint is one thing, the authenticity of the stories that have been woven around him, quite another.

We do not cease to believe in the existence and the sanctity of the Apostle St. James when Dom Leclercq convinces us that the stories about his having founded churches in Spain are inventions of the seventh century. Nor is faith in Ireland's apostle diminished because his latest biographer, Archbishop Healy, shows himself somewhat sceptical regarding the story which relates that once when some ruffians, after stealing and eating St. Patrick's goat, swore in the presence of the saint that they were guiltless of the crime, they were convicted on the spot by ventriloquistic bleatings of the devoured animal. Accounts concerning the origin of famous churches may succumb to criticism without injury to the dignity of the saints under whose invocation the edifices were raised for divine worship; and confidence in the patron's intercession can have a less unstable foundation in the breast of the client.

In the introduction to his latest instalment of his translation of *The Acts of the Martyrs*, Dom Leclercq relates an incident in point. When De Rossi was entering upon the labors which have thrown such floods of light upon hagiology, a prelate, afterwards Cardinal Capalti, addressed him in these terms: "You are too intelligent not to know that all these old monuments which inspire you with such enthusiasm have no histories but legends. Here, in Rome, at every step, our foot is upon some sacred souvenir, but one would be imprudent to lay too much weight on it. Fortunately the Church has taken care not to compromise herself. I myself am a canon of St. Mary Major. In this capacity every year I take part in the patronal celebration of this church, which occurs on the fifth of August. At matins we read a singular legend, according to which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Pope Liberius and indicated to him the site of the future basilica, promising at the same time to mark the place by a fall of snow which would come the next day and remain unmelted on the desired place. This legend begins, in the office, with the words: *Nonis Augusti, quo tempore in Urbe maximi calores esse solent*. (On the nones of August, when the heat in the city is wont to be extreme.) We have it read in the choir, and we listen to it gravely. When we have returned to the sacristy, there is sure to be some canon to remark, as he mops his face: 'In all that we have just listened to there

is only one word of truth, but it is very true: *Nonis Augusti, quo tempore in Urbe maximi calores esse solent.*' Thus, you see usage maintains a lot of old stories which nobody believes. If you present them as true, you will pass for, not a fool, for that is not possible, but for a man lacking scientific honesty. If you throw them aside, there will be hypocrites to cry, scandal, and imbeciles to believe them; then trouble for you." De Rossi did not follow the advice of the worthy cardinal, whose prediction of troubles in store for the great archæologist were fully realized. But our views on Christian antiquity have been almost revolutionized through the labors of De Rossi.

II.

Approaching the study of the part played by the writers in the production of errors, the learned Bollandist warns his readers that, under the term hagiographer, he does not mean to include all the writers who have left us biographies of saints. Among them there are many who relate what they have seen with their eyes, and touched with their hands; their writings are authentic memoirs as well as works of edification. Such men as Sulpicius Severus, Hilary of Poitiers, Fortunatus, Eunnodius, and many others, are beyond suspicion. No less so are many conscientious biographers of the Middle Ages and of later times. He concentrates his attention upon those writings which are of a factitious and conventional character, produced at a distance from the events they relate, and without any attestation. The greater number of them are anonymous in their origin, and offer no documentation or other authority for the statements which they make.

The first question, however, that is to be asked when submitting to criticism biographies of this kind is: What literary form did the writer employ, or what kind of a composition did he mean to produce? In many instances he had no other intention than to convey a grave lesson in the form of a pious story. A numerous class of *Lives* and *Acts* are of this character. The same idea is often repeated. One favorite story of this kind is that of the pious woman who enters a monastery disguised as a man; she is, in her monastic career, accused of a great fault. After her death her innocence is proved by the discovery of her sex. The heroine is called, in turn, Marina, Pelagia, Eugenia, Euphrosyne, Theodora, Margaret, and Apollonaria. In the course of time, the author's intention was lost

sight of, and the stories became to the readers real histories of so many saints. Sometimes, instead of inventing a narrative, the author borrowed one from profane sources. Thus the tragic story of Œdipus was attached to several names besides that of St. Gregory—to an imaginary St. Albanus, a St. Ursius, and others.

And, as we pursue this point with Father Delehaye, we come to a passage that renders very ridiculous the emphasis and the air of communicating a tremendous piece of information, which Mr. White assumes when he makes his remarks about infallibility having committed suicide when Barlaam and Josaphat were canonized by the Roman Church. "Who," writes Father Delehaye, "but knows that the *Life of Saints Barlaam and Josaphat* is nothing but an adaptation of the legend of Buddha? In the mind of the monk John, to whom we owe it, in its Christian form, it was nothing but a pleasant, lively tale serving as a vehicle for a moral and religious instruction." Those who afterwards accepted that story as true, including Baronius, the compiler of the Roman *Martyrology* which has Papal approval, did not canonize Buddha. They simply took a *fiction* for a history; a mistake which Father Delehaye shows to have happened in more cases than can be counted. Yet we are very sure that the learned critic has not ceased to believe in the infallibility of the Pope.

But, while the hagiographer frequently intended merely a story, he usually meant to write genuine history. We must, however, remember that even the ancients of classic times had a very different conception of history from what that word stands for in the modern critical mind. They were much more preoccupied about literary effect than about exactitude in the relation of facts and detail. They aimed at interesting and pleasing the readers, with a general effect, rather than recording information strictly accurate in detail. They invented speeches for notable personages, and felt they had conceded all that was demanded by veracity when the speech was such as the man might have delivered on a given occasion. The mediæval hagiologist was not, certainly, more critical in his methods than the classic historian. He accepted all materials that lay to his hand, without much preoccupation concerning their veracity or authenticity, provided they were edifying, and redounded to the glory of the saint. When he had not sufficient data to construct a full-length, impressive picture, he

felt no scruple in supplementing, from his own imagination, the poverty of his sources. And, besides, the simple temper of these half-barbarous clerks lacked the first quality required for the exercise of the critical art, even in the lowest degree. They were not distrustful; they did not suspect that a written testimony might be mendacious, and that a plausible story might not be true. In the Middle Ages the confusion between legend and history was perpetual; history meant whatever was related, whatever one read in books.

Just as the panegyrist feels that it is no part of his duty to dwell upon the faults or failures of his man, so, for the hagiologist, it was axiomatic that the eulogy of a saint should not reflect the slightest trace of blame. "There is," says Father Delehaye, "a school of hagiographers who would fain expunge from the Gospels the denial of St. Peter, lest the aureole of the first of Apostles might be tarnished." Thus, owing to their imperfect conception of history, the writers of the Middle Ages, in all good faith, set down as fact many things which were not true. Besides, they knew that their writings would not be accepted by their contemporaries as articles of faith; "hence the indignant denunciation, so frequent with them, of those who will refuse to believe what they say. It betrays the man whose conscience is not at ease."

So much for the temper of mind in which the biographer approached his task. What about the materials that he found provided for him? In the first place, he rarely tells us anything about the sources whence he drew his knowledge; often he displays a certain coquetry in hiding the origins of his knowledge. This data were to be found in annals, chronicles, historical inscriptions, and legends. But, the Bollandist observes, it would be an error to suppose that a penury of sources proved any set-back to the hagiographer; or that they who furnished a generous supply of information to the reader were themselves well informed. Dwelling on *The Acts of the Martyrs*, he observes that it is a common error to believe that there existed, in Rome, during the persecutions, a body of notaries whose duty it was to collect and complete *The Acts of the Martyrs*. When, in the fourth century, Pope Damasus placed his famous inscriptions on the martyrs' tombs, the history of the greater number of these was unknown. But, centuries afterwards, with these inscriptions as texts, hagiographers composed long, circumstantial histories of the trial, condemnation,

torture, and execution of many a martyr. After the inscriptions of Pope Damasus, another source of inspiration was paintings, sculptures, mosaics, and other works of art. A famous panegyric of St. Euphemia is nothing more than a description of a series of frescoes. And many a strange history, we are told, owes its origin to some artistic fancy, or to some erroneous interpretation of an object of art. The celebrated St. Liberta, or Wilgefortis, represented as a bearded woman, nailed to a cross, sprang from a legend inspired by a crucifix with a tunic on the figure.

Misinterpretations of texts and inscriptions were prolific sources of errors. In the genuine *passio* of St. Fructuosus, written in Latin, the judge asks the martyr: "Are you a bishop?" "I am," is the reply. To which the judge sarcastically retorts: "You were" (*fuisti*). A copyist mistook *fuisti* for *fustibus*, and inflicted a new torment on the saint, who, he declared, was beaten with cudgels.

The original acts of St. Macrina relate that, in the amphitheatre, a lion having sprung upon her, sniffed her and withdrew. The mediæval author of a hymn in the saint's honor read *adoratus* for *odoratus*, and sings that the beast which came to kill remained to worship. There fall, on the same day, two feasts, that of St. Babylas and three children, and that of another St. Babylas with her eighty-four companions; the histories of the two groups differing only a little in detail. According to Father Delehaye, the origin of this duplication is an initial pair of consonants that was taken for a numeral. The mistake of the Spanish clergy relative to St. Viar has a parallel in that which established the cultus of the eighty-three soldier martyrs, by taking the abbreviation for the word mile, *mil.*, to stand for *milites*, soldiers. The multiplication of the companions of St. Babylas resembles the confusion which, Dom Leclercq tells us, happened with regard to Sts. Ursula and Undecimilla. The latter proper name was mistaken for *undecim millia*, and gave rise to the legend of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

The more marvelous the story was, the more assured was its reception and popularity in those uncritical times. "It is," says our author, "a fact established by a comparison of earlier documents and subsequent histories founded on them, that between a purely historical document and a recast of the same, ornamented with imaginative developments, and stuffed with

fables, the public of the Middle Ages never hesitated. Almost invariably it is the less simple version that is presented in most manuscripts, and often, the original story survives in but a single exemplar. The word *Sanctus*, that in earlier times was applied as a term of courtesy to bishops, just as we use *His Grace* now, in the case of archbishops, often figured in an epitaph. The mediæval writers understood the word in its more special sense; and "errors of this kind have secured to more than one obscure person the honor of popular canonization."

The tendency of the biographer to enlarge on his data will be sufficiently illustrated by two cases which Father Delehaye draws from times comparatively recent. When St. Bernard was preaching the crusade, in the neighborhood of Constance, he was insulted by an archer. As St. Bernard was advancing to impose hands on the sick, the soldier fell insensible on the floor, and remained there some time, unconscious. Alexander of Cologne, the narrator, adds: "I was quite close to him when he fell. We called the abbot, and the unfortunate soldier could not rise till Bernard reached him, said a prayer, and helped him to his feet." But a century later, Herbert, the author of a collection of the miracles of St. Bernard, Conrad, author of the *Exordium*, and Cesarius, of Heisterback, affirm that the soldier was dead, and that St. Bernard restored him to life.

The original biographer of St. Elizabeth of Hungary relates that one day she took in a poor little leper, and placed him in her own bed. Her husband, hearing of the affair, rushed furiously into the room, and tore the covering off the bed. But then, says the biographer, "the Most High opened the eyes of his soul to see in the leper the figure of Christ crucified." This did not satisfy modern biographers, observes Father Delehaye, who record that in the place where the boy had been, the husband saw a great bleeding figure of Christ crucified.

Frequently the details at the disposal of the hagiographer were extremely scanty. Tradition furnished him with the saint's name, his quality of martyr or confessor. He knew that some church was dedicated to him; yet an edifying life of decent proportions was wanted. Then the hagiographer very frequently fell back upon conventional conceptions of the appropriate. There were stock schemata, only requiring a name to be fitted to them. Was the demand for a martyr's life? The approved plan was ready to hand. First comes a description, more or

less detailed, of the persecution. The Christians are sought out everywhere; a great number fall into the hands of the soldiers; among them, the hero of the tale. He is arrested and thrown into prison. Brought before the judge, he confesses his faith. A dialogue ensues between him and the judge. He, frequently, delivers an eloquent discourse on the beauty of Christianity and the hideousness of paganism. These speeches are, says Father Delehay, absolutely devoid of any *vraisemblance*, and would be more appropriately placed in the mouth of a preacher than on the lips of a prisoner in presence of a peremptory tribunal. The triumphant eloquence of the victim is set in high relief by the ignorance of the judge; unless, as sometimes occurs, the judge is credited with enough knowledge of Christianity to provide the martyr with an occasion to make some learned replies to arguments against the faith. The whole spirit of the story, with its elaborate, false rhetoric, our critic declares to be in glaring contrast with the simple dignity and brevity that characterize the genuine acts. The tortures, too, are piled up with all the profusion of a riotous imagination, without any attention to the limits of human endurance; for divine power is made to intervene, to prevent the martyr from succumbing, so that the biographer may enumerate all the sufferings that recollections of his readings can suggest.

The particular quality or profession of a confessor is nicely calculated. There must be a different spiritual cast in the life of a bishop from that which is proper in the case of a monk. The naïve piety of the Middle Ages could not believe that a man virtuous enough to adorn the episcopate could seek or covet the honor. Hence in writing a bishop's life: "It is the correct thing to represent him as bowing his shoulders to the episcopate only when constrained by obedience; for if he does not resist, it is clear that he thinks himself fit for the office, and then, how can he be proposed as a model of humility?" Is the personage a monk? "Then he must be conspicuous for all the virtues proper to his state; and the writer runs no great risk in describing his fasts and vigils; his assiduity in prayer and study. And, as it is especially by miracles that God manifests the merits of his servants, one may take it for granted that the saint, whoever he is, has cured the blind, made paralytics walk, expelled demons, and so forth, and so forth."

In his endeavor to supply the deficiencies of tradition, the biographer did not always resort to his imagination. Frequently he borrowed, frankly and boldly, from whatever stores contained materials suitable to his purpose. Sometimes he was eclectic in his methods, culling and gleaning over a wide field. Thus the *Life of St. Vincent Magdelaire*, under Father Delehaye's analysis, turns out to be a sort of mosaic, composed of various pieces appropriated from a dozen different biographies. At other times hagiography was enriched with a new volume by the simple process of substituting a new name for an old one. "Thus, for example, the *passio* of St. Martina is literally that of St. Tatiana; St. Castissima has the same acts as St. Euphrosyne; while those of St. Caprias belong to St. Symphorianus. The group Florentinus and Julianus is identical with the history of Sts. Secundinus, Marcellianus, and Veranus."

The list of such duplications is so long that the author proposes some day to publish it. The catalogue, he says, will embrace many pieces of much earlier date than the Middle Ages. For, during the fourth century, in Italy, and especially in Rome, foreign legends and histories were appropriated to the glorification of national saints. Thus the *passio* of St. Laurence, even to its very details, is borrowed from that of the martyrs of Phrygia, related by Socrates and Sozomen; while that of St. Cassianus differs not a whit from that of St. Mark of Arethusa. The martyrdom of St. Eutychius, as reported by Pope Damasus, is neither more nor less than a reproduction of the martyrdom of St. Lucian; and the same pope's version of the passion of St. Agnes has incontestable resemblances with that of St. Eulalia. We need not mention several instances cited by the author, of adaptation of profane stories.

Were the biographer of a saint to resort to such methods as these, to-day, he would deserve and certainly meet with severe condemnation. But, before applying our standards of literary and historical probity to writers of those ages, besides taking into account the different conceptions of history that then prevailed, we must also remember that the hagiographers of that day had no polemical purpose. Then in Christendom there was but one religion. They were not guilty of deliberate deceit in order to sustain belief in the supernatural against the attacks of incredulity. Then faith was so strong that it overflowed into legend and *Aberglaube*. The hagiographer's

raison d'être was not to stimulate a feeble faith, but to answer the demands of a robust, omnivorous appetite. A broadminded critic will reserve his censure for those comparatively rare cases of deliberate forgeries executed to further ambitions, corporate or personal, such as prompted the monk of Glastonbury, who re-cast the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, and the inventors of the apostolic legends associated with some French sees. The latter our Belgian Bollandist, less exposed to the reprisals of Gallic prejudices than was the author of *L'Apostolicité des Églises de France*, contemptuously dismisses with the remark: "We turn away from them in disgust, without ceasing to admire the simplicity of their dupes."

Summarizing the practical fruits of his study, the Bollandist points out the one most precious for the Catholic apologist, and for all who come in contact with non-Catholic writings that make argument against the Church out of the unhistorical character of hagiographic literature. Briefly stated it is, that "The hagiographic legends of antiquity belong, incontestably, to popular literature. Not only do they carry no official stamp, but even what we know of their origin and formation gives us no guarantee of their historic value. The faithful found in them matter for edification. And their concern for them extended no further." To place an exaggerated confidence in all saints' biographies indiscriminately is a mistake. "Some seem to extend to the pious biographer something of the respect which we owe to the saints themselves, and this phrase so often repeated: *We read in the Lives of the Saints*, by speakers who take no care to specify the name of the narrator, shows sufficiently that many seem to consider all hagiographers as incomparable historians. Is there any need to dilate upon the injury done to the saints by citing, as their own proper words, the discourses which some obscure scribe has put into their mouth after having painfully evolved it from the depths of his own mediocre intelligence?"

We may hope that an acquaintance, even at second hand, with this work, in which Christian faith and reverence are shown to be perfectly consistent with the most exact scientific spirit, may help to remove some of our readers out of the class which "every day aggravates the misunderstandings between history and poesy, and renders more acute the conflict between science and piety."

CATHOLIC TEACHERS AND EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

BY THOMAS EDWARD SHIELDS, PH.D.

IT is admitted on all sides that our Catholic schools are conducted by teachers who are filled with zeal and devotion for their work. It is frequently pointed out that teaching is to them the work of a lifetime, a vocation; whereas, for too many of the public school teachers it is merely a means of earning a livelihood during the years that intervene between school-days and marriage, or, in the case of men teachers, a means of support during the years of preparation for one of the learned professions. Love of God and zeal for the salvation of souls are the motives of the one; whereas, financial compensation and success in this world are said to be the motives of the other. Nevertheless, it is sometimes assumed that our Catholic teachers are so filled with piety and religion, that their minds are so set on the things of the next world, that they become indifferent to the achievements of science and to success in this world. It is even asserted, at times, that they are wedded to traditional methods and are apathetic towards educational progress.

Our teaching communities in many ways manifest their anxiety to keep abreast of the times. It is to be noted, in the first place, that they do not conduct our schools in the interest of book companies or according to any one rigid system. The teachers and the children are not being exploited in the interests of any machine. The curricula of these schools are arranged to meet the actual needs of the pupils who come to them.

Our teaching communities are so modest, and they do their work so quietly, that the public at large is not aware of the splendid preparation that many of these teachers receive, nor does it sufficiently appreciate how anxiously the communities are striving to perfect their members in the duties of their sublime vocation as teachers.

Many of the teaching orders have training schools in their

novitiates. The superiors realize the importance of suitable preparation for all those who are to engage in the work of teaching, and they would be glad to have all the members of their communities who are destined for this work complete a systematic course of study during their novitiate and the early years of their religious profession.

It is true that under existing circumstances all these young religious cannot be kept in the training school long enough to complete the entire course. It frequently happens that promising classes, doing excellent work, are thinned out as a result of urgent calls from the various schools conducted by the community. The superiors are obliged, under the stress of circumstances, to send out many of these young normal students as assistant teachers to share burdens that have grown too heavy, or to take entire charge of classes whose teachers have given out under the strain of overwork. But the remedy for this state of affairs is obvious. If more of our competent young men and women were encouraged to enter the teaching orders, the novitiate training schools would, in a few years, have large classes going through uninterrupted courses of study under competent and successful instructors.

Our teaching orders look hopefully to this good time; meanwhile they do all that is possible to render the time spent in the novitiate profitable, and to supply for the deficiencies in those who have been compelled to leave the novitiate training school before completing the regular course. The ablest teachers in the community are employed in the training schools, and the best available talent is brought in at times from normal schools, colleges, or universities to give courses of lectures on special topics, and both the teachers and the pupils in these schools avail themselves, whenever feasible, of the advantages offered by correspondence courses.

Some of the candidates of the teaching communities have taught with marked success in the public schools, while many others are encouraged to take courses in normal schools or universities before entering the order. These members help to keep the communities in touch with the methods employed in our public school system.

The professional training of our religious teachers does not end when they leave the novitiate training school. In many communities all the teachers give from two to four hours a

day to the preparation of their class work, and they devote practically all of Saturday and Sunday to the reading and study that their school work requires. Every evening teachers of more experience help the younger teachers in the preparation of their school work. After this has been done, the teachers assemble for model lessons, prepared by the supervisors or under their direction. The teachers submit their school work to the superiors and to one another for criticism; they expose their difficulties, ask advice, and discuss principles and methods of education. There are regular Saturday classes for the younger teachers, who in this way follow, as far as possible, the courses of instruction that would have been given to them had they been able to remain longer in the training school. They are required to pass examinations at stated periods. In many instances the young teachers are required to forecast on Saturday their work for the coming week, and to submit their plans to the principal of the school or to the prefect of studies.

In many dioceses the parochial schools are visited regularly by ecclesiastical supervisors, but in addition to this they are also visited by the supervisor of the order to which the teachers belong. The supervisor spends several days in each school-room, while the teacher in charge gives a lesson in every branch which he or she is expected to teach. Besides giving private and general criticism of this work, the supervisor gives model lessons at the evening assembly of the community. Much of this work is rendered possible by the fact that these teachers live in community, whereas the public school teacher returns to her home after school hours, where she is isolated from the other teachers, with whom she has no intercourse, except during school hours and during occasional assemblies at stated intervals. How many teachers in the public schools find it possible to do any such work as that here outlined? Much of their time is consumed in the home duties, shopping tours, social calls, and amusements that fill up their free time and their holidays.

But our teaching communities do much more than this for their teachers. They reach out beyond the resources of their own community for suggestions and for help. For example: A group of teachers from every Catholic school in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, except two whose situation renders them inaccessible, assemble every Saturday morning during the

school year in the Catholic High School to attend lectures on education. The course this year is on the psychology of education. Thirteen different teaching orders are represented at these lectures; the average attendance is about five hundred.

During the first part of the present school year five hundred teachers from sixty-five of the largest schools in the Archdiocese of New York assembled on Saturday afternoons in St. Stephen's Hall to attend a course of lectures on the same subject. Four or five hundred teachers from the various schools in the diocese of Newark are at present attending a course of lectures on the psychology of education on Saturday afternoons in Cathedral Hall, Newark. These three courses are given by a professor of the Catholic University. At various times during the year the teachers of the Catholic schools in Baltimore and Washington assemble for similar lectures. The teachers in many other cities are doing similar work, but they find it difficult at times to secure competent lecturers. In villages and country places, and wherever the Catholic schools are scattered, there is, of course, an additional difficulty in assembling the teachers for lectures during the school year.

The summer vacation is for the teaching communities a time of study. The younger teachers plan, or have planned for them, the courses of study which they must pursue either in private or in the regular classes that are formed for teachers in the novitiate training schools or in the summer schools.

There is a very great variety in these summer schools. Some orders hold them in several of the larger convents which are conveniently located. The best teachers in the order and, at times, professors from normal schools, colleges, or universities give courses extending through six or eight weeks. Last summer one order in the East held six such summer schools besides their novitiate school. Subjects suited to the needs of elementary and grammar grade teachers, academy and high school teachers, and instructors of music and drawing were treated, special attention being given in each of these cases to methods of teaching.

In some dioceses a different plan is followed. In Los Angeles the teachers of the various communities assemble at Santa Monica for summer school work, which is continued for several weeks. The Bishop presides at all the sessions, gives regular lectures, and takes part in the work of the school.

Last summer two professors from the Catholic University gave daily lectures throughout the entire session of the summer school. The work of the Bishop and these professors was supplemented by other lecturers of note. Last summer the Archdiocese of Portland adopted a similar plan. It held the first session of its annual summer school during the latter part of July. This was attended by representatives of all the teaching communities in the Archdiocese. A professor from the Catholic University gave twelve lectures on the psychology of education, and several other courses were given on special methods, on the teaching of music, etc.

Work of this kind is very general throughout the country. Where competent Catholic instructors are not available, professors from non-Catholic normal schools and universities are called in to give lecture courses. And where the Catholic teachers are unable to have summer schools of their own, they frequently take advantage of the summer school courses given to teachers in the universities.

Another evidence of the eagerness with which the teachers of our Catholic schools reach out for everything that seems to promise help or improvement in methods of teaching is to be found in the correspondence movement. During the past few years teachers in many of our communities have availed themselves of the correspondence courses offered by several of the non-Catholic universities.

A year ago a correspondence course in the psychology of education was offered by one of the professors of the Catholic University. Notice of this fact was sent to a few communities who were known to be interested in this line of work. Inside of one month the number of applications sent in was so great that it was found unadvisable to deal with individual pupils. The correspondents were accordingly arranged in classes, of which there are at present some two hundred, numbering about four thousand teachers. These represent thirty-three different teaching orders and all grades of institutions. The teachers in parochial schools, high schools, academies, colleges, and the teachers and pupils of the novitiate training schools in all parts of the country are taking this course. Much of the work done by these classes is of a very high order.

It is, indeed, a matter of encouragement to all who are interested in our Catholic schools to find our teaching communi-

ties so eager to improve their methods, and so ready to accept suggestions. While these communities have their own traditions, growing out of successful work in the past, and their own methods, which have the sanction of long experience, they are not on this account unwilling to move forward. They go beyond their own order to the Catholic University and to all other available Catholic sources for suggestions and for help. They do not even confine themselves to this. While they themselves are intensely Catholic, and while the work of their schools is distinctively Catholic, they do not hesitate to call in prominent non-Catholic authorities on educational subjects for consultation and for lectures, and in many cases members of these communities take courses of instruction in non-Catholic universities.

Within the last few years there has grown up in our public school system a widespread movement to secure a closer co-ordination of the schools of various grades. The high schools are now very generally accredited to the universities. In this way the universities exercise a certain supervision over the general standing, the curricula, and methods of the high schools; while on the other hand the graduates of the high schools pass into the universities without examination. Many of our own Catholic high schools, academies, and preparatory colleges have found it advisable to establish similar relations with the neighboring universities.

The willingness of our Catholic teachers to look for help beyond their own order, or even outside the Catholic Church and her institutions, must not be taken as evidence of the surrender of principle, nor must it be taken to mean an abandonment of anything which these teachers consider essential; nor does it mean an express desire on the part of our schools or of our teaching communities to coalesce with non-Catholic systems of education. What it does prove is the earnest desire of our teachers to do their own work better; the desire that their graduates shall be worthy competitors in every sphere of life with the graduates of other institutions. It also proves their broad-mindedness and their eagerness to avail themselves of whatever is best in the recent developments of science.

The Catholic schools of this country have grown up during the past century under difficulties that to any but heroic souls would have proved insuperable. A Catholic population, poor

in this world's goods, poured in from all parts of Europe, and spread out over the vast territory of the United States, mingling everywhere with a far more numerous non-Catholic population. These people had to build their homes, to organize congregations, to erect churches, and to found and support institutions for the care of the aged and the helpless, the waif, the orphan, and the foundling. They had to do their part in building up a public school system and to bear their full share of the burden of its support.

When the teaching of morality and religion was banished from the public schools, it would have been comparatively easy for our Catholic people to have their children taught these subjects in the home and in the Sunday-School, but instead, out of their scanty means, they built up a vast system of Catholic schools. Nor were these large contributions out of slender resources their greatest sacrifice; multitudes of the brightest and best of their children relinquished the world, with all its tempting prospects, and devoted their lives to the work of Catholic education, which they have carried on in the face of many great hardships, springing from poverty and insufficient numbers.

The explanation of all this is not to be found in the assumption of a hostile attitude on the part of Catholics towards educational progress. Such an attitude, as we have seen, does not exist, and, even if it did exist, it would not prove an adequate cause for the existence of our Catholic schools.

Less than half a century ago it was deemed expedient, on account of the conflicting religious tenets of the children, to banish the teaching of religion and morality from our public schools. The results of this experiment are now filling the minds of thoughtful people with alarm. Men and women in various parts of the country are organizing in the hope of finding some way to introduce the teaching of religion and morality into our public schools. They are slowly coming to a realization of a truth which Catholics have always maintained.

The deep-seated and ineradicable conviction of Catholics that the teaching of religion and morality cannot, without disaster, be separated from the teaching of other branches of knowledge, has created and maintained our Catholic schools. Catholics, no less than others, welcome every advance in knowledge, every

development in science, and every improvement in educational methods. All these things enlarge and enrich the child's inheritance, but they do not alter our convictions concerning the unitary nature of mental processes and the supreme value of the teaching of religion and morality.

Each new truth that is developed in the child's consciousness, if it is to minister to its well-being, must be assimilated to that body of truth which has God and immortality for its apprehension centres. The teachings of religion and morality cannot be successfully added during one hour of the day or one day of the week to an education that is organized without reference to these fundamental truths. Religion and morality, if they are to be vital forces in man's life, must constitute the mental atmosphere in which the mind and the heart of the child develop.

The builders of our Catholic schools have worked wonders in the past. The building and equipment of many thousand schools constitute an enduring monument to their zeal and self-sacrifice in the cause of Catholic education. Our teaching communities have made for themselves a glorious record of progress in the face of incredible difficulties. In spite of slender means and limited numbers, they have not contented themselves with mere routine teaching, but have eagerly reached out for everything that seemed to promise help or advancement. Every available hour outside the schoolroom has been devoted to self-improvement, that their duties as teachers may be more worthily discharged.

But our teachers are not willing to rest on their laurels. They know well that the future is full of difficulty. The general decay of religious belief outside the Church, the unsettled economic conditions of the country, and the growing social unrest, make it clear to them that the need of Catholic education in the future will be even greater than it has been in the past. They realize, too, that if they are to continue to compete successfully with the public school system, the Catholic school system must be rounded out and completed by the development of high schools, colleges, and normal schools, and by a closer co-ordination of our schools of various grades, and above all that we must have a Catholic pedagogical literature in English. The Catholic Church is the richest storehouse in the world of the materials for the history of education, and her organic

teaching is incomparably the most perfect embodiment of the principles of education. The rich materials in these sources should be placed within the reach of the splendid army of teachers in our Catholic schools. To non-Catholics also, who appreciate the lessons of history, every contribution in this line should be welcome. In proportion as the past is more thoroughly understood, educators will come to realize, not only that the Church has been at all times the patron of learning, but that she has exerted a wholesome influence upon the practice and theory of education. There is now a fair prospect of developing a Catholic educational literature which shall deal with actual problems. The reports of the Catholic Educational Association show that our teachers take the keenest interest in all matters connected with the work of the schools. In fact, it is a hopeful sign—this annual gathering of representatives of our seminaries, colleges, and parochial schools. It means more united effort and more thorough co-ordination of our forces. It encourages discussion, and it brings about an exchange of views which must be beneficial to all our institutions. The time for sporadic or scattering endeavor is past. The common purpose that binds together our Catholic teachers, and makes the strength of our Catholic system, is one with that for which the Church was founded. It determines the attitude of our teachers toward educational progress, and it enables them to discriminate real advance from mere innovation. In their judgment, true progress is that which builds upon the foundations of the past a structure that is able, in its breadth and strength, to meet the needs of the future.

New Books.

LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

By Bishop Healy.

Very recently Professor Bury drew an able sketch of St. Patrick, as seen from without; now Dr. Healy gives us, from an in-

side standpoint, a copious and exhaustive history of Ireland's Apostle. The present work,* containing over seven hundred and fifty good-sized pages, embodies everything of value that is known, or probably ever will be known, on the subject. Its chief excellence is the wealth of topographical lore which the learned author has brought to his task. His knowledge of the geography of ancient and modern Ireland has enabled him to throw light upon many points that the obscurities, and, in some instances, the conflicting testimony, of the ancient texts, have shrouded in darkness. The narrative of St. Patrick's journeyings is greatly enlivened by the Archbishop's identification of the various places and landmarks in the modern nomenclature.

An introductory chapter is devoted to the recital, accompanied with a critical valuation, of the sources and authorities, which the author divides into three groups: the ancient, that antedate the Norman invasion; the mediæval, which include all that is to be found up to the beginning of the sixteenth century; and the modern, chief among which are the works of Colgan and of Usher. He relies, however, chiefly upon the ancient, for, he observes, these authorities, "if credulous in things supernatural, had no motive but to write the truth, so far as it was known to them, for the instruction and edification of posterity." There was then only one Church, and they could have had no motive in representing St. Patrick to be anything else than what he was known to them—a great and successful Christian missionary of the Catholic Church. One of Archbishop Healy's critics reproaches him for reproducing in his work the numerous miraculous narratives of the early writings: "For Dr. Healy, almost as much as for Muirchu or the other compilers of Patrician legends, the Apostle walks hidden in a cloud of miracles." The same critic says: "When we find him even insisting that a personage mentioned once, and once only, by Patrick as 'a man named Victoricus' must

* *The Life and Writings of St. Patrick.* With Appendices, etc. By the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: Gill & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

have been the saint's guardian angel, and quoting the Book of Tobit to justify the perfect reasonableness of this supposition; or citing the existence, at Gloom Patrick, of a stone with a mark in it, said to be the impression of Patrick's knee, as clear evidence that the saint was once in the locality, we have no difficulty in settling the category to which this work, as a whole, belongs. It is hagiography, not history."

The archbishop, however, has foreseen such strictures, and furnished a sufficient answer. Observing that the ancient Acts are, in the main, trustworthy, he adds: "Those who do not like miracles can pass them over; but the ancient writers believed in them, and even when purely imaginary these miraculous stories have an historical and critical value of their own." And: "Concerning the miracles related in most of the *Lives* the reader will form his own judgment. Some of the stories are, in our opinion, of their own nature, incredible; others are ridiculous; and several are clearly inconsistent with Patrick's own statements in the *Confession*. But we cannot reject a story merely because it is miraculous. The *Confession* itself records several miracles, and we are by no means prepared to say that St. Patrick was either a deceived or a deceiver." It is quite true that Dr. Healy is a hagiologist—he writes primarily for the purpose of edification. But to assume that hagiology and history are necessarily in sharp antithesis is gratuitous.

Like Professor Bury, the archbishop rejects the opinion that St. Patrick was consecrated in Rome by Pope Celestine. He was consecrated by a prelate named Amator or Amatus, in a place variously called Eboria, Euboria, or Ebmorra, which cannot now be clearly identified. He disagrees with the Oxford professor on the question of Patrick's birthplace, giving what seems to be conclusive evidence in favor of Dumbarton.

Doubtless, as a result of the present revival of Celtic, together with the immense attention that is now directed to the study of every branch of early Christianity, a more scientific study of the conversion of Ireland will some day appear than the one which the learned Archbishop has produced. But there is no reason to expect that any subsequent work will supplant this *Life* with those who will wish to learn all about the Apostle of Ireland, not in the interests of dry scholarship, but from love of faith and country.

SAINT JOHN.
By Abbe Fouard.

The Abbé Fouard's work on St. John,* which unhappily the distinguished author did not live to see published, is marked by a not-

able departure from the previous volumes of the same pen. It is preoccupied with controversy. Not that it is not characterized by a tone of devotion and edification. The Abbé Fouard's name is enough to assure us of that. But, to a far greater degree than any other of this learned student's works, it is taken up with certain grave, critical problems which are now agitating, not only non-Catholic, but Catholic biblical scholars. This new feature of the Fouard series we incline to regret; for we are obliged to say that the venture which this volume makes into the heated arena of polemics has not an entirely successful issue. The case which the author makes out for the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel is not thoroughly satisfactory by any means. It would have been better either to have given a more exhaustive study of the question, or to have quite omitted the examination of it. The capital point, for instance, of the trustworthiness of Irenæus' testimony is despatched with a stroke of the pen. And surely every one who has read the modern assaults against the value of the Irenæan witness, nay, even every one who has ever studiously gone through the chapters of the *Adversus Hæreses* itself, will feel uneasy at so summary a treatment of a prime factor in the momentous Johanne dispute. Then we are given hardly a reference to the equally important problem of John the Elder; no notice is taken of the difficulties attending an Ephesine residence of the Apostle John; and we are not warned against attributing too much value to the apparently legendary story of John's immersion in the caldron of burning oil. Moreover, in the chapters given to the Apocalypse, we discover no sign or mention of the latest critical activity respecting that mysterious composition. Not that we have the slightest fault to find with any book which interprets the Apocalypse piously and peacefully; but since this book aims at being critical, we have grounds for submitting it to critical standards. And finally, we must express our regret that here and there a display of temper is manifested which tends decidedly to lower the dignity of the book. It is true, many men who depart from traditional views are led by

* *Saint John and the Close of the Apostolic Age*. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

an unwholesome affection for novelty, and are animated by prejudice and self-conceit. But not all critical students are of this character; and frequently it happens that nothing short of an imperative dictate of conscience obliges a man to sympathize with opinions which depart from the venerable heritage of the schools. Fortunately, the rather harsh expressions which this book applies to such men, are not numerous. It is too bad that there should be even one.

In thus animadverting upon the Abbé Fouard's last work, we would not wish to imply that it does not possess the characteristic good qualities of its pious and able author. Its pages give a vivid description of the apostolic church; they enter with devout sympathy into the Christian life of that early time; and they leave with the reader a fresh and clear impression of those old days of primitive simplicity and fervor. It is a work which every one may take profit and pleasure in reading.

DARWINISM AND EVOLUTION.

By Muckermann, S.J.

This is an attractive title; and those whom it may draw to examine the little book that bears it* will not be disappointed. The author's purpose is "to offer to the educated

Catholic public, and especially to Catholic students, a clear and brief exposition of the true nature of Darwinism and Evolution. The author has achieved his purpose, as far as brevity is concerned; but it is difficult to be very brief and very clear on a complex topic.

Defining the position of Catholics towards evolution, Father Muckermann confines the term evolution to the theory of the development of species exclusive of man; it does not, therefore, consider the origin of life, nor the origin of man. This restriction of the word evolution does not correspond with general usage. The impression is conveyed, by Father Muckermann's treatment, that those who apply the theory to embrace the descent of man from the lower animals, necessarily hold also the Darwinian principle of natural selection. But there are many evolutionists who reject the principle of natural selection as an explanation of the *how* of evolution, yet maintain the evolution of man from the brute.

The question of the descent of man is examined from the

* *Attitude of Catholics towards Darwinism and Evolution.* By H. Muckermann, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

point of view of reason and of faith. It involves two questions: Can we admit that the *soul* of man is derived from the brute? The answer of both faith and reason Father Muckermann shows to be: No. May the *body* of man have been thus derived? Here one would wish that the author had adhered to the method he pursues in the question of the origin of animal species, and given, first, the answer of faith, then that of reason. Just what is the attitude imposed upon us by faith regarding this question is not shown, though, probably, this is precisely the point upon which educated Catholics and students would look for some light.

What is the Catholic position regarding evolution? That is to say, evolution confined to the origin of species in the biological world below man. Faith, Father Muckermann explains, leaves us free to believe, if we wish, that the various species now existing may have developed from a few original species. "Faith requires that, in any case, the first dawn of plant and animal life—for this alone is here taken into consideration—be ascribed, in some way at least, to the creative power of God." "In the second place, faith has not decided whether plants and animals have been directly or indirectly created by God." Here, again, one would wish for a more categorical and explicit treatment of the crucial question: Does faith forbid us to believe that the first germ of life was evolved from the non-living? Or, must we believe that life originated from a direct creative act? The above statements seem to imply that faith is satisfied provided we acknowledge the indirect creation of life. Yet immediately afterwards we read: "It is a matter of perfect indifference, as far as faith is concerned, to maintain that the species of plants and animals now existing were originally created by God in their present state, or to hold an original creation of a few species which possessed the power of developing into others." Here there seems to be an implied assertion that faith requires us to hold that life began by an act of direct creation. On the question of the origin of species (exclusive of man), Father Muckermann speaks in no uncertain tones: "The theory of evolution is not opposed to faith, nor does it contradict the principles of reason. On the contrary, being in full harmony with the Christian view of creation, it is supported by facts, the probable argumentative force of which can hardly be denied." Here it

is instructive to recall the days, not so very long ago, when defenders of the faith opposed this doctrine as philosophically absurd, and in flat contradiction with the Mosaic revelation. Had it no other merit than that of presenting, in a compendious form, some valuable scientific argument extracted from the fine work of Father Wasman, S.J., on the biological aspect of evolution, this little book would be a useful addition to the library, all too scanty, of popular Catholic philosophy.

RECOLLECTIONS.

By Wm. O'Brien.

While even the staunchest friends of Mr. William O'Brien can hardly review his entire political career without finding occasional applica-

tion for the adage *Humanum est errare*, the harshest of his judges will willingly concede that in the long struggle for Irish rights, during the present generation, he has always proved himself "a first-rate fighting man," and splendidly contributed to the victories which Irishmen have won. Under the modest title of *Recollections* * he presents a somewhat sketchy autobiography of himself down to the Mallow election of 1883. He tells his tale modestly and sincerely, without striving to "put his best foot foremost," and without any trace of bitterness towards opponents. Beyond the glimpses he gives us of his personal feelings and experiences, there are no revelations, no publication of secrets, and, it may be added, no original views upon the topics or the incidents that occupied men's minds in the stormy decades of the seventies and eighties. Yet the volume, which is of generous proportions, has not a dull page in it. There is an easy gaiety and *bonhomie* in the style and spirit which recalls, faintly, to be sure, Renan's *Souvenirs d'Enfance*. Indeed, when reading the first chapters, dealing with childhood and college days, one suspects that Mr. O'Brien has been unconsciously influenced by Renan's account of his days in Tréguier and Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet.

Underneath the Celtic gaiety of the surface, and not very far underneath, runs the equally Celtic strain of sadness, the persistent tendency to recur to the note of *Vanitas, Vanitatum*, which is the common root of what is strongest and weakest in Irish character. We perceive it, for instance, in a note from his diary, when, in wretched health, and after losing almost

* *Recollections*. By William O'Brien, M. P. New York: The Macmillan Company.

all his family circle in one terrible week, he was offered the dangerous honor of the editorship of *United Ireland* by Parnell.

"What is there to forbid. A life of ease and perfect content, as far as my surroundings go; more money than I have any use for; friends galore, if I would seek them, or if I would only not shun them; a creepy horror of the mean tragedies of Irish public life! *Contrà*, the rebel blood within me; health so bad that prison or pandemonium can make it no worse; the ill-luck of Endymion in love, a lonely home from which the last dear figure is fading away at an awful rate; nothing whatever to live for, and a sense of the sorrow of life (and above all of Irish life) so oppressive that even a forlorn hope for our old race, and under the right man, seems bliss. . . . I have some ability of a sort, more or less hebetated by disease and langour of body and soul. If I could only be what I can be sometimes, I might serve for something in a poor country that has not too much to choose from. There is nothing that I am sure of except that I have a life to risk, and that may be something, as things are shaping."

Risk his life he did in the desperate, indefatigable campaign that *United Ireland* fought against Dublin Castle and Mr. Forster. It was a fight which largely aided to convert Gladstone, and, eventually, contributed to inscribe on the statute roll of England those rights of the Irish peasantry, for the proclamation of which Parnell and O'Brien and Archbishop Croke were denounced as enemies of the elementary principles of natural justice. By the way, one of the best chapters in the book is devoted to Croke, whom Mr. O'Brien knew in early childhood, when the future archbishop was a curate in Mallow. The stalwart, big-hearted, fearless prelate is painted in heroic size, physically and morally. The portrait of Parnell, too, though not complete, is suggestive, and, of course, much more sympathetic than that given by Davitt in his recent volume. Readers will, probably, muse over the following passage: "On religious topics Parnell was closely reserved, and never disrespectful. Catholicism was the only form of religion for which I ever knew him to betray any tenderness. When, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, we were reading of the execution of Joe Brady and Tim Kelly for the Phoenix Park murders, he remarked very gravely: 'The Catholic Church is the only one that can make a man die with

any real hope.'" And Parnell's own belief on the subject? "The only positive opinion I ever heard him drop was once, after I had been inveighing against the insolent cruelty of the atomic theories, which Tyndall at that time had brought into vogue, and insisting what a gloomy farce they would reduce human life to, without the promise of immortality, he said softly, and with something like a sigh: 'The only immortality a man can have is through his children.'"

Mr. O'Brien dates his book from Mallow, where he was born and passed his youth. To have fancied, then, that he might ever represent it in the British Parliament would have seemed, both to himself and to all who knew him, the dream of a lunatic. His subsequent election at this same Mallow was a sign that the day was over when Irish constituencies were either the appanage of a local aristocrat, or the providential provision made for some hungry lawyer, ambitious of a government appointment. May he enjoy long years of peace and honor by his beautiful Blackwater.

ANCIENT PLAIN SONG.

By Pugin.

Fifty years ago this earnest appeal* was made by the great artist who labored so successfully for the restoration of mediæval architec-

ture in England. When he waged his war against the meretricious modernities that powerful interests were then endeavoring to make fashionable in church building, he advocated, also, the restoration of the ancient music concurrently with the ancient architecture. In this remarkable little paper may be found expressed, in an impassioned key, almost all the motives and arguments to be found in the letter of Pius X. on the same subject. The music that was to be heard then in Catholic churches, and that may be still heard in many, is denounced with a scornful vigor that loses none of its point to-day. To quote: "The dedication of a modern Catholic church, as we have seen it occasionally announced, accompanied by a full band of music, and where bishops and dignitaries are exposed to the degradation of sitting in dumb show to listen to the interminable squalling of a few female professionalists and whiskered vocalists is a . . . ridiculous and inconsistent ex-

* *An Earnest Appeal for the Revival of the Ancient Plain Song.* By A. Welby Pugin. New York: Benziger Brothers.

hibition." Nowhere in the mass of pleadings that have been published recently on the subject, have what Pugin terms the monstrosities heard in many churches at Solemn Mass, been hit off more happily than in the following passage: "It is well known that the Kyrie is ordered to be sung nine times in honor of the Holy Trinity; modern composers utterly disregard the mystical symbolism of the number, and multiply the supplications to an indefinite repetition, merely to suit their notes. Again, the priest intones the Gloria after the old traditions, while the choir takes it up in a totally different manner. The Credo, so far from being a distinct profession of faith, as ordered, is a mass of unintelligible sound; and at the Sanctus, where the priest invites the people to join with angels and archangels, *in one voice* (cum una voce), in singing the Trisagion, a perfect babel of voices usually breaks forth, and the Ter Sanctus is utterly lost in a confusion of Hosannas, Benedictuses, and broken sentences all going together in glorious confusion, which scarcely ceases in time to enable the distracted worshipper a moment's repose to adore at the Elevation. After a short pause, the din recommences, and this generally lasts till a thundering Agnus Dei begins. Whether it is in a spirit of pure contradiction that modern composers have usually imparted to the supplication for peace great clamor, it is impossible to say, but decidedly such is the case. Some of these compositions would be admirably adapted for a chorus of drunken revellers, shouting for wine outside a tavern; and if the words 'Wine, give us more wine,' were substituted for 'Dona nobis pacem,' we should have a demand in perfect accordance with the sound by which it is accompanied." Though dead, Pugin yet speaketh appositely.

THE CATHOLIC HYMNAL.

By Tozer.

The *Catholic Church Hymnal** gives to the Church and to church music a collection of hymns that will not be found wanting if submitted to the highest test of hymnody, poetical as well as musical. Gems abound in its pages. Dr. Tozer is well-known to church musicians. Successful in all the fields of musical composition where he has tried his talent, he has been particularly so in writing hymn-tunes. Not every musician has the gift of fur-

* *Catholic Church Hymnal*. Edited by Dr. A. Edmond Tozer. New York: J. Fischer & Brother.

nishing good hymn-tunes. Nor should every one who plays a church organ or a convent melodeon feel called upon further to overload the market with "new settings of familiar hymns."

We have had enough trash in the line of Catholic hymnody during the past quarter of a century. Ill-equipped poetesses and superficial musicians have collaborated on so-called hymnals heretofore without reproach. But the day is gone when such monstrosities as have appeared to form no inconsiderable portion of our Sodality and Sunday-School repertoires will be tolerated. We must have good hymnody or none. A very special talent is required to set to worthy music the majestic poems that Catholic hymnody can furnish. We think that Dr. Tozer has this talent, and we predict a large circulation for his latest volume. The hymns are arranged for use in sanctuary choirs, congregational singing, and Sunday-Schools. We recognize among the contributors to this hymnal the familiar names of two American masters, Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P., and Victor Hammerel.

This republication of *The Diary of*
THE DIARY OF MARGARET *Margaret Roper,** first published
ROPER. some fifty years ago, has an additional interest since the beatification of Sir Thomas More. It is not, and does not pretend to be, a real diary. But it is founded on historical facts, and is a good imitation of the style of that day. The contents are an epitome of much of the detailed information that we possess concerning the More household. The so-called Reformation period in England has attracted very much attention in recent years; and everything that helps, as this delightful little book does, to show the character and motives of the tyrannical, profligate king, who chiefly brought it about, and the utter worldliness of his supporters, is useful. Erasmus figures a good deal through its pages, and, perhaps, gets off rather easily. The "orthodoxy" which an editorial footnote, in disagreement with an observation that was in the original text, allows him may be admitted; but he was certainly far from being an ideal Catholic. A merry, girlish note, which is struck at the opening of the diary, continues for some time through Mistress Margaret More's jottings of the daily life, beginning

* *The Household of Sir Thomas More.* By Anne Manning. Pp. 158. St. Louis: B. Herder.

with the return of her future husband from abroad, in company with Erasmus: "So soon as I had kissed their hands, and obtained their blessings, the tall lad stepped forth, and who should he be but Will Roper, returned from my father's errand over seas! He hath grown hugely and looks mannish; but his manners are worsened instead of bettered by foreign travel; for, instead of his old frankness, he hung upon hand till father bade him come forward; and then, as he went his rounds, kissing one after another, stopped short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and then held back, making me look so stupid, that I could have boxed his ears for his pains, especially as father burst out a-laughing and cried: 'the third time's lucky.'"

Towards the middle of the book the shadow of the coming tragedy gradually steals over the pages, the last few of which relate Margaret's stealthy journey by water to London Bridge, to bring away her father's head from the spike on which it was exposed. Nowhere does the moral pathos of More's story receive more tender expression than in the closing passage: "Flow on, bright shining Thames. A good brave man hath walked aforetime on your margent, himself as bright and useful and delightful as be you, sweet river. And, like you, he never murmured; like you, he upbore the weary, and gave drink to the thirsty, and reflected heaven in his face. I'll not swell your full current with any more fruitless tears. There's a river whose streams make glad the City of our God. He now rests beside it. Good Christian folks, as they hereafter pass this spot, upborne on thy gentle tide, will, maybe, point this way and say: 'There dwelt Sir Thomas More'; but whether they do or not, *vox populi* is a very inconsiderable matter. Who would live on their breath? They hailed St. Paul as Mercury, and then stoned him and cast him out of the city, supposing him to be dead. Their favorite of to-day may, for what they care, go hang himself to-morrow in his surcingle. Thus it must be while the world lasts; and the very racks and screws wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler spirit, only test and reveal its power of exaltation above the heaviest gloom of circumstance. *Interfecistis, interfecistis hominem omnium Anglorum optimum.*" One is glad to see this little gem of literary art worthily treated by the printer and binder.

FRANCISCANA

Franciscan literature* grows apace. The books written about the Poverello within a very recent period are sufficient to make a small library. In the first of the above-mentioned volumes that library acquires a really beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art. Type, paper, binding are all of choice quality, while the colored illustrations are exquisitely artistic. And the author's work is worthy of its charming dress. She is full of poetic feeling, and knows how to express it. She treats us to a delightful pilgrimage through the "Valley Enclosed," about twenty-five miles northeast of Florence, so rich with memories of St. Francis and of Dante, and full of institutions, monuments, and places associated with the names of the saint and the poet, as well as with the great Ghibelline house of Guidi, who were once lords of the valley and of the castles which still carry the mind back to the days of Guelph and Ghibelline. As each place passes in review, the historic incidents, the stories and legends connected with it, are recounted by our cicerone, whose knowledge of history and reverence for holy things are unbounded. She lingers long around the Rock of St. Francesco and La Verna, and gives a moving account of the service of the Stigmata, as performed in the monastery where the ancient Franciscan observance is carried out in all its primitive rigor. The book closes with a fascinating chapter describing the present-day life of the peasant folk of the valley and the hill. We would fain reproduce her description of the observances of the second of November, but the limits of space do not permit. It must suffice to recommend the work warmly to anybody who desires a literary treat.

Mr. Hutton's *Cities of Umbria* is of the same character and quality as *The Casentino*. He takes us, successively, through Perugia, Assisi, Spello, Foligno, and various other cities, till we reach Urbino. A section of the book is devoted to a critical account of the Umbrian school of painting; another con-

* *The Casentino and Its Story*. By Ella Noyes. Illustrated by Dora Noyes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. *The Cities of Umbria*. By Edward Hutton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. *The Seraphic Keepsake: A Talisman against Temptation*. Written for Brother Leo by St. Francis of Assisi; also his *Words of Counsel and Praise of God Most High*. Printed in fac-simile from the Saint's Handwriting and set forth in English by Reginald Balfour, of the Third Order of St. Francis, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. New York: Benziger Brothers. *The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi*. Newly translated into English with an Introduction and Notes. By Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

sists of short lines of Joachim de Flore, St. Francis of Assisi, Brother Bernard, and Brother Elias. Mr. Hutton devotes much of his time to historical retrospection, from the religious point of view; some of his chapters are really thoughtful essays on mediæval history, which he attaches to the name of some personage whose memory is recalled by a place or a picture. Though his point of view is from outside the Catholic Church, and he consequently sees things in what we consider a distorted perspective, he is not an unfriendly or unsympathetic critic; and frequently pays a glowing tribute to things Catholic. The author seems loath to condemn positively M. Sabatier's view, that St. Francis was "a kind of divine schismatic, an amiable Martin Luther, at least in his intention, accusing the Church, rather by his conduct, it would seem, than by his teaching, of the betrayal of mankind into a kind of slavery from which he, the little poor man, would set it free." Mr. Hutton expresses another view—St. Francis was not the embodiment of a destructive principle: "He was not concerned with the tremendous policies of the Catholic Church, but, in the dust and dirt, he found the lilies of her love. For, the real revolution for which St. Francis worked was a resurrection of love among men. He too, with St. John, seems ever to repeat: 'Little children, love one another.' If this ancient and orthodox teaching may confound the Church, then, indeed, was he her enemy; but he who loved even the poorest and most wretched, would have been the last to embrace that Mother who had taught him all he knew, and introduced him, as it were, to him who was ever his pattern, in any hasty or ridiculous anathema."

A perusal of this work suggests the reflection that there is present need for a thoroughly critical Catholic history of St. Francis and his age, that will put at rest, definitively, those non-Catholic interpretations of the Franciscan movement which profess to find in it a revolution against the Church. That there are lovers and followers of St. Francis, capable of undertaking the work, is evident from the scholarly character of the two volumes just published, one by Mr. Balfour, the other by Father Paschal Robinson. The purpose of the first is to vindicate the authenticity of three documents that claim to come from the pen of St. Francis; that is, the *Words of Counsel*—a letter written to Brother Leo; *The Praises of the Most High God*, written also for Brother Leo; and *The Blessing*, which Brother

Leo wore as a talisman against temptation till the end of his life. Father Paschal Robinson's study is of wider scope. It consists of a critical appreciation of all St. Francis' writings; and shows thorough acquaintance with whatever bears on the subject. In a later number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* we will give a more extended notice of this last work.

**POLITICAL HISTORY OF
ENGLAND.**

Three volumes* of this undertaking have appeared. The first in chronological order, covering from the Norman Conquest to the death of King John, is from the pen of Mr. George Burton Adams, professor of history in Yale University. It was ready for publication in March, 1905, but was not issued till October. The second volume is the work of Mr. Tout, professor of mediæval and modern history in the University of Manchester; it reaches from the accession of Henry III. to the death of Edward III. The other volume is the tenth of the series, and one of special interest to American readers, as it embraces the period extending from the accession of George III. to the close of Pitt's first administration. It is not possible, within the space permitted us, to offer anything approaching a detailed appreciation of these three large, closely-printed books, written in the fashion approved, to-day, by historical students, of which extreme condensation is the predominant feature, and in which all ornamental diffusiveness and unnecessary digression are severely shunned. Suffice it to note a few of the characteristics which distinguish it from its predecessors. As the title indicates, its chief purpose is to record the political development of the country, taking into account, only so far as they bear on this theme, everything that relates to religion, social and economic conditions, and foreign relations, diplomatic and martial. The immense quantity of material that has recently become available for the historian will increase the size of the work far beyond the limits of a plan on the scale of Lingard. References to authorities by footnotes are very rare. Instead, at least in these present volumes, there are appendices citing the chief sources and authorities, with, in most cases, a critical appreciation of their value. An inspection of these lists

* *The Political History of England*. In twelve volumes. Vols. II., III., and X. Edited by William Hunt, D.Litt, and Reginald L. Poole. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

reveals how many resources are opened to the historian which were hitherto unknown. Yet, on several points, we have compared these pages with Lingard, and have had the satisfaction of observing that the accuracy, honesty, and scholarship of the Catholic historian come creditably out of the ordeal to which fresh research subjects them. It is also a satisfaction to observe that on the matters in the first two volumes, where Catholic susceptibilities are, naturally, alive—the struggles between the Church and the Norman Kings, the characters of St. Anselm, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and other churchmen—the authors evince a freedom from that spirit of bigotry and the domination of prejudices and prepossessions, which, too often, have rendered non-Catholic contributions to English history confirmation of the saying that “history is a conspiracy against truth.” Of the tenth volume we purpose to give a more detailed notice in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for May.

This volume* is a collection of **THE PARDONER'S WALLET**, mildly satirical essays, chiefly on some of the minor weaknesses and pardonable foibles that we all perceive among our best friends, and that our best friends, probably, regretfully observe in us. In some instances, Mr. Crothers takes for his game sectional characteristics and prevalent fads; and he shoots very straight, though he does not employ a deadly kind of ammunition. His humor is quiet, and somewhat academic, more akin to that of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* than to the brand furnished by the contemporary rabble, that relies for its effects upon an unlimited use of slang and a drunken profusion in the matter of capital letters. He can bring a smile by the unconventional employment of a word or phrase, or an unexpected simile or metaphor. More frequently it is in the understatement of a suggestive thought. For instance, after observing that formerly in America the prejudice against the Jews derived its strength from religious feelings, as illustrated in a Calvinistic hymn, which he quotes, he adds that “in these days the anti-Semites are not so likely to be angry while they sing, as while they cast up their accounts.” A good piece of sustained humor consists of a series

* *The Pardoner's Wallet*. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of lessons in logic given in terms of gardening, when the fallacies are treated as vegetables, and where Mr. Crothers pokes a little quiet fun at our resolute pedagogists.

PRACTICAL PEDAGOGY.

By the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

A considerable proportion of the current publications on the subject of pedagogy is of a kind to justify the scepticism which many practical educators entertain as to the wisdom of assigning to this study the exalted position it now occupies in the national curriculum of training for teachers. Book after book is coming forth full of ill-matured and untried theories, laid down with an air of dogmatic finality. Elementary facts of infantile nature, known to every mother since the dawn of civilization, are expounded with a parade of psychological profundity that recalls the lessons on the alphabet given by the professor of philosophy to M. Jourdain. The ordinary resources of our tongue seem to be too limited for the expression of scientific pedagogical thought. New terms are manufactured of such a kind that they might prompt John Bull to ask himself, whether, to the list of his economic grievances, he may not add that now, even his language—if pedagogic literature represents it fairly—might bear the odious stamp, *made in Germany*. Not all recent works of pedagogy are open to this criticism. Some are characterized by a combination of scientific thought and practical good sense. Yet scarcely one, even of the best, but labors under a serious defect. That defect consists in this, that, while scientific pedagogy professes to lay down rules for teaching and development, mental and physical, based on a sound psychological analysis of the child's mind, two paramount psychological facts are slighted; one is treated insufficiently, the other, as a rule, not at all. The problem of moral training is treated inadequately, that of religious training is ignored. Yet Positivist and Evolutionist admit, nowadays, that the religious impulse, tendency, instinct—call it what you will—is an essential constituent of human nature, and intimately entwined with the moral fibre. That writers who undertake to provide works of instruction and training for the teachers of the nation are compelled to eliminate from the scope of their task the most essential of its features, and, in consequence of this exclusion, to treat another of the predomi-

ment factors in a superficial, fragmentary fashion, is an admission that the national system of elementary education is woefully defective.

Having dwelt on the shortcomings that are prevalent in works of this character, we may sum up our view of the volume issued by the Christian Brothers * by saying that, on each of the points mentioned, it contrasts strongly with them. It is the result of a long and widely-tried system that has been approved by success. It treats, as fully as may be done in a small book, every side of elementary education—the principles which regulate the physical, the mental, and the moral development of the young; the school and its organization; the equipment, the duties, and the methods of the teacher; the special methods proper to the teaching of the various branches. The treatment of each topic is systematic, minute, and, above all, practical. And one is comforted to find that the general gist of the book indicates that the Christian Brothers, like Professor Münsterberg, are of the conviction that the first qualification of a teacher ought to be, not an acquaintance with the history of pedagogy, or a wide reading in works dealing with psychology and the evolution of civilization, but a thorough knowledge of the matter which he teaches.

SAINTLY WOMEN.

By Dunbar.

Miss Dunbar has completed her useful work † with the same scrupulous care in making it exact and complete as characterized her first

volume. Scarcely one saint's name, that is to be found anywhere in ecclesiastical history, the *Acta Sanctorum*, or other hagiographical treasure-house, down to a comparatively late date, but receives notice here; and those of importance are accorded a goodly share of space. We have found the references, as far as we have been able to verify them, exact and correct. The list of feasts and chief shrines consecrated to each saint will be very serviceable for consultation. The details furnished are related in a simple, reverent fashion, without any attempt at criticism or personal comment. No Catholic library ought to be without this useful work.

* *Elements of Practical Pedagogy.* By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: La Salle Bureau of Supplies.

† *A Dictionary of Saintly Women.* By Agnes C. Dunbar. In two vols. Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Company.

LOUISIANA.

By Phelps.

The writer of this compact little volume,* which forms one of the *American Commonwealth Series*, has produced a clear, comprehensive, and yet concise history of Louisiana, from the first exploration of the Mississippi Valley down to the withdrawal of the federal troops by President Hayes, in 1877, an act which marked the close of the Reconstruction period. The work bears the stamp of originality, not that it offers any fresh facts to the student, but rather because of the appreciations which it gives of many events and movements. The writer is a Southerner, and expresses his sympathies, though not in a way that would cast the stigma of partiality on his judgments. Admirers of Benjamin Butler, perhaps, might pass a more severe judgment on some of the pages. The whole "Carpet Bag" administration is characterized in terms much less euphemistic than those employed in current text-books that originate from Northern sources.

Notwithstanding the restrictions **THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.** which M. Fabre, the eminent critical student of Christian literature, sets to his admiration for monasticism, his volume on the book† which he calls, "with Joan of Arc, the eternal glory of the Middle Ages," is a labor of love. He has taken infinite pains to produce a faithful translation, which he illustrates with numerous critical and historical notes. He gives an introductory chapter seldom found in modern versions, because it exists in only a few of the Latin manuscripts. He affirms that the fourth book, for reasons which are very strong, is no part of the original *Imitation*. The question of authorship is discussed with great acuteness. Relying chiefly on internal evidence, M. Fabre peremptorily excludes the name of Gerson. The passage in the third book, where the author of the *Imitation* warns his reader against the jealousies, rivalries, and disputes of the schools, satisfies M. Fabre that the writer was neither a Dominican nor a Franciscan. The great number of Gallicisms in the Latin he considers a proof that the author's

* *Louisiana: A Record of Expansion.* By Albert Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ.* Traduction Nouvelle Précédée d'une Introduction; suivie d'une nomenclature des emprunts de l'*Imitation*, etc. Par Joseph Fabre. Paris: Félix Alcon. *Of The Imitation of Christ.* Four books. St. Louis: B. Herder.

native and familiar tongue was French; in brief, M. Fabre reaches the conclusion that the work was written by a French Benedictine, in the thirteenth century, between 1228 and 1278. A complete list of the texts and phrases, borrowed from the Scriptures and elsewhere, is given, with references to the sources. M. Fabre notes that, while the *Imitation* has two citations from Ovid and Seneca, it has none from the Fathers of the Church, or from the scholastics, and but one from the mystics of the Middle Ages, that one being from St. Francis of Assisi.

The sumptuous edition of the *Imitation* just issued, in England by Keegan Paul, French & Co., in America by Herder, will delight the artist and the book-lover. It is printed on exquisite hand made paper, in small folio size. The initials of the chapters and tailpieces are direct reproductions, of fine execution, from French originals of the fifteenth century. It is bound in soft, rich chamois. When one takes it up and turns the pages, one realizes something of the connoisseur's thrill when he has stumbled on a treasure. As the edition is limited to five hundred copies it will, no doubt, be quickly exhausted.

THE RELIGION OF THE EGYPTIANS.

By Steindorff.

Every one interested in Oriental studies knows how great an authority in Egyptology is held by Georg Steindorff, of Leipsic, and consequently will appreciate how valuable a sketch of ancient Egyptian religion* coming from his pen must be. This is a small volume for so large a subject—it numbers only 172 pages—and naturally it omits many details and typical illustrations which one would wish to see. Especially desirable would be a few more examples of Egyptian mythology and a few more pages of quotation from the old literature that has come down to us. But as to the value of what Professor Steindorff has given us, there can be but one judgment. It is interesting in manner, and constructed on the best plan of advanced scholarship. The development of Egyptian religion, from its primitive form of local cults to its completion as a national system; the marvelous movement toward monotheism,

* *The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.* By Georg Steindorff. New York: Putnam's Sons.

that begins and ends with Amenophis IV.; the growth of magic, and the formation of that striking eschatology, are set before us in a masterly manner.

We cannot conclude our recommendation of this book without a word on the immense importance which the comparative study of religions is now assuming. Already the literature of this new science is beyond any one man's control, and its influence upon contemporary thought has been profound. Our seminaries will commit an unpardonable sin if they continue to neglect this department of human knowledge. This science is not a matter of mere archæology; it is not an amusement which consists in reviewing the grotesque mythologies of pagan peoples. It is a science rather which is being brought to bear vitally upon the Bible, and upon some of the fundamental concepts of Christian faith. And unless Christian students become well acquainted with it, it promises to be as deadly a weapon as that higher criticism which once was ridiculed, and which Bossuet in its very beginnings contemptuously despised, but which has changed to a greater or less extent the religious views of Christendom.

Il Padre Salvatore Minocchi is one
THE PSALMS IN ITALIAN. of the very foremost men in the
 By Fr. Salvatore. new intellectualist movement in
 Italy. As editor of the *Studi*

Religiosi, and as the moving spirit in the *Società di S. Geronimo*, he is doing great and permanent work for the revival and development of higher studies, and especially biblical studies, in Italy. He is well fitted to do this, being an expert Hebraist, and thoroughly acquainted with the literature of Scriptural criticism. Consequently, it goes without saying that his new translation of the Psalms* is a work of admirable and honest scholarship. The translation is excellently made; and in the printing is divided into proper stanza form. One fine point of detail lies in the retention of the word Jahvè, instead of the usual translation, God. Every modern translation of any part of the Old Testament ought, in our judgment, simply to transliterate, but not to translate this name of the Deity. In a brief but pithy introduction P. Minocchi says that although a few of the psalms are pre-exilic, still in substance these songs repre-

* *I Salmi*. Tradotti dal Testo Originale E Commentati Da Salvatore Minocchi. Roma: F. Pustet.

sent the national and religious thought of the Hebrews after the Babylonian captivity. We wish for this work a wide circulation even in America.

**LIFE OF THEOPHANE
VENARD.**

This is the record of an heroic Frenchman,* who suffered death for the Christian faith, in Tonquin, in 1861. The greater part of the narrative is autobiographical, being made up of Father Vénard's letters. These are written in the most artless style, yet are most perfect chronicles of events, and especially of the martyr's interior life. We have seldom read a book more touching. If the blood of the martyrs is the seed of Christians, so are their words the inspiration of missionaries.

Father Walsh, in republishing this valuable little work, with his own notes, has rendered good service to the holy cause he so earnestly advocates. We only wish we had an American Seminary for foreign missions, into whose holy precincts this book would attract noble-hearted young men to emulate the Venerable Vénard, and perhaps share his martyr's crown.

Students of social conditions, and those who long for the awakening of the Social Conscience, look with favor on the rapidly increasing amount of fiction which has a social mission. *Miss Billy* † is an addition to that literature which contains a useful lesson pleasantly imparted.

A minister, who has suffered reverses, moves his family to a relatively poor neighborhood, where a careless tone prevails and no one feels interested in the general welfare. Miss Billy, a daughter with impulses and insight that make for leadership, becomes a centre of authority in the neighborhood, awakens interest in civic improvement, and changes the face of the earth. She occupies the stage nearly all the time, but she never lacks interest. Many phases of character are introduced in collateral heroes and heroines, and not a few interesting situations are worked out. The story is pleasant and cheering and it contains a lesson that we all need.

* *A Modern Martyr: Théophane Vénard (The Venerable)*. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. Revised and annotated by Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Missionary Apostolic. Boston: Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 75 Union Park Street.

† *Miss Billy: A Neighborhood Story*. By Edith Kelley Stokely and Marion Kent Hurd. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

Current Events.

Russia.

The fact that comparatively little has, of late, been said about Russia might be taken as an indication that it has passed into the condition of those countries which have no history, and therefore it might be thought that things were prosperous; the saying is, however, only partly true; for oppression and evil-doing may become so much the rule that the record of it ceases to be news. To a certain extent this, for the last few weeks, has been the case in the Tsar's dominions. The so-called constitutional government has continued the repressive measures which were, if not excusable, at least explicable in the midst of the revolutionary uprisings.

The spirit of these measures is disclosed in a telegram recently sent by M. Durnovo, the Minister of the Interior, to the Governor-General of Kieff: "I earnestly request you . . . to give orders that all rioters should, in case of resistance, be destroyed without mercy, and in case of resistance their houses burnt. It is necessary to use every severity in order to check, once and for all, the spread of the revolt which threatens to imperil our State. As things are, this is the only way of re-establishing the power of the authorities. Arrests lead to nothing, inasmuch as it is impossible to try hundreds of people. It is necessary that the soldiers should be penetrated with the above instructions."

Such is the paternal government of the "Little Father," even after the Manifesto of October 30, by which freedom was solemnly granted. All who offer resistance are not even to be imprisoned, much less tried, but to be shot down by the soldiery. It is not surprising, therefore, to read that a few weeks ago some fifty Cossacks, with gunners, entered a village in the province of Kherson and knouted eighteen peasants. One of the peasants went mad, and others were left dying, while an onlooker became insane with horror at the sight of these brutalities. Here there was no question of resistance—all that the peasants had done was to re-elect representatives of the commune, who were not acceptable to the authorities. This

is not an isolated case of interference. A deputation of peasant organizations to M. Count Witte complained of the dispersal of their meetings, and declared that the local authorities were coercing them in the choice of delegates to the primary electoral colleges.

The character of the government's activity, and the progress of Russia toward the reign of law and order, may be judged by the following statistics of events which took place in the month ending February 7. During this month 78 newspapers were suspended, and 58 editors arrested; a state of siege was proclaimed in 62 places, and a minor state of siege in 34; the number of people summarily executed, not including the Moscow repressions, was 1,400; the number of political arrests in St. Petersburg was 1,716, and in Russia proper 10,000. Temporary prisons were opened in 17 towns; in many places no room can be found for the large number of prisoners, and they have had to be deported to Siberia or elsewhere. A score of workmen's cheap restaurants in St. Petersburg were closed, in order to prevent the unemployed from obtaining relief. Thirty millions worth of property has been destroyed, it is estimated, in agrarian outrages, due to misgovernment. A priest has been arrested for a sermon, in which he declared that the land belonged to God. These and many other similar occurrences show that M. Count Witte's idea of liberty is somewhat strange.

In view of these events, it is becoming hard to know whether to rejoice or not at the fact that he still remains in office. Rumors have been current that he had resigned, or had been dismissed. One of his colleagues has gone; but the most objectionable—M. Durnovo—has been retained. On the other hand, when we remember that in Russia there are some 120 millions of people, it is possible to believe that the greater number are satisfied, and that in the midst of this vast multitude there may be some who have, in the best interest of this greater number, to be treated with great severity. In fact the Anarchists and Nihilists of Russia—although the victims of great oppression—only suffered what they tried to inflict upon others, and those innocent people. And while many newspapers have been suppressed, a considerable latitude of discussion is allowed. On the question of the meeting of the *Duma*, for example, freedom of criticism could hardly have been greater, one of the papers expressing the opinion that the *Duma* was a kind of

Humbert's safe, intended to encourage foreign capitalists to loosen their purse-strings once more.

Another Imperial Manifesto has been published, reorganizing the Council of the Empire, introducing into it an elective element, and defining its powers, as well as those of what we may call the Lower House—the Imperial *Duma*. The Council of the Empire in future will consist of an equal number of elected members and of members nominated by the Tsar, so that with the Upper House to so large an extent elected, and the Lower House wholly so, the new Constitution is in appearance more democratic than the English. Both assemblies are to have equal legislative powers; bills are to pass both houses before being presented to the Tsar. If, while the sittings of the *Duma* are suspended, legislative action should be necessary, power is reserved to the Tsar to make the laws which necessity requires; those laws are, however, to have no lasting force, unless the *Duma*, within two months of the resumption of its sittings, gives to them its approbation. Moreover, no laws of this kind, made by the Tsar's sole authority, are to involve any change in the fundamental laws of the Empire, in the regulations governing the procedure of the Council of the Empire or of the Imperial *Duma*, or in the regulations with regard to the conduct of the elections to those bodies. This seems to safeguard sufficiently the permanent powers of the new representative bodies. In the Council of the Empire there will be representatives of the Orthodox Church, of the Academy of Science, of the Universities, of the Chambers of Commerce, and of the Chambers of Industry, as well as of the nobility, and the Polish landed proprietors, and the *Zemstvos*. These provisions seem to be a substantial concession to the elective principle, and to bestow upon the representatives of the people valuable powers. Russian public opinion, so far as it can be ascertained from the newspapers, is, however, bitterly disappointed. Only one paper, the *Novoe Vremya*, expresses satisfaction. The *Duma* is declared to be a mere mockery of representative institutions, hedged about by a bureaucratic Upper House and an irresponsible Ministry, and completely isolated from its constituents. These criticisms, we cannot but think, are premature, and if they should lead to the practical rejection of the concessions, will prove disastrous. The duty of all

good Russians would seem to be to accept what is given, and use those gifts as the means of getting more.

Elections for the *Duma* have, at last, begun. The process by which the grain is winnowed from the chaff is fourfold. The first stage, in the country districts, is the designation by the communal assemblies of representatives to the district electoral colleges. The district electoral colleges then proceed to choose electors to the provincial college. The first of these elections has taken place in the province of St. Petersburg; the peasants have chosen their delegates for the district electoral college, and, conservative electors having been chosen, the choice is agreeable to the government.

Another amelioration of the condition under which the Church exists in Russia has been made. Ordinances have been published by which Governors-General in the North, South, and West are deprived of the power which they have hitherto possessed of closing monasteries on their own initiative, the right to hold processions is secured, and the privileges of the Catholic clergy extended.

The most pressing of the anxieties of the authorities at the present moment—the outbreaks having been suppressed—is the state of the finances. Gold, during those disturbances, was sent out of the country in large amounts. Extreme measures have been declared, on high authority, to be in all likelihood necessary unless money can be found. What these measures will be, whether a resort to a forced paper currency, or some other equally disastrous method, is not known. The standard of value—Russian Fours—recently went down to 77—almost as far as it went during the height of the recent outbreaks. A loan, however, has temporarily relieved the situation.

Germany. While unfortunately few except his own subjects find it possible to place full confidence in the foreign

policy of the German Emperor, for his many private virtues, and especially for the purity of his family life, the greatest admiration is felt by all. He is a model husband and father, and the example of the Empress, if imitated by the votaries of fashion in the lower walks of life, would bring untold bene-

fits to every nation. A family festival has been held in Berlin to celebrate two events—the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress and the marriage of their second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg. In reply to a congratulatory address the Emperor made a speech scarcely calculated to reassure those who are anxious for a peaceful outcome of the difficulties with France: "My first and last thought is for my fighting forces by sea and land. God grant that war may not come. If it comes, I am firmly convinced that my army will acquit itself as it did thirty-five years ago." As no war can possibly be made except by the Emperor's will—for no one dreams that France will declare war—his words make it clear that he has not yet decided in favor of peace.

The opinion entertained of democracy by the governing classes in Germany may be learned from the speech delivered in the Reichstag by Count Posadowsky, the Secretary of State for the Interior. In this speech the Count declared frankly that Prince Bismarck had made a mistake in applying universal suffrage to the German nation. His hopes in doing so had not been fulfilled. The danger involved in universal suffrage was that the deputies, instead of leading the masses, would be led by them. A man of learning must possess, according to the Count, a better understanding of the needs of the State than a man who works daily at a machine. While universal suffrage, inasmuch as it had been unfortunately established for the Empire, must be adhered to, strenuous opposition is to be offered to the introduction of it into Prussia. "If the Prussian State, that wonderful creation of history, were to provide the Social Democracy with seats in the Lower House of the Diet, all we could say would be: 'Only the very biggest calves go to the slaughter themselves.'"

It may possibly be the case that Count Posadowsky represents an alteration in the trend of German political thought; for since the last General Election a remarkable decline has taken place in the Socialist vote. In seventeen out of twenty-two by-elections which have been held since, there has been a positive and very serious decline. In the whole series 20,000 fewer votes have been given to the Social Democrats, while 14,000 more votes have been given to the *bourgeois* parties.

The intolerable dogmatism of the leaders is assigned by some of the Social Democrats themselves as the reason for this change; the audacious insubordination of the rank and file is the explanation given by others.

Commercial Treaties are not, as a rule, very interesting subjects for discussion. But, as the dominating aims of the world in the present age are economical, not dynastic or religious, it is necessary to record the fact that a new commercial system came into operation in Germany on the first of March. This new system involves a large increase in the duties on agricultural imports as well as on manufactured goods. The results of this extension of protection will doubtless be carefully watched by the students of the fiscal system in England.

While Russia is (possibly) on the
road to the attainment of a constitutional and parliamentary régime,

Austria-Hungary. Hungary is, for the time being, deprived of the rights of self-government which she has so long possessed. The Hungarian Parliament was dissolved some weeks ago by the Emperor-King, and he chose as his agent a military officer by whom the Chamber was cleared and the doors locked and sealed. The following are the terms of the rescript of dissolution: "Whereas the majority constituted by the allied parties of the Chamber have, in spite of our repeated summons, refused persistently to take over the government on an acceptable basis without violating our Royal rights, as by law guaranteed, we, to the sorrow of our heart, are not able to expect from this Parliament an activity conducive to the interests of the country, and therefore, on the proposal of our Hungarian Ministry, declare the Parliament, convoked on February 15, 1905, to be dissolved, and reserve to ourself the convocation of a new Parliament as soon as may be." The Prime Minister, Baron Fejervary, countersigned this rescript. Hungary is, consequently, under the absolute rule of the Sovereign and his ministers until he and they shall see fit to summon a new Parliament. The commercial Treaty with Germany recently negotiated, which, by the constitution, required parliamentary ratification, has been promulgated without it; and in this proceed-

ing Germany acquiesces. Stocks actually rose when the dissolution of the Chamber took place.

After having taken this first decisive step the government has become even more aggressive. Defence of the Royal rights might be pleaded for the dissolution, but such a plea will not avail for the more recent proceedings. The Coalition newspapers have been suppressed, trial by jury for political offences has been suspended, the right of meeting for all opponents of the government has been abolished, and several County Councils dissolved. On the other side one of the leaders of the Coalition, Count Andrassy, has issued an appeal urging universal refusal to pay taxes or to furnish recruits until constitutional conditions are restored: "Let no one pay taxes, let no one serve as a soldier. Let every one give of his means" to support the officials displaced by the government. The Coalition leaders have also issued a joint manifesto summoning the nation to resist tenaciously the present arbitrary system of government until the day of victory shall dawn. "If we trust and endure, we are invincible," concludes the manifesto. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

So far no outbreaks of violence have taken place, although much provocation has been given. This does not seem to be part of the policy advised by the Coalition. Moreover, the head of one of the parties—together, we presume, with his eleven followers—a former Premier, Baron Banffy, has seceded from the Coalition, and has thereby given it an unexpected blow. His reason for his action is that he cannot agree with M. Kossuth, the leader of the Independence Party—by far the most numerous of the Coalition Parties—in the latter's desire to establish the merely personal union between Austria and Hungary. Baron Banffy insists upon the maintenance of the present arrangement, made in 1867, believing that the merely personal union cannot be attained without bloodshed, and that its realization would upset the equilibrium of Central Europe. He will not cease, however, to combat the illegal Fejervary Cabinet.

It is hard to decide whether, in this long contest, the Hungarians are actuated by the virtue or by the passion of patriotism. The opinion which seems to be the more widely entertained throughout Europe is that they are the victims of the

passion, and that the demands upon which they have been so insistent are unreasonable, and such as the King could not conscientiously grant, even if he were willing. Moreover, the conflict brought on by them is endangering the peace of Europe, which requires for its stability the maintenance of the Austro-Hungarian Power in its integrity. The Hungarians recognize the existence of this feeling, and have sent representatives to several of the principal countries to justify their action. The fundamental reason for the conflict is the belief entertained by the Hungarians that Austria and its German element wish to make Hungary a part of Austria; with special privileges, it is true, but still merely a province of the Empire. When Austria was merely one of the many Duchies in the German Empire, Hungary had been for a long time a kingdom with its own line of kings, its own laws, its own constitution. It was never a part of even the Holy Roman Empire. Its inhabitants are not Germans, nor even Europeans. It freely chose the Emperor, who was also Archduke of Austria, to be its king, but it preserved all its own rights. It never submitted itself to Austria or to the Austrians, and it never will. This is what the Hungarians want to make clear now.

As in other respects, so with reference to universal suffrage, what will be done in Hungary is altogether uncertain. For the Cisleithanian part of the Empire the Universal Suffrage bill has been introduced by the Austrian premier, Baron Gautsch. The bill sweeps away the existent system, by which the electors were divided into four categories or *curiæ*, and places all the electors on the same footing, except where racial considerations necessitate special arrangement. Alterations are made in the distribution of seats between the many various races, and these alterations will leave the Germans in a permanent minority—a thing which does not suit them at all. Broadly speaking, every male citizen who has completed his twenty-fourth year is entitled, under the provisions of the bill, to be registered as a voter. Voting is to be direct and by the ballot, the freedom, purity, and secrecy of which the premier brought in a bill to secure. It is too soon to form a judgment as to the likelihood of these bills becoming law.

France.

The Rouvier Cabinet fell quite suddenly. Its fall, however, was not quite unexpected, for some days before it had been defeated on the question of the time to be devoted to the training of the reserves. This event affords another instance of the instability involved in the Continental system of a multiplicity of parliamentary groups. Instead of the two stable parties opposed to one another, as has hitherto been the case in Great Britain, there are on the Continent, as a rule, something like a dozen sections, and a ministry depends for its existence upon its being able to please enough of these to provide a majority for itself, and is defeated when any common ground of opposition can be found for forming a majority against it. On this occasion the opponents consisted of those who, on the one hand, considered that in making the inventories of church goods the methods adopted were too violent, of those who, on the other hand, thought that they were not violent enough, and of still others who did not wish the General Election, which is at hand, to be "made" by the Rouvier ministry.

The fierce resistance which has been offered in many parts of France to the taking of the inventories shows that there are still large numbers in France who are attached to the Faith, and who are ready to defend it at all costs. Whether they were justified in the manner of resisting, or wise in offering it, may be questioned. Opinion seems to be greatly divided. Some of the bishops have condemned active resistance, others have been silent when silence is equivalent to approbation. Laymen, like General Gallifet and M. Brunetière, have been outspoken in inculcating the duty of submission. In the debate in the Chamber, the Abbé Lemire, while condemning the use of armed forces and the provocative methods adopted by the government, declared the taking of inventories to be a measure of preserving the properties of the Church. In fact, the provision in the Law of Separation requiring these inventories was inserted on the motion of an opponent of the Bill for this very purpose. As to the resistance, however, the Abbé said that it was creating a veritable public danger to stir up so violent an agitation, because all persons of violent temper would be drawn to take part in it. "The Divine Master of the Catholics has recommended them to oppose meekness to

violence I leave to certain Catholics the responsibility of mixing politics with these matters." On the other hand, another Abbé, the preacher of the Lenten Sermons at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in the presence of the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishops of Oran and Soissons, and the Vicars-General of the diocese, is reported to have said: "No, no; the law is not always law. It is not always entitled to our obedience; and there are cases in which rebellion is our most sacred duty. I do not often adopt the maxims of the Revolution, but this one is not unjust. . . . It is for you to prove, not by eloquent speeches, but by your deeds, that you are men of determination and character. It is for you to prove that you are men and Christians, by proudly applying the motto of 'Liberty or Death.'"

Whatever may be thought with reference to the resistance which is being offered, whether or no it is justifiable, great good may come out of it. It has stirred up the country as nothing else would have done, and thus may lead the Catholics to take the legitimate way of undoing the evil which has been done, by voting at the approaching General Election for deputies who will repeal the Law of Separation. This should be the ultimate outcome. The immediate result has only been the accession to power of a ministry which includes M. Briand, the reporter of the Separation Law, and the chief agent of its enactment, and M. Clemenceau, one of the bitterest among the many bitter enemies of the Church in France.

At the time that this is being written the Conference at Algeciras is still sitting, and has not come to any conclusion. According to one report it is just on the point of arriving at a settlement; according to another it is going to separate at once without any result. It would be tedious to narrate all the proceedings, nor have we space to spare. While ostensibly a meeting of the Powers, it is in reality a contest of Germany with France. What will be the outcome is only known to an august personage in Berlin—whether he will accept defeat, or whether the matter will be pressed ultimately, if not at once, to the arbitrament of war. For the French

people, and not merely their government, seem determined to make no more concessions. There seems but little ground for hope of a peaceful settlement; the question of war or peace will depend rather upon the prospects of success than upon the justice of the claims made at the Conference. Meanwhile, the Moors are laughing openly at the impotence of Christendom, due to the divisions of the Christian Powers.

Spain.

As we go to press we learn that there has been yet another Cabinet crisis in Spain. These changes are becoming so frequent as to cease to be interesting. What is of more interest is the espousal of a princess connected with the English Royal family to the King of Spain, for this is the first instance for many generations of a marriage of any member of the ruling house in England with any sovereigns of the Latin countries. From the time of the revolution, Germany and the northern Protestant States have been the only countries with which alliances have been made. Considerable opposition was made in England by Protestant zealots; the King was called upon to withhold his consent; but men of good sense formed the vast majority who acquiesced in the new alliance.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Month (March): Contains a retrospect of the work English Catholics have done during the past seventy-five years in the furtherance of education. Despite many and great difficulties, and with but little aid from the government, the Catholics have in less than a century built a thousand schools. States the advantages and dangers of Catholic students at the English national universities. The university affords a valuable training for many of the professions, and makes for mental development and the widening of the intellectual horizon. A moral atmosphere not always the best, indifference to religion and the ascetic spirit, excessive admiration of athletic achievements, materialistic tendencies, and a philosophy not intended to give a metaphysical substructure to revealed truths—these constitute a real risk to the Catholic freshman. The writer in no pessimistic strain concludes that the Catholics at the universities are infinitely better off than they would be if they went out immediately into the world. The Catholic at Oxford is not without the aids to religion, having his chapels, chaplains, and Catholic societies; the right sort of Catholic boy at the university will reject all that is bad and imbibe all that is good, thus educating himself in the proper sense of the word. —Presents some "Extracts from the Papers of a Pariah," edited by Rev. R. H. Benson. The first of these extracts describes the emotions of fear, hope, and penitence proposed by attendance at a requiem on All Souls' Day. The second is on the dullness of irreligious people. —Outlines briefly Mr. Mallock's scheme for the "Reconstruction of Belief." This latest production of Mr. Mallock marks an advance in his thought, and is in great part constructive; its purpose is to show the defenders of religion how, if they will be sensible enough to surrender the outposts which science has irrevocably made its own, they may secure their position forever by the simple policy of adopting the methods of their ad-

versaries and insisting that these be consistently applied. The reviewer, following Mr. Mallock in his treatment of fundamental doctrines, finds the argumentation defective at many points, and not more favorable to Theism than to Pantheism; and fears that the scheme will not realize the ends Mr. Mallock intended.

The Tablet (24 Feb.): Pope Pius X. has addressed an Encyclical Letter to the Bishops, clergy, and people of France. A translation of the full text is given in this number. The Holy Father reviews in detail the question of Church and State hostilities in France. He protests against the Law of Separation, reproves and condemns it as violating the natural law, the law of nations, and fidelity to treaties; as contrary to the divine constitution of the Church, to her essential rights, and to her liberty; as destroying justice and trampling under foot the rights of property which the Church has acquired by many titles, and, in addition, by virtue of the Concordat. An appeal is made for most perfect union in heart and will between the Catholic clergy and laity. It is the intention of the Holy Father to give, at the proper time, definite directions which will afford a sure rule of conduct for French Catholics amid their present difficulties. One thing at least the Law of Separation has done, and that is to free the Pope from any interference in the matter of electing Bishops. It is announced that fourteen new members have been appointed to fill the vacant French sees. This fact is noteworthy as being the first independent election since the days of Napoleon. It symbolizes the inauguration of a new régime.

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): The results of the late general election in England are given in an article entitled "The Lesson of the English Elections." The author says that the French Catholics should learn a lesson from the non-Conformists of England, who, through effective organization, succeeded in defeating their opponents. The deeds and accomplishments of the Balfour administration are reviewed and commented upon, and a forecast of the policy of the new government is also given.—The third instalment of "The Catholic Renais-

sance in England in the Nineteenth Century" is a review of the momentous events which preceded, characterized, and followed in that country the Council of 1869. The author relates the parts played in the discussions on Papal Infallibility by such men as Newman, Manning, Acton, Gladstone, and Oxenham, and the effect that the promulgation of the dogma had upon the "Reunion Movement" led by Pusey.

(25 Feb.): A sketch of the life of the late Oratorian, Cardinal Perraud, who died on the 15th of February, is contributed by M. Baudrillart. Besides the manifold duties of his various offices, this distinguished prelate devoted much of his time to the promotion of higher studies. In June, 1882, his literary labors were rewarded by his unanimous election as member of the French Academy.—Continuing his series of articles on "The Catholic Renaissance in England in the Nineteenth Century," M. P. Thureau-Dangin devotes this instalment to a review of the events that characterized the incumbencies of Cardinals Newman and Manning.

Études (5 Feb.): In this number M. Lebreton brings to a close his series of studies on the theories of the logos at the beginning of the Christian era. The theories discussed in this concluding article are those of Greek and Egyptian mythology and of three famous men, Plutarch, Philo, and Marcus Aurelius. In the early Grecian philosophy it is Zeus who is regarded as the logos, but in later times, as we see in St. Justin, Hermes is the personified word. The treatises of Cornutus and Heraclitus give us evidences of this belief. The Egyptian ideas on this subject are preserved for us in the works of Plutarch. He gives the story of Isis and Osiris, and also the interpretations of different Grecian schools. Under the Ptolemies the Egyptian god Thôt took the place of the Greek Hermes. Very little is given to the Philonian Logos, except by way of showing the great resemblance between it and the theory of Plutarch. Marcus Aurelius taught a system that approached very closely to the Christian. It seems strange that he was not converted to the Christian religion as were Justin and Athenagoras—to belief in the Incarnate Son of God, and turned

away from the pagan conception of an incarnate reason, or law of the universe.

(20 Feb): "The Roman Church and the Separation," by Paul Bernard. This article is important from the fact that it manifests two entirely different states of mind regarding the French religious crisis. First, the opinions of non-Catholics; and secondly, the views of loyal adherents to the Church. M. Paul Sabatier is taken as the type of non-Roman. His recent brochure is subjected to a very caustic criticism. Our reviewer says he shows no scientific spirit or method, and that his conclusions are wholly unwarranted in fact. Sabatier looks to the recreation of a new religion from the wreckage of "Old Catholicism"; furthermore, says that the religion of the future will be ethical and social, not Roman or Catholic. M. Bernard presents the orthodox opinion of the present crisis. He admits it is for the cleansing of the Church, and will in the end bring great good and increase to the true fold.

La Quinzaine (16 Feb.): A learned classical scholar, a literary artist of Florentine refinement, an honor to Catholic France, a serious and pious, a good and charitable woman—such is the tribute paid, in this number, to Mme. Lucie F. F. Goyau.—Among the problems of permanent bibliographical interest are the questions which arise concerning De Lamennais' "Paroles d'un Croyant." F. Baumes adds a little light to these questions in discussing the style, composition, and editions of the work.—R. Saleilles concludes his extensive review of *Il Santo*.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Feb.): M. F. Mallet writes of the controversy stirred up among Catholics thirty years ago by the apologetic method of Cardinal Deschamps. This method would now be called the method of immanence, and Cardinal Deschamps had to bear the reproaches which the representatives of his style of thinking are contending with to-day.—M. Laberthonnière criticises at length the Abbé Rivière's historical study of the dogma of Redemption. M. Rivière, after describing the theological conflicts that were waged for centuries as to the precise meaning of redemption, maintains that St. Anselm's vicarious atonement theory is now estab-

lished perfectly, and consequently there is an end of development so far as this doctrine is concerned. M. Laberthonnière takes him to task for this, and asks sharply what ground he has for selecting one theory and telling us that it alone is true? This is an *intempérance dogmatique* which is uncritical and unjustifiable. We, as well as past ages, must continue the work of unfolding dogma.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Feb.): M. Lenain takes up an assertion recently made by M. Havet at a Congress of Young Laics to the effect that the religious period of humanity is drawing to an end. Many times has this prophecy been made before; but every word of it has been proved false by man's imperative need for God.—M. Bourlon sketches the assemblies of the clergy under the *ancien régime*.—M. Vaudon treats of the hardships that will result to the clergy by the Separation Act, and says that the priests of France need not despair. Country priests may eke out their support with the help of a little garden; others must turn their attention to some sort of measures for assuring themselves an income.

(15 Feb.): M. F. Martin, who has in press a translation of the Book of Enoch, summarizes the theological teaching of that remarkable composition. Incidentally he expresses his astonishment at Jülicher's belittling of this book, perhaps the most remarkable of all the extra-canonical apocalyptic literature.—M. E. Martin writes of the White Fathers of the Sahara. He claims that although the Arab of the desert is devotedly attached to Islam, the project of converting him to Christianity is by no means hopeless.—M. Bourguine criticizes the contention recently put forward by M. Sorel that the Gospel-teaching is only for anchorites and ascetics. M. Bourguine shows that the Gospel, on the contrary, furnishes the best remedy for every individual and social need of man.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

RECENT advices from Rome announce that two historical works of much importance and interest are being written from the documents in the secret Vatican archives and will soon be published by the Vatican Press. Both were started at the express wish of Pope Leo XIII.

Father Rinieri, S.J., is giving the finishing touches to the history of the personal relations existing between the first Napoleon and Pope Pius VII.

In order to do this, he had to consult, besides the Vatican archives, the documents preserved in the National Archives of Paris, Vienna, and Rome, and has succeeded in discovering the original diplomatic correspondence exchanged between the French government and the Holy See before and after the coronation of the French Emperor in Paris at the hands of the Pope.

Father Rinieri says the documents show that much that has been told by historians regarding the relations of the first Napoleon with the Holy See is based on misrepresentations of the papers of that period, and that even prominent writers have been deceived in their views by contemporary accounts of the events.

Count Soderini, who was charged to write the history of the ending of the temporal power of the Popes, has completed the history of events which took place under Pius IX., and is now at work putting the finishing touches on the happenings under the last pontificate.

Count Soderini is, perhaps, the only living historian who has been allowed to read so many contemporary documents of the Vatican archives, which are generally kept under lock and key for fifty years at least after the death of a pope.

Pius X., from the beginning of his Pontificate, has continued the policy inaugurated by Leo XIII. over twenty years ago of allowing scholars from all nations free access to the treasury of historical documents which the Vatican contains. England, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, Portugal have each a select body of workers engaged on the bulls, briefs, apostolic constitutions, state documents, etc., which serve to throw light on the history of those countries. The labors of the Prussian delegation alone already amount to seventeen octavo volumes of 500 pages each. The Gorres-Gesellschaft has published the first two volumes of its monumental work on the Council of Trent. The French school at Rome has issued fourteen quarto volumes of the *Acts of the Popes*. The French priests attached to San Luigi dei Francesi are working hard on the Nunciatures of France. England is represented officially in the Archives by Mr. Bliss, and Mr. Rushforth, of Oriel College, Oxford, has published the first volume of *Papers of the British School at Rome*, on behalf of the society founded in 1901 to study the historical relations between the Holy See and England. There is a Belgian commission working in the archives under Berliere; Holland has Dr. Brom and Professor Orbaan; Norway and Sweden are represented by Dr. Bergstand; Finland by Drs. Biaudet and Thorne; Poland by Ptasnik and Zahrewski; Russia by Pierling

and Schmourlo. Mgr. Fraknoi, Titular Bishop of Arba, is at the head of a Hungarian Commission appointed to study the *Monumenta Hungariae Vaticana*. Last year one of the most assiduous of the workers was Horvat, who was engaged on the relations of the Croats with the Holy See. Professors Krofta and Krejci were studying Bohemian history. Even Japan was represented by Naejiro Murakami, and Turkey sent Chakh Fariol el Kazen to study the relations of the Ottoman Empire with the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany in the seventeenth century. Pastor, the German historian, and Duchesne, President of the French school, may be seen sitting side by side together in the archives any morning. Other well-known names of laborers in the Vatican this year are Professor Dengel, of the University of Innspruck; Dr. Kehr, of the Prussian Institute; Dr. Chabot and the Abbé Constans, Mgr. Ehse, head of the Goerresian Society; the learned Father Eubel, and the Marquis MacSwiney. Besides these, many of the religious orders, Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carthusians, and Jesuits, have some of their picked men engaged in ferreting out historical points connected with their own institutions. Italy is the only one of the great European Powers which is not represented in the Vatican archives.

To the late Henry Harland, novelist, and a convert to the true faith, who died in San Remo, Italy, on December 20, 1905, in his forty-fourth year, a writer in the *Catholic Universe* pays the following deserved tribute:

The untimely death of Henry Harland will be regretted by all who have enjoyed the peculiarly delicate flavor of his work. *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, *The Lady Paramount*, and *My Friend Prospero*, are like bits of egg-shell china, light, fragile, and dainty. They are too pretty to express life as it is, but are products of very careful and exquisite workmanship, and perhaps fulfil better than stronger fiction the real purpose of the novelist, which is to please, to amuse, to suggest the finer and more beautiful aspects of life. Mr. Harland was an idealist, possibly a sentimentalist, but he has the distinction of dealing with none but delightful men and women, and none but the most wholesome of human emotions, and these at their best. He found life so full of lovely impulses that he never discovered the ugly ones, nor thought it necessary to use his art in the depiction of vice. He was a convert to the Catholic faith, and its beauty and picturesqueness so appealed to his instinct for the beautiful that all his later novels were frankly and artistically Catholic. His work as a story-teller was in all respects so pure, so charming, and so agreeable that the world could much better afford to lose many writers of greater power and genius.

Mr. Harland was born in St. Petersburg, but spent his early years in New York, and at the beginning of his literary career wrote under the pen name of Sydney Luska. Of recent years he has lived entirely abroad, and had a residence in London. His American home was in Norwich, Conn.

Mr. Harland's books, at least since his conversion to the Church, were of the purest. *The Casket*, describing them, says: There was no preaching, no tiresome moralizing; but religion was always put in its proper light, pouring sunshine into the lives of men and women, warming their hearts to deeds of kindness, and influencing all their most important actions. If every Catholic who has read the novels of Henry Harland will now breathe a prayer for the

repose of his soul they will be making him the best return they can for the pleasure he has given them.

For some students of Irish music we give, by request, the following references to standard works:

The complete Petrie Collection of 1800.

Irish Airs. Published for the Irish Literary Society, 1902.

The Minstrelsy of Ireland (200 songs). By Alfred Moffat.

History of Irish Music. By W. H. Grattan Flood.

Irish Folk Songs. Words by Alfred Percival Graves; music arranged by Charles Wood.

Ancient Music of Ireland. By Edw. Bunting. 3 vols. 1796, 1809, and 1840.

Collection of the Society for the Preservation of Irish Music. By G. Petrie. 1855.

Fifty Songs of Old Ireland. Words by Alfred Percival Graves; music arranged by Charles V. Stanford.

Ancient Irish Music. By Dr. Joyce.

The Irish Song Book. By Graves.

The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture. By Professor Heinrich Zimmer, in the *Preussische Jahrbucher*, of January, 1887.

Reports of the attendance at the New York free lectures in the five boroughs, given under the auspices of the Board of Education during October, November, and December, 1905, have been compiled, and the results show that 475,058 persons attended during the three months. This is an increase of over 11,000 over the figures for the same months during 1904. In view of this increasing demand for adult education, many new courses of lectures have been arranged in all boroughs.

Thirty-seven courses of from six to thirty lectures each were arranged by Dr. Leipziger. At Columbus Hall, Sixtieth Street, Charles Johnston began his course on "The Making of the Irish People"; Dr. J. P. Gordy, of New York University, six lectures on "Representative Statesmen"; William Farley four lectures on "The Government of European Countries"; Dr. Walter E. Clark, of the City College, on "Money and Banking"; Clarence de Veaux Royer, on "Composers of Music."

Mr. Charles Johnston began his studies of Irish history under the domination of his stern father, well-known in the House of Commons as "Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg," who was a vigorous opponent of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Having convinced himself by long reading that he could not affiliate with the policy of the Orangemen, Mr. Charles Johnston is now a valiant defender of Ireland's history as presented by the late John Mitchel and other impartial historians. His recent book, *The Story of Ireland*, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and should have a place in every school library, side by side, with the approved histories of England. The larger work of Dr. Joyce, entitled *The Household History of Ireland*, and his condensed volume, *The Concise History of Ireland*, published by Longmans, Green & Co., are still held in high esteem and must be consulted by all who wish to know the latest developments of critical research.

A circular issued by the State officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York says:

We are greatly encouraged by the reports we are receiving from localities and parish schools, as to the progress made in the study of "Irish History." The hearty co-operation which we are receiving from the clergy, and the earnest efforts of the teachers and others in charge, cannot but be conducive to the advancement of this important subject. In connection with this matter, it occurs to your officers that this subject can and should be recognized by the officials of the State department of education, and granted a certain number of counts toward a certificate. Is there any reason why Irish History should receive less consideration than English History, or Roman History, or Grecian History? All these are electives in the various high schools of the State, and receive a certain number of counts toward the State certificates. If this were done, the pupil taking up the study of Irish History would add to his store of knowledge and at the same time gain a material increase in the number of counts toward the certificate he is striving for. Pupils should be encouraged to become familiar with the history of the land of their forefathers, and, as an incentive, prizes should be offered for those becoming most proficient in the study. We would recommend that suitable prizes be furnished by the County Boards.

Hon. James E. Dolan, the National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is a fine type of his race. His work in urging the study of Irish History, and in forming special night schools, has met with remarkable success.

* * *

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has found a congenial subject for her gifted pen in the study of Richard Hurrell Froude, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. His name is less known to this generation in connection with the Oxford movement than are some others—Newman's and Pusey's and Keble's, for instance. Yet he had much influence on the thought of the time and on several who were leaders. Newman calls him a pupil of Keble's, "formed by him and reacting on him," a man of the highest gifts, gentle and tender of nature. He died prematurely, in 1836, the oldest of eight sons, of whom James Anthony Froude was the youngest. Miss Guiney's book, which she does not call a biography, though in effect it is one, is a sympathetic account of his life, his character, and his work. It necessarily throws much light on the intellectual and religious activities of the time in England, which are so important a part of the last century's intellectual history.

There is much in the book to illumine Froude's strong and thoroughly manly spirit, his deep religious feeling, his "fierce sincerity." There are copious quotations from his letters and journals, some of the latter of an extremely intimate character. He became a tutor in Oriel with Newman, and, with him, was dispossessed for his uncompromising zeal in the Tractarian movement, which was repugnant to the Provost of the college. But he never went over to Rome. His belief was, as his brother James Anthony has recorded, that the Church should be "unprotestantized." The Reformation was a "bad setting of a broken limb." The limb needed breaking a second time, and then it would be equal to its business. But Hurrell Froude's life was all too short to accomplish its work. He would have been taught the

difference between fact and speculation, said his brother, if he had lived. He did live long enough to make a deep impression, to reveal himself as a man of power, but one whose influence on others lived after him through them.

Miss Guiney's first part tells the story of his life, with frequent autobiographic reinforcement from his own papers. The second part is given up to reprinting comments on him and his relation to the Oxford movement from the very considerable body of literature on the subject.

• • •

From New Orleans comes the twenty-third annual report of the Society of the Holy Ghost, having "as one of its objects extension of knowledge concerning God the Holy Ghost, and the extension of particular devotion to him."

Our books, says the report, show that from Pentecost, 1904, to Pentecost Sunday of 1905 we have received from members, etc., \$2,469.65, as against \$1,755.75 from this same source for the annual term just preceding, and \$1,246.25 for the one ending Pentecost Sunday, 1903. We are glad to be able to record, likewise, a steady advance in the volume of our free tract distribution, the record for the year just concluded showing that during its course the society has sent out about 108,250 books, pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets, as against 101,000 for the year preceding, this being an increase of 7,250. It will be observed that during the last year free distribution of Catholic literature has been at the rate of 9,250 pieces per month, and for each day 318. Since the society's foundation, twenty-three years ago, its distribution in this line has reached over \$3,000,000.

Our financial report shows during the year just terminated \$547 sent to missionary priests in the country, as against \$482.90 for the year immediately preceding, and \$373 for the one ending Pentecost Sunday, 1903.

These sums are sent for Masses, which are offered up by the worthy missionaries assisted for our members, living and dead, as provided for by the rules of our society.

The roll of this society includes now the names of 361 members, as against 350 shown at the date of our last annual report, a net increase of membership for the year of 11.

M. C. M

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York :**
The Opal Sea : Continued Studies and Impressions and Appearances. By John C. Van Dyke. Pp. xvi.-262. Price \$1.25 net. Postage extra.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York :**
Jesus and the Prophets. By Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D. Introduction by Frank K. Sanders, Ph.D., D.D. Pp. xvi.-249.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York :**
Life of Sir John Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A. ; Irish Historian and Archivist, Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, Secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland. By his wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. With Portraits and Illustrations. Pp. 461. Price \$5.
Letters from the Beloved City. Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. Reissue. Pp. 134. Price 50 cents.
The Subjection of Women. By John Stuart Mill. Edited, with Introductory Analysis, by Stanton Coit, Ph.D. Pp. 128. Price 40 cents.
The Tradition of Scripture. Its Origin, Authority, and Interpretation. By Rev. William Barry, D.D. Pp. xix.-278. Price \$1.20.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York :**
The Unseen World : An Exposition of Catholic Theology in its Relation to Modern Spiritism. By the Rev. Father Alexius M. Lépicier, O.S.M. Pp. 284. Price \$1.60.
St. Francis of Assisi, Social Reformer. By Leo L. Dubois, S.M. Pp. 250. Price \$1.
Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion. From Eastern and Western Liturgical Sources. Compiled by S. F. C., with an Introduction by Abbot Gasquet, D.D. Pp. 179. Price \$1. Leather, \$1.50.
The Holy Season of Lent. By Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R. Price 25 cents.
Confession and Its Benefits. By Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R. Price 25 cents.
- FR. PUSTET & Co., New York :**
The Cruz of Pastoral Medicine. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A.M. Second Revised and Enlarged Edition. Price \$1.35 net. Postpaid. *Kyriale Romanum.* Pp. 95. Price 25 cents net.
- WILLIAM H. YOUNG & Co., New York :**
An Introduction to the Catechism. For infant classes and for some converts. By the Rev. Thomas O'Keeffe.
- B. W. HUEBSCH, New York :**
Christian Origins. By Otto Pfeleiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph.D. Pp. 295. Price \$1.75 net. Postage 12 cents.
- NEW YORK CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, New York :**
The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Jews in the United States—1655-1905. Pp. xiii.-262.
- SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, New York :**
The Vincent de Paul Quarterly. Subscription 50 cents per year.
- SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES, Philadelphia :**
The Making of a Teacher. By Martin G. Brumbaugh, Ph.D., L.L.D. Second Edition. Price, postage included, \$1 net retail.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston Mass. :**
Hearts and Creeds. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.
- LAIRD & LEE, Chicago :**
The Standard Webster Pocket Dictionary. Compiled by Alfred B. Chambers, A.M. Leather Bound. Price 35 cents.
- CAREY & Co., London, England :**
Catholic Hymns. Original and Translated, with Accompanying Tunes. Edited by A. Edmonds Tozer. New and Enlarged Edition.
- WELLS, GARDINER, DARTON & Co., 3 Paternoster Buildings, London, E. C. :**
The Truth of Christianity : Being an examination of the more important arguments for and against believing in that religion. Compiled from various sources by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Thurston, D.S.O., Royal Engineers. Fifth Edition. Pp. 529. Price 2s 6d.
- EMILE PAUL, EDITEUR, Paris :**
Le Conventionnel Prieur de la Marne en Mission dans l'Ouest (1793-1794). By M. Pierre Bliard. Pp. 452. Price 5 francs.
- GABRIEL BEAUCHESUE ET CIE., Paris :**
La Providence et le Miracle Devant la Science Moderne. By Gaston Sortais. Pp. 190. Price 2 francs 50.
Oeuvres Orales du Père Henri Chambellan, S.J. Pp. 582. Price 4 francs.
- VICTOR LECOFFRE, 90 Rue Bonaparte, Paris :**
Au Sortir de l'Ecole : Les Patronages. Fourth Edition. Revue et Augmentée. Par Max Turman. Pp. xvi.-434.
- FÉLIX ALCON, 108 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris :**
Le Problème du Devenir et la Notion de la Matière dans la Philosophie Grecque Depuis les Origines jusqu'à Théophraste. Par Albert Rivaud. Pp. viii.-488.
L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ. Traduction Nouvelle. Précédée d'une Introduction ; suivie d'une nomenclature des emprunts de l'Imitation ; de la Traduction du Livre sur le Sacrement de l'Eucharistie. Par le Chancelier de Marillac, remaniée et amendée, etc.
- J. H. FURST COMPANY, Baltimore :**
The Ten Negudoth of the Torah ; or, The Meaning and Purpose of the Extraordinary Points of the Pentateuch (Masoretic Text). A Contribution to the History of Textual Criticism among the Ancient Jews. By Romain Butin, S.M., S.T.L. A Dissertation submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America in conformity with the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Pp. 136.

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DANTE AND THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.*

BY WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.



WHEN I name the name of Dante, a formidable word suggested by Æschylus hums in my brain,

"There is the sea, who shall exhaust its wealth?"

Ἔστιν θάλασσα, τίς δέ νιν κατασβέσει;

(*Agam.* 958.)

The sea of Dantean commentary; the deeper depths of the poet himself, who intended that his readers should, in their long voyage, explore the mysteries concealed in symbol, imagery, and metaphor, "beneath the veil of rhymes so strangely blent." Assuredly I do not dream that in these few minutes of gazing from the shore on all that purple of light and dark waves the secret of Dante may be laid bare. Yet I have thought it would not be unprofitable if we considered how the greatest of mediæval singers apprehended the spirit of poetry—that most intense, characteristic, and musical faculty of seizing on the universe which we so call—and in what way his idea has been wrought out.

Let me, from the first, utter my strong conviction that every real poem is a thing *sui generis*, a creation stamped with its

* The rhyming quotations are taken from Dean Plumptre's version of the *Divina Commedia* and the *Minor Poems*, as arranged by him.

creator's image; wherefore, the more exalted its maker, so much more likely is it to prove unique. Beyond all other men the poet is himself. He cannot be an average or an echo; he is not even a plagiarist, though he take and appropriate the spoils of a previous world; for he knows the charm by which to feed a fuller life out of the flames that lesser men kindle. Himself to himself the poet sings, as in a lone land where sky and sun, streams and woods, and all they nourish, are for his delight. But now mark the wonder. This being, so set apart, cannot open his lips, breathing his hidden thoughts, but he is answered by innumerable souls, who find in those accents their comfort, in those meditations what they have ever believed, in the strange yet familiar music a rhythm to which the best that is in them vibrates. The verses whereof our enduring world-poems are compacted, though inimitable, moulded once for all by a spirit that passes on and has no second, ring true along the centuries, outliving kingdoms, races, civilizations. We have heard these high commonplaces often, but they will bear to be repeated. The Greeks, we are taught, have perished, while Homer abides; Virgil is ever young, but the Roman Empire which he celebrated is only a name. Dante, also, sits among the immortals, for he is the voice of mediæval Christendom, more expressive than its miracles of architecture, its paintings in devout, clear colors, its schools and sects of wisdom; he remains, it has been said, its least antiquated achievement, and will be so ages hence. But the universal Dante was in his own time the most solitary of men, not like any other, simply and absolutely himself.

That is true as regards every one who has wrought something unique. We own it in our desire to learn more and more of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Sophocles, Homer; while these, as though marble gods, keep silent lips about their doings and baffle our curiosity. We know and know not. Take the Florentine, for instance. All his writings bring us close to him and are leaves from a full note-book, crammed with experiences, touches of local interest, the poet's journal for twenty years, nay, begun when he was a lad in his teens—see the first of the *Sonnets*, "To each enamored soul, each gentle heart"—they come down to the last sojourn at Ravenna. Yet can we boast that we have broken through the fence of briar-roses and entered the secret chambers of his dream? He is always the

master, we his disciples attached but awe-stricken; and there is the sea again!

We learn so much as he tells us, no more. The poets who stand highest, who reward the student most richly, will be always the most exacting. How should they not be? Cæsar, in the play, glances towards Cassius and murmurs:

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.

This, I take it, was Shakespeare's own judgment on the uses of reading. Literature, he would say, gives a wide and deep insight into the nature of men and things; else it sinks to an amusement, serves for a cheap stimulant, or is a passive entertaining of shows which come and go. Milton knew that the poet's life-blood must circulate in his poem, were it not doomed to be still-born. Would he have granted that a listless holiday reader is the audience for which it was created? In the right energetic mood, therefore, let us be thankful that Dante needs to be studied; that we must put our life into his pages if we are to take out of them what they hold of humanity, of light, wisdom, joy, and strength. The end which all such poetry fixes in its view is *deliverance*, to be set free from illusion by entering into the eternal order of the world and becoming one with it. Never, certainly, did any musician better understand the key-note of his composition, or dwell on it more insistently than this deliberate genius, in whom the gift we term inspiration appears as reasoning and art. He controls passion to his purpose; trains intuition by the largest knowledge his time had acquired; reads into every incident which befalls him a divine significance. He sees friends, enemies, lovers, craftsmen, politicians, warriors, Church and State, Italy, Rome, Florence, all things whatsoever, in the gleam of eternity. The world lies before him enchanted and supernatural. But he sees true, and the crowd sees false. He judges because he *has* seen "quite through the deeds of men." It is insight, not calculation; the ranks, vestures, dignities, heraldic trappings, in which authority is clothed or from which poverty is shut out, detain him not an instant; the soul itself appears naked before him. Such men, Cæsar concludes, are dangerous. They seldom come to good in this world.

Thus Dante found in his own spirit the source at once of poetry and of sorrow. He was born to it, as the sparks fly upward. Subtle thinker, using the dialect of philosophy with ease, yet his element—I pray you, mark—was passion, or, as he more aptly terms it, after Aristotle and Plato, it was love! “O Love, that with my soul doth converse hold!” he exclaims, striking the chord to which all his music thrills and answers, even in the dolorous abyss. With senses keen and exquisite he blends a power of fantasy, of shaping his dreams while yet awake, that gives them solid dimensions more than equalling real objects, as to most of us they appear. Nor is that all. Into this imagination feeling descends with violence, setting it aflame; great ideals of good or evil shine upon it as stars or balefires that sometimes “would the multitudinous seas incarnadine,” or turn them to a lower heaven of purest light. The transformation is ever in the poet, who elicits from that which stands in front of him a living action, by the magic of his touch, his glance, his all-embracing intellect. He transfigures, but to its eternal form, the mere outward of experience, and worships at his own shrine. Such is the “love that in his soul doth converse hold.” It is the concentration of energy, passion at a white heat, glowing from within.

Do we ask a proof? Dante has written the *Vita Nuova*; just as Shakespeare wrote the *Sonnets*. Infinite discussion moves yet round the inquiry whether a real or an imaginary person was the subject of these reveries, so deeply weighted in either case with reflection, so full of musing and melancholy. For my part, I am sure that they spring out of the soil of life; nothing will ever persuade me to look on them as exercises in rhyme. But the object of worship gave only an occasion; it need not have been, as philosophers distinguish terms, a real effective cause. That Beatrice dei Portinari, whom Dante saw as a child, whom he served at a distance with silent chivalry; we know her, I say, transfigured. She inspires her devout client from afar, as though a pictured saint. There is no question of marriage in this world between them. But the wonder-working love was in him; the tender pity which fancies her dying and weeps (Canzone iv.); the long requiem-chant of his bereaved years; the resolve to canonize her as none save the Madonna had ever been, in a glory of Paradise (Canzone vii.; Sonnet xxxi.). So Beatrice is Dante's creation. He rec-

kons his "new life," rightly indeed, from the day when he first set eyes on her, *Ecce Deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi*; lo, the god mightier than he that must overcome! Truly it was so; but the god had found a poet in whom to take up his abode.

For most men, I believe, there is a moment of supreme inspiration, when they catch a glimpse of love in youth; it is gone like the lightning, and they are common clay once more. In Dante the moment stayed; it grew to be the imaginative rapture which Plato has glorified in his *Phædrus*, winning the victory over death by an exaltation of love. From seeming death to life without end; and this by faith! To that ecstasy the *Vita Nuova* springs up, pauses on it, promises a grander fulfilment. Read the second Canzone, which has well been styled the Lauds of Beatrice. That and the passionate *Sonnets*, form the prologue in Florence, the overture to an Apocalypse which is conceived after the Christian fashion, as triumphant when grief and sin have done their worst. Without such a prelude we could never pierce into the meaning, for it is no mere allegory, but stern and happy experience, the redemption of a soul, that our elect of lovers has shadowed forth in his pilgrimage from this world to that which is to come. There is nothing like it in Shakespeare; and how far below it stands Goethe's too-sensuous, too-earthly "Faust"?

The Platonic rapture, the pilgrim's journey, the knight's quest; it is, in loftiest rhyme, another rendering of that idea which haunted the Middle Ages, and of which in the *Morte d'Arthur* we read the prose-romance. Observe how in these epics chivalry mingles with religion and is sanctified by it; how adventures that end for spirits like Sir Lancelot in the whirlwind and purple-dark air of the doomed lovers, bring Sir Percival or the true Sir Galahad to a vision of the Sangreal and the Divine Peace. This one immense thought lay brooding over Christendom during well-nigh a thousand years. It takes palpable shape in St. Augustine's *City of God*. But everywhere it implies a descent into the darkness; a journey towards the light; a revelation not vouchsafed to all; and, vast as it spreads, it is yet the solitary spirit that must lay hold of that idea or perish. The pilgrim travels alone, though not without a guide whose trial is over. These were the colors, ancient and popular, which Dante made his own with sovereign

mastery. Nothing in them was private or exclusive; he plucked them, so to speak, out of the general atmosphere. But by their means he created a *Vita Novissima*, of which he became the hero, led on by his star; *se tu segui tua stella*, said in the shades Brunetto Latini, prophesying of his fame; and to the like effect Cacciaguida in Paradise, who exhorted him that he should never heed the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" (*Inf.* xv.; *Par.* xvii.). As the chivalrous quest demands, he remains always in view. The Christian epic, it appears, could not be otherwise imagined. It is a soul's tragedy, the return of an exile; repentance, purification, reconciliation.

But it is also Dante's life in a parable. "He apprehends a world of figures," for in this medium the prophet moves. No plain, unvarnished style can utter the message he brings. When, therefore, Beatrice is lost by an early death to her servitor; when he has felt the horror of great darkness, doubting (as he tells us in the *Banquet* that he did) whether Church and religion were true; when he has fallen below the standard which heroic youth sets itself; and has come to "the mid-pathway of our mortal life"; at five and thirty he is found among the pilgrims who thronged at Eastertide, in the memorable year 1300, to the Jubilee at Rome proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII. In that Holy Week the spirit, we may boldly affirm, came upon him and he prophesied. There his *Divine Comedy*—ironical, suggestive name!—opens in the wood of this world, "wild, drear, and tangled o'er," the gloomy forest where Knights of the Cross have often lost themselves, as he had now. By the kind of foreshortening proper to dreams, past and future mingle; his exile from the "fair fold" (*Par.* xxv.), to be accomplished within three years, already casts its shadow about him. Bitter, proud, and sad, loving yet hating Florence (unjust stepmother to her greatest son), at war in his own mind, he must choose either everlasting anarchy, with Lucretius and all doubters, or the way of peace. He chooses and becomes the singer of Christian faith, the Catholic Homer, the new Virgil of a Holy Roman Empire. Rome, ever august, predestined to the sceptre and the keys, the high portal of both worlds, is made the copious matter of his song.

Two special Italian qualities mark him out among the supreme. He conceives of all truth in a form palpable to touch and sight; essentially, therefore, real, yet at the same time

symbolical; he is picturesque not abstract in his dealing. And he knows how to bestow on that form a greatness of expression, such as we meet afterwards in his fellow-citizen, Michael Angelo, in Leonardo da Vinci, in Titian. He is often quaint, and so betrays the mediæval, childlike temper; but he is constantly sublime in his single strokes, massive and weighty lines (almost, we might call them, the artist's epigrams), and his concrete designs. His prevailing mood does not allow of humor; in those other great artists there is none. The burlesque touches of some late cantos in the *Inferno* rather offend or terrify than amuse. His play is cruel—read the encounter with Filippo Argenti (*Inf.* viii.); his satire passes into irony, scathing as flakes of fire, above all when it smites his native town. He is subject to fits of rage and scorn, to *la rabbia*, as Boccaccio represents him in real life; but they are prompted by the sense of justice. For "oppression maketh the wise man mad"; and never did any spirit love righteousness or hate iniquity more than he. Freedom, established on the divine law, that was his life-long aspiration. It finds fulfilment when Virgil, his guide and master, bids him farewell, in Eden's glades, the time of novitiate ended:

Look not for me to signal or to speak;
Free, upright, healthy, is thine own will now,
And not to do as it commands were weak;
So, crowned and mitred, o'er thyself rule thou.

(*Purg.* xxvii.)

Innocence, never lost, or by penitence recovered, within; freedom without; such, according to our poet, is the high mark towards which he presses forward; the goal to which all things move, though multitudes by their own fault may swerve aside and drop into fathomless ruin. He believes that choice determines fate, often with eloquent philosophy teaching free-will its power, in strains as lucid as they are ravishingly sweet (*Purg.* xvi; *Par.* iv., vii., xix.). Hence, he can be turned from evil if he will, and the *Via Terribile* upon which he goes is for him a ladder of hope. Take note again how this poetry is real, no feigning of capricious images, but severely truthful. It deals in the depths and heights with laws of the Eternal, with facts and those unchallenged by the wisest, as Dante felt. Would he have given twenty years, in

banishment, poverty, heart-devouring grief, to the mere delight of stringing syllables in a measure and painting *genre* sketches, which meant no more than they said or showed? Impossible! The song and its meaning make up one unparalleled living whole, to the poet himself a revelation. So we can grasp it as he gave it; or else it forfeits the claim which Aristotle made for epic and tragedy, that it is the most philosophical of writings and the most serious (*Poetics*, 9). In a figure, I say and concede; but have we any wisdom which is not figurative? And the poet's imagery appeals to all, because it gives delight.

Now, holding this clue, it would be time to follow the traveler; yet there is something else. Who shall serve as *dramatis personæ* to this Miracle Play? Dante, Beatrice, Virgil—yes; heavenly messengers, saints and prophets of old; the powers of Nature symbolized from Greek mythology; powers of evil lurking in the unseen; a great and strange assortment; be it so; yet these are not enough. His own time shall furnish characters, good and bad; those storm-shaken centuries which were then culminating in the strife between Philip of France and Boniface VIII., a turning point soon to be marked by the translation of the Papacy from Rome to Avignon. For it was the end of an age (*Purg.* xx.; "I in Alagna see the fleur de lys," and the rest). But he who saw quite through the deeds of men saw the men themselves, each alone, and passed sentence on them. Like Aristophanes, he names their names, holds up to view their vices, virtues, weaknesses, leaves them visible six hundred years afterwards, in that enamel which, it would seem, no length of days can wear out or subdue to faded colors.

Herein he differs from the charming allegorist, Spenser, who weaves devices that have now only the attraction of his fantasy; whereas, in the *Divina Commedia* we yearn over living creatures and know them for our flesh and blood. So they acted, so they suffered; they are not inventions of the poet's brain. Their dates may be read in the calendar. What a thrill it gives to learn that Francesca of Rimini and Ugolino of Pisa died in the same year! How we are moved when the repentant soul in the *Purgatorio* cries: "I am Manfredi!" And we call to mind the fair-faced, brilliant, unhappy, and wanton son of Frederick the Emperor, whose excommunicate

bones are bleaching by Verde's banks, though his spirit be saved. Then there is Cavalcanti among the heretics in those burning tombs (*Inf.* x.); Cavalcanti, whose youthful son, Guido, was Dante's dearest friend and exiled by him. "What a sad world where these things can happen!" we say to ourselves; and yet it is our own, it has not changed. The blighted hopes of the poet sigh their lament over Henry of Luxemburg, just and brave, who was to deliver Italy; whom Dante counselled, and whose crowning he perhaps beheld in the Lateran in 1312, he too, though raised to the heaven of Mars, could not but disappoint the patriot, and die without having achieved aught of lasting worth (*Par.* xvii.). Friends, enemies, strangers, acquaintance, all who in the chronicles of those fierce Italian cities had won renown by noble deeds, by infamy, by misfortune, crowd at the poet's call to his Acheron, or slowly ascend the Mount of Purification, or shine in the Empyrean. Snatched from life, set in clear perspective, they keep their identity and are recognizable by speech or gesture—only they remain now fixed in that enamel from which they never again shall emerge. "When Minos has given," says the Roman poet, "conspicuous judgment upon thee" (Horace, *Carm.* iv. 7); a sentence here most surprisingly illustrated. For Dante is Minos and Aristophanes in one.

His judgments are ethical; a two-edged sword cleaving to the marrow. We must never deem that the frightful phantasmagoria which fills his opening part was for its own sake; it is symbol and token of the disorder within. Michael Angelo, copying those gloomy episodes on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, can but paint their horror; Dante lends them a voice and they become articulate. The undying instances of his manner have passed into classics, which all know without having read them. Fifty lines tell the tale of Rimini (*Inf.* v. 88–138), with what swift strokes, what tenderness, grief, and truth! Dante judges like a man kindly, like a god justly. We do not blame the Divine Purity against which Paolo and Francesca have sinned; but well we understand why the poet, as he turns away, swoons with compassion at a doom so piteous. The law is a good law, and those who break it here below confess in the tormented air that they deserve to suffer. "Needs they must that sin," exclaims the chorus in *Æschylus*; "that the evil-doer shall pay the penalty—these things ancient

legend cries aloud" (*Choëph.* 313). But our stern Florentine pours into the cup a human kindness which is all his own, and all Christian.

So, then, we may endure, as lessons in the nature of things, the dreadful imagery—rivers of blood, and snows of falling fire, trees that writhe in torture, shadows trampled on, the boiling pitch of Bulicame, the leaden copes which weigh down hypocrites—all the gaunt, spectral scenes through which we pass shuddering until we reach the frozen heart of that dead universe. Here is one of the true symbols which announce a poet creative and profound. The dark fires have turned to ice, for Love has been dying out as we descend, and now its opposite reigns—Hate perfect in malice, Envy which strikes at the Primal Good, Treason to Love is the last word. Dante has listened to the traitor Ugolino while he tells the story of the Hunger Tower (*Inf.* xxxiii.); after the harrowing speech, yet in its anguish touching, there rises upon us a voiceless vision of the Malignant One, and the treasures of evil are exhausted. Upon that dark hour the star of Easter dawns. We spread our sails above a new and lovelier sea.

The Orient sapphire's hue of sweetest tone,
Which gathered in the aspect, calm and bright,
Of that pure air as far as heaven's first zone,
Now to mine eyes brought back the old delight.

(*Purg.* i.)

A time there used to be, after modern men of letters had revived the study of Dante, when the *Inferno* seemed incomparably more to their mind than the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*. Carlyle, saturnine genius though he was, did not fall in with such a mood; he called it justly Byronism. The winged spirit of Shelley had always soared above it. And so much is certain; those who forsake the pilgrim as soon as the morning air blows on his forehead and light springs up from the sea—that "trembling of the main" when sunrise touches it—know him but in shadow. The higher octaves of his great musical descant are for them inaudible. His magic is to bring joy out of grief, else he were no follower of Beatrice, and still unredeemed.

Perhaps, in the range of literature, no more beautiful conception is found than this of the going up, stage after stage,

along the Hill of Purification, learning at each ascent how the soul may be renewed, until a second forest is reached, not gaunt and drear as that wood in which man lost his way, but the garden-forest of Eden, clad in its Easter freshness (*Purg.* xxviii.). It is very human, too. Biographers have noted that in many cantos of the second part those qualities which marked his temperament are better shown by our gentle master than elsewhere. His converse with Virgil and Statius, and theirs with one another, as they traveled upward, bring to my remembrance days in the Appennines, when I was young, and we scholars pilgrimed to Subiaco, or some famous shrine, talking philosophy by the way. A singular happiness flows round the companions like a light; for such discourse was Dante made and for such friends, rather than for the strife of Guelfs and Ghibellines in which his serene spirit was clouded, his heart fretted to insanity, his years consumed. Surely we pity him.

I figure to myself the *Purgatorio* as some vast mediæval monastery on the slopes of a hill—Cassino or Monserrato—in which forgiven sinners do penance. They suffer, yet they are at rest; the Church's liturgy, with its hours, its Latin chants, measures their day and night; they fast, weep, and pray in the cleansing fire; and for their keepers mighty angels are set over them, guardians of the place against evil (*Purg.* viii.). Consider well Dante's angels. They are no "machinery," such as the shallow Renaissance critics thought indispensable to an epic poem. They are real, with a majesty and power derived from the Christian's faith as he broods over his Bible; and if we would see them, we must look on those denizens of eternity whom Michael Angelo has painted in the Sistine among Prophets and Sibyls. They belong not, as Milton's unearthly visitants, to the creations of literature in the main, but to religion; they are "true ministers indeed," but likewise powers that move the spheres (*Par.* xxviii.). Their beauty of green or ruddy vesture, their dazzling aspect as of the morning star, their swiftness and yet their tranquility, leave us wondering, pleased, overcome, and strangely satisfied. I have gone for their image to the last of the Florentines; but let us not be unmindful of an earlier pencil. Frà Angelico, whose heavenly colors fall out of this self-same religion, "with the angels painted." The secret by which they have been discovered and compounded is a certain youthful purity, intense as flame, which the old reli-

gious discipline fostered, and which later faults could not wholly obliterate.

We follow the flying voices, read the lessons sculptured on the rocks, hearken while the spirits chant their Pater Noster—"Our Father, thou who dwellest in the heaven"—their invocations of the Madonna, their Gloria in Excelsis when the purified soul rises by its own lightness out of the Valley of Humiliation; and we pass through the fire which had barred Eden's gates when Adam was thrust forth into the wilderness. It is now almost forty years since I began reading the seven cantos with which the *Purgatorio* concludes; at every Eastertide I recall them with delight and amazement, as expressing the happy yet tender mood which binds in one the Day of the Crucified with his triumph over death, and his Resurrection. Even the fierce invectives of which Dante is master, the allusions to high crimes in holy places, cannot quench his joy.

And the meeting, at last, of the pilgrim with his heart's desire; Beatrice's descent amid the rain of blossoms, her garment of living flame, her beauty in rebuke, her sovereign charm, which has drawn up to such a height the proudest, now the most penitent, of men, who knows himself for an immortal poet—again we have to say that on no other leaf is a story like unto this one engraven (*Purg.* xxx). It is the "recognition" which in Greek tragedy was the turning point or the crisis of pathetic power, and surely it yields to none. The blending of human with ideal passion is complete; we cannot divide them, "number there in love was slain." The prophecy of the *Vita Nuova* is accomplished with a magnificence of apparel, an inward depth, a simple antique strength, which is only not the Attic style of Sophocles because it has infinite side allusions to a more mysterious faith. Beatrice's glory crowns the *Purgatorio*; there is left the still greater glory of the Madonna to wreath in light the *Paradiso*. This noblest among Christian poems celebrates the triumph of pure womanhood. A significant moral, meet, shall we not believe, for these our times?

Lady, thou art so great and of such might,
That he who seeks grace yet turns not to thee,
Would have his prayer, all wingless, take its flight. . . .

In thee is mercy, pity ; yea, sublime
Art thou in greatness, and in thee, with it,
Whate'er of good is in creation's clime.
(*Par.* xxxiii.)

And of the *Paradiso* what can one say, the space being so short? If I had time, I would endeavor to interpret those strains which to Carlyle's ear, and, I suppose, to the modern generally, sound as "inarticulate music." Not so to us who hold the faith which Dante held, who still keep communion with his hierarchies of angels; with Francis of Assisi, for whose greater renown he inspired Giotto to design the lovely frescoes over which we have lingered in the saint's own resting-place; with Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, whose lucid teaching still rings down these grave harmonious lines, an antidote to Lucretius and all unbelief and sadness; with Benedict and Bernard, and the many more, throned in the empyrean, yet meeting us in starry splendor, in mystic dance and song, as the pilgrim is caught up with Beatrice from sphere to sphere. All that you must read for yourselves, bravely, perseveringly. You will not lose your reward. If much of it comes very strange to you, bear in mind that no slight benefit of poetry is the remoteness by which it lifts us out of the common, unfixing our too steadfast hold upon things which, as long familiar, can neither teach nor inspire. "Such is this steep ascent," toilsome at first, then delectable and divine:

Light of the intellect, replete with love,
Love of true good, replete with perfect bliss,
Bliss that doth far above all sweetness prove.
(*Par.* xxx.)

A new power of vision will thus be created in you, giving strength as well as clearness to the mental sight (*Par.* xx.); and when you lay the poem down, though you should remember not a line of it, you will have gained that which all great literature promises, intuition of the deepest human truths and a sense of peace. Did space permit me, I would contemplate with you the Rose in Heaven, living and forever not to fade, whose leaves make a world at one with itself, while the River of God gladdens it (*Par.* xxx., xxxi.). I would show you how the light is reflected again upon Dante's observant mind, so

that he views the flowers of this lower land, the Alps and Apennines, the sea that couches along by Pisa and Genoa, the stately palaces of Verona, the Lateran throne, the streets of Florence, the solitudes of Fonte Avellana, and whatever else falls beneath his gaze, in a rapture which enables him to pierce through veils, and dissipate shadows, and judge the world aright. For he has seen, where the multitude are blind; and his poetry is truth everlasting.

To chant that sublime song he adapted, if he did not actually invent, the *tersa rima*, which flows on and on like a mountain stream, now hoarse and solemn in its deep gorges, now shimmering in the sun's rays, rippling and foaming, but broadening as it moves, until it meets the ocean and its waters return whence they came. But to what shall we liken the poet? He has left a symbol of himself in words untranslatable, of which the sense may be faintly given thus—but they are, indeed, sweeter than English tones can echo:

As is a lark that cleaves at will the sky,
First singing loud, then silent in content,
With that last sweetness that doth satisfy,
So seemed to me the image there imprinted
Of that eternal joy which, as each will
Desires it, stamps the fashion of its bent.

(*Par.* xx.)

If to have written a Bible is the noblest achievement in literature, then, reverently I say it, Dante has done this thing. For in the *Divina Commedia* we read the Bible of Italy, history, prophecy, Apocalypse, which no time will antiquate.

STUDIES ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BY M. D. PETRE.

V.

NIETZSCHE THE ANTI-FEMINIST.



ALTHOUGH Nietzsche has consecrated a few paragraphs to the subject of woman in most of his works, readers must not look to him for any special or original theory on this subject. And yet we can hardly omit, from a general study of his works, some mention of his anti-feminist philosophy. Here was a matter in which the influence of Schopenhauer, about the most virulent woman-hater that ever lived, remained predominant to the last. Perhaps in the Wagner period these opinions may have been moderated, but, when he reacted from this second great intellectual influence of his life, he inveighed the more energetically against the other sex, just because Wagner had given to woman a very marked and definite part in his scheme of art and life.

Nietzsche had not the same reason as Schopenhauer for the adoption of his theories. The latter was never able to regard women except from one point of view, the one which is unhappily common to men of his life. Nietzsche, of pure and irreproachable conduct, had no reason for looking at women from this standpoint. When he tells us that love between the sexes is, in reality, an inverted hatred, we hear the voice of Schopenhauer and his like, to whom only one kind of relationship between men and women seems possible. But there are other elements of his feministic philosophy that are more personal, more his own, and it is with these that we really have to deal. His more substantial grievances against women are grounded on his general principles, and interesting as a further development thereof.

I.

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.

We shall not be surprised to find that Nietzsche was as much opposed to the movement in favor of female emancipation as he was to the advance of democratic ideas. On this point his condemnation of women was absolute; as regards the distinctly feminine sphere of action, marriage and motherhood, we shall see presently that his severity was more qualified.

Women are slowly, but surely, invading all those provinces of thought, and, still more, of action, that have hitherto been confined to masculine effort alone. Not only have they adopted professions and occupations for which they would have been considered a hundred years ago unfit, but they have likewise given some proof of their fitness by the capacity they have displayed therein. How far their present success will be maintained, is a question that cannot yet be answered; the subject is still immature. It must be remembered that it is, so far, rather the intellectual *élite* of women who are flocking into scientific professions, while it is the mass, good, bad, and indifferent, of the other sex that still occupy them; therefore, to establish a comparison just now, would be like comparing the best of one class with the best, worst, and middle of another. Only when it becomes, if it ever do become, as general for women as for men to lead a professional life, and when the glamor of novelty and ambition have passed away, shall we be able to form a relative estimate of the capacity of men and women in the same intellectual work. We will only just hope that, before that time arrives, too many men will not have come to the conclusion that, since it is woman's delight to work, they, for their part, may gratify their very legitimate delight to play!

As to the professions which ought to be open to women, and those which are unsuited to their sex, it is certainly most difficult to lay down any law. One wonders if it be reasonable to deny her access to any profession for which she proves herself to have the necessary ability. The barriers which yet block her way are, more or less, conventional, and will inevitably give way to the rising tide. When we look back we see how each successive outwork has been guarded in turn, while its defenders asserted, with more vigor than reason, that those

already captured were unessential, but that just this one stood on the line which no true woman should cross. But no sooner were they driven back, than they asserted precisely the same thing of the next fortress at which they took their stand; in this, not unlike the defenders of a few other losing causes.

They were trying in fact, but were trying vainly, to make an essential distinction where none really existed, and the attempt was doomed to failure, because life is stronger than artificial custom. It is better to face the question boldly, and to admit that, unless we can find some more radical distinction between what is unconventional and what is unwomanly, we are fighting a battle which is already lost, for the enemy is even now swarming to the very heart of the beleaguered city. That there is some such distinction we ourselves most firmly believe; but, just because this distinction is so fundamental and essential, it must be sought in something deeper than mere choice of external occupation. There are men who, from pure chivalry, look on regretfully at this process, thinking that woman can never be sacred to them again, once they have jostled with her in the senate or the market-place; and there are other men who are stirred by far less generous motives in their condemnation of the movement. But others again there are, both men and women, who are not influenced chiefly in their disapproval of the present state of things by any theory as to the proper functions of woman herself; what they dread rather is the injury which may be inflicted on those same professions and occupations. They deprecate, in fact, the *feminizing*, first of manly occupations, and, subsequently, of man himself. They fear that the influence of political, or literary, or journalistic women will make itself felt in a predominance of those elements of impulse and emotionalism which are generally regarded as feminine characteristics. Nor will this be noticeable only in their own work, but their masculine co-workers will not remain uninfluenced, and thus, in many things wherein the world has hitherto moved forward under the guidance of men alone, another factor will now be at work, a factor regarded, until now, as unsuited to the labor of objective thought.

Now this is the party to which Nietzsche would have belonged, and we know him well enough by now to guess what his principal reasons would have been.

In the first place, he did not believe in raising anybody,
VOL. LXXXIII.—11

from whatever state of weakness or misery it might be. We have a right to rise as high as our own powers will lift us; we have no right to rise an inch higher. Of course in this he ignored, as we know, the essential part that society plays in the education of the individual; and, in his strenuous advocacy of self-activity, he overlooked those occasions in which even the strongest man may need momentary support, in order to exert himself the more energetically hereafter. But, with certain qualifications, there is truth and wisdom in his doctrine; and the women who are working for their own sex would do well to take it to heart. The highest freedom is that which we win for ourselves and which no other can win for us; and freedom is not a stereotyped, material possession, but flexible and varied according to the circumstances of each one. It is the greatest mistake to confound liberty with the possession of certain external privileges, and the result of so doing is that the supposed oppressor has sometimes to be called in, to protect the weak in the handling of those arms which he has himself bestowed on them. When women ask for liberty of precisely the same kind and quality as that which men possess, we are tempted to ask if Nietzsche may not be partly right; whether the movement is wholly spontaneous, that is, springing from internal needs and intrinsic, though latent, capacities; or is not, in part, due to an artificial, extraneous impulse; to ambition rather than to natural fitness.

And how untrue it is to suppose, with some women writers of the day, that the work of emancipation has been entirely their own. I think we may take it for granted that those who know how to rebel have already ceased to be slaves. The movement towards emancipation arises first, as Dr. Kidd so well shows in his work on *Social Evolution*, in the hearts of the ruling and not of the subject classes. Unless some outside influence penetrate within the walls of the Eastern harem, is there the least likelihood that woman herself will ever revolt against her fate? As Nietzsche himself has said, with a certain caustic truth, no man ever speaks so hardly of women as woman speaks of her own sisters.

Still, most of us are more humble-minded than Nietzsche. We should be sorry to be cut down to that amount of life and liberty which we had been able to win by our own unaided efforts. But we can just go with him so far as this—what we

get must be appropriated, must take root in the soil of our own nature, or it will be ever a false and artificial growth. So that he was right in condemning everything in the feministic movement which was not calculated to be carried on by its own inner force, and throve only by servile imitation and external support.

Also he was right, in so far as he may have seen, with the others whom we have mentioned, some danger of the feminizing of our general social, or political, or intellectual life. In so far as a woman's view is complementary of that of a man, she will bring variety and completeness to the consideration of any subject; but it is to be regretted when she makes her presence felt rather by the importation of a subjective and emotional element in matters which should be dealt with in a purely objective manner. We can hardly deny that something of this has taken place; that the influence of women can be traced in the diminution of a certain manly reticence and severity, which are needful in public thought and action. It is in such cases we feel that women have not so much brought their own contribution as qualified, and weakened, the contribution of men.

It is easier to recognize this evil than to see exactly whence the remedy is to come. Not certainly from such reactionary measures as Schopenhauer and Nietzsche would have advocated, but perhaps rather from the very contrary policy, that of urging the movement onwards, till its good and its bad become manifest. - The very novelty of this feminine influence, in provinces where women had not before penetrated, has been, at first, disconcerting. But the more women are admitted as equals, the more quickly will it be proved if, and in what, they are, intellectually, inferior. So long as men tolerated their intrusion with a kind of superior indulgence, they are liable to be over-influenced, just because they expected too little. As time goes on difference of sex will come to be less and less noticed, and women will succeed or fail exclusively according to their genuine capacity for the professions they have undertaken. That they will ever prove intellectually equal, as a class, in objective work, is what many of us doubt; and, just for this reason, it is not by any means the strongest and most independent characters amongst women that have always forced themselves to the fore in the emancipation movement. Just as they felt that they could not do men's work as

well as men, they have felt that they could do some other things very much better, and these, not merely domestic trivialities, but works of very true intellectual and spiritual value. Perhaps what has sometimes disgusted such women, in the action of their more forward sisters, has been their evident desire to imitate and adopt masculine attributes; the very last thing which a more independent woman would wish to do, cherishing, as she does, too good an estimate of her own sex to have any wish to exchange it. Such women, when they do undertake what is generally regarded as the work of men, will bring to it characteristics all their own, and will thereby enrich rather than enfeeble it, even though on some sides they may fall short of the masculine standard. But, however this may be, while circumstances continue the same, it is almost ridiculous to think of stemming the current. We cannot accept the more positively reactionary measures of Nietzsche, we can only advise women to learn from him *to be true to themselves*, that is, to seek chiefly that work which they feel to correspond to the needs and capacities of their own nature; to be influenced, not by the ambition of doing what men do, but of doing that which their own soul craves to be doing. His lesson to them would be, once more, that of true independence, and true independence is that which seeks the liberty proper to each one, not a stereotyped liberty, which consists in the right to certain external privileges, unconnected with true personal and intrinsic development.

II.

MARRIAGE.

In *Der Fall Wagner*, speaking of Wagner's great drama, "Der Fliegende Holländer," Nietzsche says:

"What becomes of the *Eternal* (wandering) Jew, whom a woman worships and brings to rest? Why, he simply ceases to be *eternal*, he marries, and interests us no further. Translated into reality, the danger of the artist, of the genius, and such is the *Eternal Jew*, is—woman; adoring women are their ruin. Hardly one of them has sufficient character not to be spoilt—*saved* (sic!) when he is treated as a god—he at once condescends to the woman. As woman well knows, man becomes a coward before the *Eternal Feminine*. In many instances of feminine love, and perhaps just in the most famous, love is

simply a more refined *parasitism*, a building of one's nest in another soul . . . ah! at what cost to that other soul."*

In an earlier work, *Human, too Human*, he writes:

"Without knowing it, women act like those who would take the stones out of the way of a mineralogist, that his foot may not strike against them—whereas he has just undertaken his excursion for that purpose."†

Quite in accordance with the rest of his philosophy, Nietzsche feared the influence of women on himself and on other men, because of its possibly enervating effect. His dread was to have the path made smooth in front of him; to have any loving heart interpose itself between himself and his struggle with the bracing hardships of fate. The love of woman was, in his eyes, beset with two dangers for the chosen man; first, she will, as we have just said, protect him from those very risks and pains by which his manhood is made and developed; secondly, he thought her nature parasitic, and that she would drain the man's strength into the service of her own weakness.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, when, as so often, he deals with the same subject, gives us nothing more than a witty presentment of Nietzsche's theories. Woman the hunter, and man the hunted, correspond exactly to this doctrine of the parasitic nature of woman's love. And the remedy, in Nietzsche's eyes, was that woman should be restored to her old position, that of subject and slave. Nor would this even, in his eyes, be any real hardship to the woman, since it was the state suited to her nature, and which, in her deepest heart, she preferred.

"The happiness of man is *I will*; the happiness of woman, *he wills*."‡

As to the passion of love, he never really departed from the philosophy he first imbibed from Schopenhauer; only in the consequences to be deduced from those theories did he strike a different line. Indeed that same conception of love, which he had formed regarding the love between man and woman, to which the term has been applied in a certain peculiar sense, he carried over to other affections also, suspecting nearly every kind of attachment to be really founded on the fierce instinct of self-aggrandisement.

"But most plainly of all," he writes, "does sexual love betray itself as an impulse of appropriation; the lover seeks unconditional possession of the desired person, unconditional

* *Der Fall Wagner*. Par. 3. † *M. a. z. M.* Par. 431. ‡ Also sprach Zarathoustra.

power over soul and body. . . . How is it that the fierce covetousness and injustice of love between the sexes has been thus divinized . . . when it is perhaps the most uncontrolled expression of egoism?" *

In other places he points out how this kind of love is often more akin to hatred, and it is noticeable that, even after he had entirely repudiated all allegiance to Wagner, when he had nothing but dislike and contempt for most of his productions, he could, even to the end, hardly overcome his genuine admiration for "Tristan and Isolde." In this drama is depicted, as in none of the others, the bitter fatality of love. In Isolde's song of love and death is a most perfect presentment of the tragic theme of Schopenhauer, the pathetic struggle of individual love and life against the overwhelming forces of nature and destiny. Nietzsche admired this drama because it depicted love in its most dire and tragic form; in its bitterness, its hopelessness, its passion, its turbulent self-destruction.

And yet he believed also in the possibility of a kind of love which should not be subjected to this tragic, egoistic impulse. He was of too pure and tender a nature to be able to omit the highest affections entirely from his philosophy. When a young friend once asked him what substitute he proposed for the poetry and romance of love, taken in its more exclusive sense, he answered: *Friendship*, which would exhibit fully as many vicissitudes, and as much pathos. And, at the conclusion of the paragraph from which we have just quoted, he writes these beautiful words:

"There is a certain development of love in which the covetous longing of two people for one another has yielded to a higher mutual thirst for an ideal above them both. But who has found such a love; who has experienced it? Its true name is friendship." †

But we must not think that he had no higher philosophy in regard to marriage also. The ideal marriage of the future was to be contracted in the interests of the superman, man and woman uniting themselves for the production of something which should transcend them both. And he at least implies that this ideal shall ennoble parents as well as child, that the higher object they have in view shall be, not merely the begetting of a nobler race, but their own fulfilment of a greater end.

In this marriage of the future mere passion is to be no de-

* *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*. Par. 14.

† *Ibid*.

termining factor; he who is impelled by passion alone is not acting by his own strength and initiative.

"It should never be allowed to any one," he says, "to take a decision as to his destiny when he is in love, and to determine his future companionship by a whim. The union of such lovers should be declared invalid and marriage forbidden them, just because marriage should be taken in so much more serious a sense."*

"One day," said Zarathoustra, "you must love beyond yourselves. Learn, therefore, first, how to love. It was in order to know this lesson that you had to drink so bitter a chalice of love. There is bitterness in the chalice, even in that of the best love. Thus is awakened the desire of the superhuman, thus is its thirst awakened in thee, O creator! The thirst of him who would create, the arrow and the desire of the superhuman, tell me, brother, is this what moves thee to marriage? I bless such a desire and such a marriage."†

We see then that, in spite of his reactionary views on the question of feminism, and in spite of his cynicism in regard to passion and love, Nietzsche was not altogether the commonplace woman-hater; that he was combating certain real difficulties, and pursuing a certain real end.

Let us recall once more that characteristic of his teaching, his hatred of the parasite; his contempt for any claim that was grounded on mere weakness. When we see women, too often, making their appeal just on this score, we surely cannot deny all truth to Nietzsche's accusations. Even in these days of female emancipation, the old spirit of caprice and coquetry seems as much alive as ever; and what is coquetry but a confession of weakness, with the avowed intention of making that weakness, not a shame, but a claim; and a claim, not simply for the help which all may need at times, but a claim to have weakness, *qua* weakness, recognized as a right and a privilege, not as a loss and a sickness? It is thus that woman often leads man in virtue of her very inferiority, not in virtue of that particular strength in which she is actually his superior and entitled to a definite influence. Such women might learn much from Nietzsche's scathing reproaches; might learn that weakness, *in itself*, can never be right matter for a boast, nor right means of influence. We should seek those stronger than

* *Morgenröthe*. Par. 151.

† Zarathoustra. *Marriage and the Child*.

ourselves in order to be cured of our infirmities, not in order to make them the servants of our misery.

A second point of his teaching on which women, who think the matter out dispassionately, will find matter for thought as well as blame, is his view as to her being fitted and intended for marriage alone, and having no personal and independent mission. In the last section I tried to show how futile it was, in these days, to raise up barriers against this profession or that; how little it really matters what professions women undertake, when once it is clear that they must undertake any at all. Therefore, on this point, we must regard Nietzsche's strictures as untimely, in the sense of coming too late and not too soon. And, in judging of the proficiency of women in these things, the question of sex should not enter at all; a woman should be judged by precisely the same standard as a man. But there is a whole world of activities and interests in which the distinction of sex is as clear and imperative as ever, and here it is that the emancipated woman must fall into rank with the rest of her sex, since her outer privileges have nothing to do with her life as wife and mother. A woman may use her muscles, both physical and mental, may be an athlete, if you will, or a senior wrangler—the question now is: What is her part in marriage; in that life wherein the respective rights and duties of sex properly and necessarily enter?

We have seen what Nietzsche thought of the romance of love-making, and how very much higher he put the romance of friendship; also, how strongly he believed in the subjection of woman, once a man did enter on the married state. But, in spite of many crude assertions, his theories sometimes issue in a more spiritual doctrine than he himself consciously admitted. Though he never named the possibility of a superwoman as well as a superman, she did, indirectly, enter into his reckonings. When two people are invited, in marriage, to look to something higher than their own ends, there must surely be a predominating spiritual element in their union, and this cannot be on one side and not on the other. Thus, with an idealized marriage, we rightly expect a more spiritual authority and a more spiritual subjection.

The appropriation of the word love to a kind of passion which, in its deterministic and unspiritual character, is further

removed than any other attachment from the ideal of high and spiritual friendship, has made some believe, with Schopenhauer, that love between man and woman is no real love at all, and that its glorification is the work of mere romance. They stand out in absolute opposition to those others, who seem to think that every kind of love was first derived from the love of the sexes. Now the probability is that this love was, actually, not the first, but the last to be spiritualized; that the ideal of friendship arose apart from it, and only, much later, was admitted as a constituent of conjugal love. But, though later of development, is not this ideal eventually one of the highest, just because it unites the opposites of human nature, body and soul, deterministic and spiritual force? So that, while we can fully agree with Nietzsche and others as to the selfish, fatalistic, impersonal character of love, taken in the sense of mere sexual passion, we can nevertheless maintain that this same passion, *sacramentalized* and *spiritualized*, becomes an element of the highest kind of love which this world can show. Even though we should then admit that it is rather the man who receives and the woman who gives, that he, with Nietzsche, is to find his destiny and life in "I will," and she in "he wills," though she is to belong to him in a sense in which he cannot belong to her, though she is to work for his ends rather than he for hers, this does not make their love a mere counterplay of egoistic and altruistic emotion. It is possible to be unselfish in receiving as well as in giving, when both receiver and giver are looking to something above themselves. In such case there is no ignominy in subjection, no tyranny in authority, for both are fulfilling their own highest aspirations, the one by her devotion, the other by the truth and generosity with which he accepts it. Such a union is, indeed, a preparation for what we too may call the superman, a preparation, by mutual fitness, but not by that kind of mere material fitness which is advocated by a certain school of evolutionists. The spirit is not born of the flesh, and the highest future of the race cannot be secured by the blending of physical advantages. The very element of love, which is overlooked by such philosophers, may, for aught we know, have a distinct part in the work of human progress, but, for true spiritual progress, it must be an attraction of the spiritual as well as the material order. Thus the principles of organic evolution may find their best

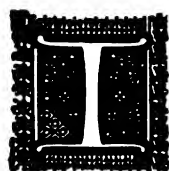
fulfilment, not in opposition to, but in co-operation with those of spiritual progress. "Démon, Démon, deviens Dieu," said Richard Wagner to the passion which he would spiritualize—and so, in the highest development of human love, the demon is divinized, and the body subjected to the soul, passion made subordinate to spiritual love.

It is short-sighted to suppose that this highest ideal of marriage is incompatible with the movement of female emancipation; quite the contrary. When a woman's only chance of any kind of honor and liberty was in the married state, she had every conceivable selfish motive for entering it. But now, when her life can be happy, honorable, purposeful, in its own single right, we may justly expect that she will only abandon her prospects of strictly personal work and activity because she sees that, in her case, a still higher end can be reached by her co-operation with another. Just because the modern woman has fewer self-interested motives for marriage should she undertake it in a more serious and self-sacrificing spirit when she does feel herself called to it. She will marry, not to liberate herself from the otherwise inevitable thralldom, but to give herself up to another who can help her, as she can help him, to the better fulfilment of the life's end of both. She is no longer regarded as a failure because she does not happen to be a wife or a mother, but, for that very reason, will she be more generous and devoted, when she freely chooses that life and those duties. There was a time when only the Church had a word of respect for the unmarried woman; that time is passed, and a woman has now her own value and her own opportunities, even should she never be called to share the life of another. We may hope then that, just as she will be more discriminating in the choice of the one to whom she commits her destiny, so she will be more ready for the self-donation to which she is thereby pledged, more prepared for the labor and sacrifice it will entail. The modern woman should prove, eventually, the better wife and the better mother, just because she has entered on that life, not for any extraneous advantage, but because she finds it worth the sacrifice of the many other possible interests and duties. She has no longer any excuse for accepting it as a *pis-aller*; she must undertake it, therefore, only when she feels that, in it, she will find scope for her highest energies of heart and mind.

LIFE AND MONEY.

V.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



IN a reform movement, doctrine, organization, atmosphere, methods are important. Each should be studied in relation to the others, and no complete judgment of the movement may ignore any one. At times the highest degree of conformity between the individual and the movement will be reached in the atmosphere rather than in the doctrine. In the preceding article, the mental set of Socialism was outlined. It was there stated that class point of view, feeling for equality, despair of institutions, idealism, characterize the socialist movement. These feelings are shared in varying degrees throughout society; one is found strongly developed here, another, there. Circumstances hinder at one time, favor at another, the development of this point of view. Where individuals or classes obey any of these general impressions, and follow them to their psychological consequences, Socialism appears quickly. That it does not develop more rapidly is due largely to our indifference to our own impressions; to the fact that interest, language, moral perception, apathy, check us, and our impressions fail of what they might accomplish. Where no hindrance appears, however, the process is different.

One who believes fully, and with sympathy, that the only sure basis of personal liberty is economic will scarcely avoid Socialism. Few believe and feel it. One who believes that equal men should have equal liberty through equal guarantee is prepared for Socialism; one who is deeply impressed by the inequalities of life and the disorder among rights; one who is swayed by one's idealism—all such are predisposed mentally to accept Socialism. The learned and the ignorant, the lovers and the haters, the believers and the unbelievers, the reverent and the irreverent, whom we find in Socialism, differing, as they do, so widely and so strongly, are found to be largely

alike in fundamental impressions. They have or tend directly to have in common the points of view described as constituting the mental set of Socialism. These give coherence to the movement, form to the doctrine, spirit to the propaganda, and inspiration to those who believe. They who find complaint pleasing and discontent natural; they who judge the real by the ideal; they who find in despair or in idealism tone and feeling which provoke agreeable activity and companionship, are caught by these aspects of Socialism, and not a few enter the movement because of that.

Johnson in number 74 of *The Rambler* makes an observation which might have been based on accurate observation of modern Socialism, so aptly does it apply to much in it in our day. He says: "It sometimes happens that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous habit of examining everything by the standard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the understanding, and teaches the mind to discover faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident likewise to men of vigorous imagination to please themselves too much with futurities, and to fret because those expectations are disappointed which should never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man rashly determine that his unwillingness to be pleased is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appears from less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may sometimes justly boast its descent from learning, or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity and nursling of ignorance."

The type of mind referred to by Johnson lends itself readily to socialistic propaganda. Expect perfection and despair must follow, so far short in every way does the real fall from the ideal. It matters little what the cause, or the doctrine, or the aim. Any form of activity which appeals to a given type of mind is apt to win that mind through sympathy and stimulation rather than through conviction and argument. In asking, then, about the relations of savers and spenders to Socialism, it is atmosphere, temperament, general point of view, that is kept in mind, and not technical doctrine or discursive reasoning.

I.

Savers are not inclined to become socialists. They are conservative, satisfied. Their savings represent the success of institutions. Nothing else vindicates private property as forcefully as accumulation. A writer in the *New York Sun* says of the saving French laborer: "The distribution of wealth in France is of too general a character to leave a very large field for the spread of Socialism. The lower bourgeoisie, among whom may be included the better paid workman, whose one ambition is to rise as soon as possible to the rank of master, are both hard working and thrifty; they constantly add to their little stock, eagerly awaiting the day when, safely invested, its interest will allow them to live at their leisure. When that day arrives, the small tradesman closes his shop for the last time and goes off to live as a rentier at some suburban place, where his chief occupations are his daily walk and taking a hand at cards in his favorite café."

Savers are individualists, hopeful and contented with the inequalities of life when their nearer ambitions are attained. There are rich and well-to-do among socialists, brought to Socialism in many ways, but that does not appear to militate against the general view that the mental traits which saving habits create are such as hinder the saver from inclination to Socialism.

The case is different with the spender, though it seems that even he is not inclined toward Socialism as one might be led to believe. The spender is restless, discontented; he lives in a state of discipline forced upon him by an income rigidly limited and notably insufficient for his deliberately fostered wants. Spenders are constantly striving to maintain themselves above their income level, sacrificing essential for accidental, show for substance, living in debt, in daily contact with others of larger means. One would be inclined to say that the message of Socialism should appeal strongly to them; and yet we find, in fact, relatively little Socialism among the spenders.

II.

Every population reduces to classes of some kind. Money classifies us, and we are rich, poor, or middle class; learning

divides us, and we are educated or uneducated; descent separates us, and we are foreign or native, of "common people" or "honorable ancestry"; culture groups us, and we are of the four hundred, the smart set, the mob, we are or are not in society; vocation marks us, and we are employers and laborers; and craft divides the laboring class into skilled and unskilled, mechanics, masons, carpenters, or engineers. Modern political institutions have made brave efforts to ignore these differences, and to deal with men as men merely; modern social philosophy has given supreme sanction to the effort, and surely much success has been achieved. But institutions do not so easily control mental states and personal characteristics, and these classes endure as mental states, affecting lives very extensively. Social valuations are not amenable to civil law. In most of us, our social valuations govern our ambitions and conduct. The instinct for rivalry, passion for distinction, eagerness for self-realization along the line of our values in life, remain dominant. The social atmosphere in which we live, spenders included, is an atmosphere in which there are hierarchies, classes, standards, and selfish valuations.

The typical spender finds himself in a definite social class, but that is a mere accident in life. His ambitions lead him to rise to distinction in the class and then to go beyond. The spender is directed by a personal, individual point of view; his spending is for individual pleasure, or social distinction, or to maintain a standard. He has the fixed mental habit of looking upon the class to which he belongs as a group out of which he is to emerge into larger freedom and fuller life; it is not a group for which he would nobly consecrate his life, or bravely lead a propaganda. And as the majority of those in such a group are likeminded, there is little to free the spender from his self-seeking and the individual point of view.

Nor do spenders believe in equality; not class, not race, not humanity, but self; not equality, but inequality. They are impressed more by those things wherein men are unlike, than by those wherein they are alike, as is the case with the socialist. They do not emancipate themselves from a subtle, selfish point of view; the broad, ethical view of the race, whose members are nobly destined, does not appeal to them. Professor Taussig said at the last meeting of the American Economic Association: "Each layer in society deems itself better

than that below, and wishes to be as well thought of as that above. Each set decks itself with those outward symbols, from starched linen to stately mansions, which proclaim to the onlooker what stage of worldly advancement has been obtained. The snobbery of the race, however flouted by the satirist, persists in undiminished strength, and this is a factor of the first importance in the economic world."

Like the average mortal, the spender is a creature of hope. He believes in the good time coming, that fortune will yet favor him; that larger salary and wider life may realize his ambitions. While there is hope, there is life. While he can see a higher place in life and institutions, as they are, from which no necessary obstacle hinders him, while he plans and endeavors to better himself, hope fills him, directs him. Ambition is hope, enthusiasm is hope, zeal is hope. This hopefulness releases the spender from fear of the future, and he lives up to his means or beyond them; it restrains him from despair over things as they are. He judges institutions, events, and men by reference to himself and not to class or race.

The spender is at least mildly selfish, concrete, definite, hence is disinclined to the ideal. More salary, better food, travel, leisure, culture, make him content. He may love justice, prize honesty, and believe in some form of human equality, but justice as an inspiration, perfection as a campaign platform, equality as a working policy seem not to possess the same force of appeal as with the socialist.

III.

It is suggested then that while the condition of the typical spender is one which involves much striving and no little discontent, his views, habits of life, and personal aims develop in him a mental habit and points of view which not only do not make for Socialism, but seem, on the contrary, to act against it. The socialist takes an unselfish class point of view, believes in equality, despairs of our institutions, and becomes an idealist, while the spender develops mentally in opposite directions. Allowance must be made for apparent exceptions, since many factors enter the situation; the typical spender is acted upon by many forces and may or may not become a socialist. When other forces do act, and do produce the mental set described

as leading to Socialism, the result is different. This is seen from even a brief review of the conditions which are producing Socialism.

Fundamentally, the Western peoples have come to believe in ideals, social, political, and industrial, which express a high estimate of the individual man; personal freedom, education, culture, private property. Development has created many classes and has distributed property, culture, and actual liberty in a way to deny opportunity to very large numbers. Those who are alive to the ideal and restive under its effective exclusion, mainly the laboring class, the poor, react and create movements of protest, such as the labor movement and Socialism. Aside from the hundred accessory phases of the movement, Socialism is an organized effort to square enjoyment with wants, possession with desire, real with ideal. This is taken to be justice, and thus Socialism becomes an ethical movement, a demand for the moralizing of life and possessions; an effort to make man superior to property, to express equality of men in industrial form and to universalize culture.

The contradiction in the individual's life between what he is and has, and what he definitely aims to be, creates discontent, the impression of injustice, and desire for justice; association with thousands of his fellow-men, who have the same ideal and feel the same discipline and defeat; impressions generalized and intensified by daily experience with the more favored, who possess in abundance and spend with useless display and ignoble selfishness; all of these make for Socialism, tending to generate the mental atmosphere in which it flourishes. To-day Socialism has become a more or less vague body of doctrine, impression, protest, idealism—actively represented and propagated; vague enough not to repel, and yet distinct enough to attract all whose life experience it expresses adequately. It is organized discontent and constructive idealism, but it seems that in the main it is protest against injustice, and demand for justice. The socialist has many wants, they are far in excess of income. His demand for their realization is a demand for justice as he and his class understand it. The spender has many wants; they are far in excess of income. His aim, however, is not justice, but pleasure, or prestige, or distinction. He is conscious of a striving to better himself; he is resourceful, persistent, and hopeful, but he is

not a seeker after justice. The narrowness of his view, the selfishness of his aim, the delusion of hope which so influences him, tend to hold him in an atmosphere quite foreign to that of Socialism. But when the thousand converging lines of influence in social life awaken in the spender a profound impression of inequality, extravagance, contrast, and he is awakened by this process from recoil against inequality and injustice into thirst for justice and equality, he is graduated into Socialism, or, at least, is brought close to it.

IV.

A review of the factors which contribute to the development of Socialism and socialistic sentiments, would undoubtedly contain some surprises for those who believe that Socialism is created by socialists. The best work for its progress is done outside its ranks; notably by the indiscriminate condemnation of men and institutions and motives. The recent "literature of exposure" has so increased in quantity, and so developed in intensity and personality, that there is danger of exaggeration, the last result of which is to justify the despair of Socialism and endorse its condemnation of everything. The facts are serious enough. None may question that. But the indiscriminate condemnation of men, and universal suspicion of what they do, will carry popular unrest too far, and create exacting standards which no human effort can reach. An interesting illustration is found in an incident in the State of Washington told recently in the United States Senate. The State, after some years of bitter struggle, which had disrupted the old party lines, created, in response to determined agitation, a railroad commission. Discrimination, oppression, injustice had been charged against the railroads, until every one seemed to feel the iniquity as something personal. The Commission went to Spokane, held public sessions, invited complaints, asked merchants and shippers to appear, and, after eight days, adjourned without having received a single complaint.

It might be of interest, too, to ask whether or not education, without regard to social adjustment, may not, at an early day, contribute in an important way to Socialism. If our institutions are turning out every year thousands of young lawyers, physicians, college graduates, who find few professional

opportunities, who are compelled to wait for years before they become self-supporting, because they will not engage in any labor which is below the standard set by their aspirations, may they not find in Socialism an organized expression of their feelings against conditions, and possibly an agreeable field in which to exercise their ability. Germany sees it realized in her large number of educated socialists. Did not Bismarck see danger in Germany's educated proletariat? A recent writer in the *New York Sun* says of France: "The profession of Socialism is an easy step to notoriety, and in France notoriety leads to power. Judging by their public conduct, it is hard not to believe that personal ambition, rather than general good, is the motive which actuates many of the socialist leaders."

The depth to which selfishness and individualism have fixed human nature, gives promise that it will be long before Socialism's point of view will gain dominion. That we would be infinitely nobler and happier, were we safely possessed of much in it, need not be denied. A brief survey shows one many influences at work, developing the mental atmosphere out of which Socialism springs. Widespread as extravagance is, and baneful as are its effects, it is hardly to be counted, at present, as among the strongest. The typical spender is not a candidate for Socialism.

AMONG THE SUBMERGED.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

"I have said: you are gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High. But you like men shall die, and shall fall like one of the princes" (Ps. lxxxi.).



BEING anxious to see a Night Shelter in working order, I decided to become a temporary inmate. The decision was easily arrived at; the method of procedure was the difficulty. Should I present myself as a vagrant; or challenge pity as a journalist?

A moment's reflection brought with it a ray of light. For, whereas (thus I argued) every vagrant is not necessarily a journalist, every journalist, on the other hand, is essentially a vagrant—a course of reasoning which was apparently endorsed by the local authorities, who admitted that I was eligible for the Spitalfields bounty.

The next thing to do was to locate Spitalfields. Where was it? I had asked. But the polite world did not know. One friend stated her conviction that it was "away off in the dark"; exact district, unknown. Another said it was sure to be "somewhere east"; and with a delicate wave of her hand she vaguely indicated that benighted quarter. Then a certain well-wisher advised me to go as far as the Bank of England, which to many is the furthestmost point in London, and then to inquire. He believed Spitalfields was only a mile or two from there. So having taken this friend's advice, I eventually arrived at the bank, and by dint of exhaustive inquiry I proceeded to the lost land of Spitalfields, via Whitechapel, East.

On my arrival at Whitechapel a drizzling rain was falling, and everything looked gray and sad. But, under the most favorable conditions, Whitechapel could hardly look otherwise. It is one of those dreary places that never change. Spring or autumn, summer or winter, it matters not. No green leaves appear in Whitechapel. No message of hope is vouchsafed to

its denizens. Sometimes a grimy sparrow will defy the surrounding gloom, hopping in and out among the traffic, as if life held some joy. But Whitechapel takes no count of sparrows. And yet, does not Michael Fairless speak of them as so many harbingers of hope—"dumb Chrysostoms, who preach nevertheless a golden gospel"? For, as she says, "the sparrows are to London what the rainbow was to eight saved souls out of a waste of waters—a perpetual sign of the remembering mercies of God."

And here in Whitechapel the reminder is needed; for, in view of the sights and sounds of the locality, one is apt to forget.

On the evening in question there were no sparrows to be seen; only a dense mass of jostling, ragged humanity, shawl-wrapped and silent. It was the same old East which, once seen, is never forgotten.

The East, with its tight-shut lips and its look of endurance; the East that draws its shawl close to hide its rags and hurries on without a murmur; the suffering, pathetic East that sins much, yet loves more—for here every stricken soul is counted a brother.

Along its pavements I saw stunted-looking youths and girls, with pale, drawn faces. They were out of work, yet because they were young, they braved life with a smile. The world to them held possibilities. Here an unkempt figure, having nothing else to do, leaned against a damp wall and stared into the night. He, poor wretch, had no illusions. There, in the shadow, crouched a mother and child. They, too, were homeless; and the pitiless rain was falling. Now an Israelite shuffled past, grimy and bent, his eagle eyes overshadowed by bushy brows and his nervous fingers twitching. He might have stood for Shylock, awaiting his pound of flesh. Sometimes a dock laborer passed by with slow, dispirited steps. Or a tired woman crept along disheartened, head on breast. On each one's horizon loomed the figure of Want; the gaunt, cruel, spectre, which each knew so well. For to-day, as often before, the labor market was at a standstill, in consequence of which thousands of men, women, and children were living—God knew how.

As a significant fact, it may be stated that no Scotchman ever pitches his tent in Whitechapel, its denizens being con-

fined to English and Irish and the remnants of Europe. These consist of misfits from Russia, exiles from Poland, units from the Fatherland, shivering Italians from the South; and representatives from each of the lost tribes of Israel. Listening to the babel of tongues, over all of which floated the buzz of Yiddish, it was difficult to realize that this was a London slum. Here there were but two designations: Christian or Jew. At times it was hard to distinguish them, all being swarthy looking men and collarless. In the feminine world it was different. Here every be-wigged figure proclaimed Judea, while the touzled head stood for Christendom. And to all outward seeming it was a Christendom that had fallen from its high estate. Poor and bedraggled, with lack lustre eyes, from which the light of faith had been extinguished, they sought for comfort in earthly things. A beer-jug was their talisman as, with hands clasping it round, they hurried down the side street, bent on drowning their cares. Others again, whose harvest was the night, lurked about the street corners with roving, restless eyes. On every face the past was written in clear-cut lines; for the hand of fate never falters. In the glare of an occasional gas jet, each human form stood out in turn; then each was smudged into the background of the Unknown. They went past the neighboring lamp-post in drifts, as the snow is driven before the wind. And, as I watched them pass away in the darkness, I was reminded of the old Roumanian folk song which begins and ends with the suggestive lines:

Into the mist I gazed, and fear came on me;
Then said the mist: I weep for the lost sun.

So they flitted past, these human souls, like so many sad butterflies seeking for light.

Leaving the main thoroughfare, I took a turning to the left. It was a busy street flanked by warehouses; and continuing my way, I presently came upon Petticoat Lane, which is the centre of Jewry. At this moment it was a sea of heads and a confused babel of sound, for the sons and daughters of Judea have a gift for bargaining. Rags and bones, fish, crockery, old clothes, vegetables, and *Kosher meat*—everything is sold in Petticoat Lane. Flaring torches affixed to the street booths lit up eager faces in the foreground, and gave a sug-

gestion of peering eyes in the shadow. With a frame round it, Petticoat Lane might have been an old canvas, hanging in a Dutch gallery.

Then leaving Petticoat Lane I hurried on until I came to a narrow turning. This was a cut-throat looking alley, whose patron saint seemed to be Claude Duval. But though the name of the street, and its sinister aspect, suggested highway robbery, its obvious poverty was enough to discourage any son of the road. For there was small quarry in Duval Street. Indeed, the place seemed to lie under some evil ban, which the common lodging houses did little to redeem. In spite of which, the price of beds had gone up; each bed letting at seven pence per night, as opposed to four pence and six pence of former times. From this it must not be thought that money was more plentiful than hitherto. It only meant that beds were now in inverse ratio to the population; the increasing number of the homeless leaving them an easy prey to the lodging house keepers.

Nevertheless, the common lodging houses were full, for whoever could beg, borrow, or steal seven pence, paid it willingly for the boon of securing a night's lodging. And to those who have trailed the London streets, the money is well spent. Of course the lodging house has its drawbacks; the air is frequently foul and the bedding filthy. That there are even greater disabilities is testified to by many. "*Facilis est descensus Averni,*" says the poet, to whom Spitalfields was not. But had he lived in our day, and slept in one of these London dens, no doubt the poet would have been more explicit.

In and around Duval Street is notorious ground. It was in this quarter that many of the victims of Jack the Ripper were done to death; and Spitalfields keeps in its evil heart the mystery of those tragedies, of which each was more gruesome than the last. Investigation has failed, and the quarter remains as before—impenetrable. Rumor now has it that this district, which is tucked away behind Bishopsgate Without, is undermined with secret passages. But of this no one has definite knowledge. All that is known is that men, fleeing from justice, frequently escape in this quarter, vanishing as if by magic, to reappear almost simultaneously several blocks away.

As I made my way down Duval Street, I was conscious of

a certain eerie feeling having crept into the night air, as if the ghosts of dead criminals kept watch in the shadows.

At the further end of the street were a few dingy shops, and in one doorway stood a woman. She was clad in a ragged skirt and a black satin blouse, now in shreds, the more solid portions of which were held together by a large white pin. To judge by its rusty age, the pin was entitled to a pension. But the owner appeared oblivious of all responsibility, personal or financial, as she put her hands on her hips and gazed at me with apathy.

"Can you tell me," I asked politely, "where is the Night Refuge, Crispin Street?"

In reply to my question the occupant of the blouse pointed a silent finger into the dark; for which information, thus mutely conveyed, I murmured my thanks; whereupon she jerked her head in testimony of her good will. Duval Street wastes no words on the passing stranger.

When I stood outside the Night Refuge it was barely half past five, but no one was in sight. Crispin Street looked like a desert waste, with the rain coming down in a lonely drizzle. Then a Jewess loomed up out of the darkness and joined me on the steps. She seemed prosperous; at least she was not in actual need, which in the East End means prosperity. Then the door opened, and it transpired that she had come to seek a servant among the ranks of the destitute. For myself, having asked permission to see the Sister in charge, I was ushered into a lofty parlor, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate. Then a Sister of Mercy entered the room and spoke a few words of welcome. In answer to my inquiry as to when the inmates might be expected, I learned, to my surprise, that they had already come.

"The doors open at five o'clock," she said, "and at a quarter past five every vacancy is filled. We can only take in three hundred each night," she explained, "consequently we have to turn many away."

"And they, where do they go?" I asked.

"They have nowhere to go," she said sadly. "So they walk the streets all night. Yes; it is hard on the women and children."

From the parlor she led the way across a flagged corridor and opened the door of an immense room. It seemed well pro-

portioned and well lighted, with a big crackling fire at either end of the room. But though I knew these things, I was not conscious of seeing them, for my eyes were held by the human interest that filled the room. All that I really saw was this: rows and rows of careworn faces; faces of poor women who had fought and failed; of those who had striven and gone under. Here they were sitting side by side, the good and the bad, the ignorant and the cultured; and they were all destitute, all homeless. It was a scene that cried out in sorrow, for the life-story of each was a human tragedy.

When the door had opened to admit us, each face was raised, and I was conscious of being scanned by numberless pairs of eyes. To be exact, there were in that room a hundred and nine human beings. And it seemed to me, in that moment, as if every pair of eyes was asking the meaning of life.

Why were they destitute, they seemed to say, when from every altar the Christian code was proclaimed? Why were they starving, when the land was overflowing with riches? Why were they idle, when there was work to do? The scene was one which compelled thought. Here were women young and old; women who would be glad to work, rather than be dependent on charity. Here were children, starving and ill-clad, many of whom had never known a home. That such a thing can be is hard to realize, yet in the heart of London many a child lives in the streets, sleeping under the bridges, and warding off starvation by fair means or foul.

At the end of one bench sat a woman with a child at her breast. She looked weary. She had walked the streets in the rain since early morning. By her side were three elder children—all tiny toddlers. These had clung to her skirts all day. They were starving, as were also her husband and her eldest boy, who were being sheltered in the men's wing. On the other side of the room sat a woman whom I knew. She was a hat-trimmer, and admittedly a good "hand." Yet she, too, was in the shelter, waiting for the turn of the wheel. Sixty-five years of age, yet capable and active, her one ambition was to earn enough to keep herself out of the workhouse. If she made but ten shillings a week, she could do it. Nay; give her but seven, and she would manage to exist. Not every one, it is true, could do this; for when three, four, or even five

shillings have been deducted for rent, there is not much over for food and clothing. And the trimmer has to consider appearances; her employer expecting her to look respectable, even though she starves. Many women try to fulfil all these requirements, but many fail. Some, finding so little money available for food, buy drink instead; with the result that the "hand" soon sinks into the depths. Alas! there is no respectable occupation for a drunkard.

At the Crispin Street Night Refuge there were all classes, and many were the poor women who were battling still with the light of hope in their eyes. It was not easy, for the life of the destitute is an unprotected one. They may not sleep in the open street—the law forbids it. Therefore, they must keep moving—always moving throughout the livelong night. Sometimes they sink by the roadside, overcome with weariness. Then they sleep, in spite of prohibitions, and it is the dreamless sleep of the exhausted. But the respite is of short duration, for soon a dark lantern flashes in on tired eyes, and a voice warns them to "move on," while a policeman stands beside them. Instinctively the sleeper scrambles to her feet—such is the force of habit—and shambles on with lagging step. Whither? What matter to the homeless. East or west—it is all one to her. Every road leads downwards.

Under such circumstances as these, it is hardly to be wondered at that crime should be rife in Christian cities. It is the crime of the shelterless; the sin of the destitute.

I remember, on a recent occasion, reading some lines written by Aubrey de Vere which, apart from their original context, seemed to be fraught with the pathos of life in great cities. Listen to this. Is it not like a cry of piteous pleading?

I heard a woman's voice that wailed
Between the sandhills and the sea;
The famished sea bird past me sailed
Into the dim infinity.

I stood on boundless rainy moors;
Far off I saw a great rock loom.
The gray dawn smote its iron doors;
And then I knew it was a tomb.

Surely it was the knowledge of human misery such as this, the temptations and trials of the open streets, that prompted a Catholic priest, Father Gilbert, to institute a Night Shelter for homeless women. This shelter, founded in the year 1860, was the first unsectarian charity in London. In its first beginnings it was a humble effort; just a stable in an alley, where accommodation was provided for fourteen poor women. A few years later, however, owing to the untiring labors of its founder, the stable gave place to a more spacious building. Thus, little by little, the work has grown, until it is as we see it to-day, when, instead of accommodation for fourteen, the Crispin Street Refuge houses each night one hundred and nine women, and one hundred and forty men, all of whom are not only lodged but fed. In connection with the Shelter is a free soup kitchen, which distributes 1,200 quarts of soup weekly to the neighboring poor. Out of these works, but quite apart from them, have sprung others; first, the Boarders' Home, where girl typists and students are lodged for a small sum per week; second, a Home of Rest, opened in Hertfordshire, for the benefit of working women who require an inexpensive change; and third, a Servants' Home at Crispin Street, where respectable girls are received free and trained for domestic service. This latter is a work of great charity, and one whose usefulness can hardly be overstated. And it is to be regretted that want of funds impede its development, thus depriving many poor girls of what may well be their only chance in life.*

There are to-day many Night Refuges in London, all of which are doing good work in coping, as far as they may, with the problem of the houseless. But in most of these institutions, a sectarian character is traceable; and, with few exceptions, they are not free. The charges made are small; two pence for a bed, one halfpenny for a cup of cocoa; one halfpenny for bread. But, small as the price is, it is often beyond the means of the poor, while the destitute are necessarily ruled out. The latter have, therefore, no choice but to apply for admission to the Casual ward, which, besides carrying with it the stigma of pauperism, is not, strictly speaking,

* A detailed account of the Crispin Street Refuge and Home is given in a charming *Memoir of Monsignor Gilbert*. Compiled by his nephew, John William Gilbert, B.A., who is he present secretary of the institution. London: Catholic Truth Society.

a free shelter, inasmuch as, in return for a plank bed and a basin of thin gruel, the destitute man is obliged to pick oakum or to break stones. From the nature of the work, the latter is physically impossible to the man whose health is impaired by privation. But until the appointed task is finished, the inmate of the Casual ward is not released. And when he is finally set free, the day is too far advanced for him to obtain employment.

With these facts in view, it may not be without interest to mention the salient points of the Night Shelter at Crispin Street.

No charge is made for board or lodging; neither is service required in return. There is no distinction of creed; the Jew and the Christian receiving an equal welcome. And finally, each case is inquired into. Pending inquiries, however, the applicant receives hospitality. As regards meals, every inmate receives for supper a large bowl of cocoa and milk, and a roll of white bread. Breakfast is the same as supper. This is served at 7:45, and by eight o'clock each man has set off in search of employment. The Shelter is open throughout the winter months, from November 1 to May 1.

According to the wish of the founder, the actual work of the institution is carried on by the Sisters of Mercy, to whom he originally entrusted the work. The ownership of the buildings is vested in trustees, all of whom are laymen, while the current business affairs are managed by a working committee, of whom the Superior and the Secretary are members. The work of the committee is no sinecure, for upon them devolves the decision of how best to help individual cases. Sometimes, if a case is reported as particularly deserving, clothes are provided for those who have obtained employment; or coal tickets and food are given to those in distress. On other occasions, tools are released from pledge to enable their owners to secure work; or perhaps a broken down peddler is given a little stock; or, if the circumstances seem to warrant it, families are sometimes started in a little room—the committee supplying the furniture gratis, and paying the first week's rent. From this it will be seen that self-help is the guiding principle of the work; the poor being helped to help themselves.

As regards the every day working of the Refuge, the doors open as early as five o'clock. But long before that time

a huddled mass of shivering humanity waits outside. There are two distinct entrances, one leading into the men's wing, the other belonging to the women's wing. Each is of course worked on similar lines. Thus on the first night, *i. e.*, on the 1st of November, every applicant receives a white ticket. This is the probationary ticket which entitles the holder to board and lodging pending inquiries. Should the result be satisfactory, or if the applicant having done wrong shows a desire for amendment, a pink ticket is given in place of the white. Holders of pink tickets receive three weeks' board and lodging; though in special cases they may be kept for a longer period.

Thus, on ordinary nights, there are two sections of applicants, those with white and those with pink cards. When the doors open, the holders of the pink tickets file in first, and for each night's lodging a notch is cut in the ticket. Then come the probationary inmates, and lastly the new applicants, until all the vacancies are taken. They all file into the big room where benches are ranged alongside the long tables. Here the women sit; some read, some work. But most of them just sit there with their arms resting on the table, too tired even to talk. Down the centre of the room are two desks, at one of which sits the Sister in charge, at the other sits her assistant. Before each is an open book. One ledger contains a name roll which is called each night; in the other is entered the particulars of each case. The particulars required are name, reference, and cause of misfortune. The applicant is urged to make a candid statement, as mercy is as often shown to the erring as to the unfortunate.

Among other privileges at Crispin Street every inmate has the use of the bath rooms, where hot and cold water is laid on; soap is also provided, and as many clean towels as may be required. Outside the row of bath rooms is the washing place. Here, in addition to the washing basins, is a long, narrow foot bath, measuring from eight to ten feet long. Frequently before supper a row of East End babies sit here in a row, plashing and crowing, while they are washed by their respective mothers. Close to this is a room where the women may wash and dry their clothes, or make the necessary repairs.

In the men's section of the Refuge the same order prevails, and they, too, wash their own clothes. But, as if con-

scious of not being adepts in the art, I saw a poor man, with guilty haste, withdraw a half-dried garment from before the fire, as if he had perpetrated a crime and been caught red-handed.

Here in the men's department the books are kept with the same business-like precision as in the women's. Occasionally a police officer comes to seek a defaulter from among the ranks of the destitute. Perhaps the culprit is not then in the Refuge, but it may be that the law wishes to trace his movements throughout the past few weeks. So the books are opened and the inspector runs his finger down the neat columns until he finds the name in question. But, considering the number of the submerged who pass through the shelter, the malefactors are few.

The men's dormitory is larger than the women's. It is built on the same plan, but it contains one hundred and forty bunks, as compared with one hundred and nine. The bunks are ranged along two opposite walls, with a double row down the centre of the dormitory. By the dormitory door are two small cubicles, one on either side, which are occupied—in the women's section by two Sisters, and in the men's section by a superintendent and his assistant. This arrangement secures to the women and children instant attention in case of sickness, and among the men the supervision precludes the possibility of disorder. But it is satisfactory to learn that the conduct of the inmates is exceptionally good.

The bunks in each dormitory are made of wood, each bunk being built two feet from the floor and closed in at the foot by a low wooden door. The space thus enclosed between the floor and bed-level is utilized as a cupboard, where each inmate stores his small possessions as well as his clothes. For, unlike in the Casual ward and the common lodging house, the inmate at Crispin Street may divest himself of his superfluous garments, knowing that they will be untouched during the night. Otherwise the pauper is constrained to go to bed fully dressed; whatever else he possesses being wrapped round his waist, to guard them against robbery.

The bunks stand side by side. There is no space between; each is divided from the next by a wooden partition which rises four or five inches above the mattress. This bunk consists of three deal boards, which being detachable can be

taken out and scrubbed. Over the three planks is laid a flock mattress, covered with oil-cloth. This has the advantage of cleanliness; and in case of infection it may be washed over in carbolic. A small bolster, and a soft leather cushion complete the furniture of the bunk during the day. At night each inmate receives three large sheepskins by way of bed-covering, in which he wraps himself round: preference being given to sheepskins rather than to blankets, in view of their greater warmth and cleanliness.

As an interesting item, and one not generally known, it is noteworthy that before General Booth instituted the Salvation Army Shelters in London, he first visited Crispin Street to study Catholic methods. And it is a tribute to the genius of Monsignor Gilbert, that the institution which he founded in 1860, should continue to be regarded as the model Night Refuge of the metropolis.

Outside each of the dormitories there is a fire escape—an iron gallery which runs round the outer wall, and leads down into an open courtway. Inside the building a fire-saving apparatus has, on several occasions, done good work in saving the lives and property of their neighbors, to whom the Sisters lend willing service.

The windows of the men's dormitory look down on a row of East End houses, soot-laden and grimy. Most of these are Jewish houses, to judge by the three lighted candles which shine in their windows each Sabbath eve. Adjoining them was the synagogue—which place of ancient worship has now been acquired by the Refuge, and is utilized as the men's washing place.

As I passed along the dormitory, through rows of bunks, I noticed here and there a brass tablet, bearing the name of some special benefactor. Of these some were Jews, some Christians, who, by founding a bed in perpetuity, give testimony to the excellence of the work done. Among the particular benefactors stands the name of Cardinal Manning, who founded ten beds.

It was after the great Dock Strike in London, when as the People's Friend he had been chosen by both parties as the common mediator. The situation at this time was one of extreme seriousness, for neither employer nor employed showed any sign of yielding. And it was only when the labor Cardinal raised his voice, and appealed to what was noblest and

best in the human mind, that the magnetism of his personality bore down all obstacles, reconciling the two warring camps—the representatives of Capital with those of Labor.

Subsequently the people of England showed their appreciation of his services by a handsome presentation, half of which he donated to the Night Refuge at Crispin Street, and half to another London charity, both of which institutions were laboring in different ways for the welfare of the homeless poor.

Passing down a flight of stone stairs, and across a flagged courtway, I finally entered the men's living room. There were one hundred and forty men present. But at sight of those starving men, row upon row, my eyes fell. It was the most piteous sight I had ever beheld, for here were the men who had gone under—dock hands, artisans, tailors, coster-mongers, navvies, peddlers—men who had sunk, never to rise. But the destitution seemed even greater among the better classes, to judge by the refined faces of the majority. Some were in rags; others had spent their last few pence in procuring a clean collar. These last were seeking employment, and knew the value of a good appearance—for no crime damns like poverty. But, for the most part, the men were past struggling. So, with careworn faces, they sat silent, in a tattered crowd, to eat the bread of charity. And over all there brooded a silence—that curious, penetrating silence, that is peculiar to them who are acquainted with grief. It was a silence that seemed to strike a sudden chill, as if hope was dead and each man was a mourner.

A free bunk and an evening's meal—such was the sum total of their worldly desire. The right to live! It was not much to ask, yet the boon was not always granted.

Therefore, in the name of pity, the Crispin Street Night Shelter opens its doors and bids them welcome—the maimed, the stricken, and the outcast.

Not as paupers are they received, nor yet as shipwrecked men; but as members of a common brotherhood, of whom the greatest had not where to lay his head. For, in truth, it may be said of the homeless poor that they have tasted "the sorrow that God hath willed and Christ hath worn." And so the submerged live, year in, year out, a pitiless, joyless life, while their feet press the gray road which is to lead them into the Great Silence.

MADAME DE MIRAMION.

1629-1696.

BY HON. MRS. M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

II.



WE now enter on the second part of Mme. de Miramion's life, upon which the episode we have related had a lasting effect. The long convalescence which followed her illness gave Marie leisure to think of the future and to examine herself seriously. As she found her love for her dead husband unchanged, she resolved for the future to devote her affections entirely to her child and to Almighty God. All her hesitation vanished, and she determined never again to marry. She herself says that, for a moment, her decision had trembled in the balance, and for the following reason: "I was now still more pressed to marry by my relations, and felt a little tempted to do so *from fear of being again carried off.*" Rumors of fresh danger to that effect had, indeed, caused some alarm to Marie's relations, so that they willingly consented to her desire to go for a time to the Visitation Convent in the Rue St. Antoine, where she would be in safety, and where she could make a retreat to help her to decide her future course.

The convent chosen by Marie had been founded by St. Jane Frances de Chantal, in 1625, and had been honored only a few years before by her last visit, so that when Marie entered "the walls preserved still, as it were, the good odor of the passage and the virtues of this holy woman." Here Marie found peace, and those holy joys which were her delight, and the thought of St. Jane Frances' life, of which the sorrows resembled her own, led her again to wish to follow her in her vocation.

"She occupied herself with thoughts of being a religious and of joining the Carmelite Order in some distant place where she would be unknown." The thought of her little daughter however, and her family, made her dread a separation from them intensely. Torn by doubt and indecision, as to what God asked of her, Marie turned for help to St. Vincent de

Paul who, although now very old, and overwhelmed with his great works for souls, still directed the convent. He encouraged her greatly in her intention of sanctifying her widowhood, but dissuaded her from entering religious life, and showed her how she could combine her religious duties and those she owed to her child, and render her life in the world as meritorious in the sight of God, and at the same time make it more useful in the eyes of the world. These wise counsels became from that time the rule of her life, and, as we shall see, they were echoed by all who were to direct her conscience. Love of God and of souls *in the world* was to be the keynote of her life, and her oft-repeated wish to be a nun was never to be realized.

The three months accorded by Marie to her peaceful seclusion at St. Marie were now ended, and she could not refuse the entreaties of her brothers and M. de Choisy that she would return home. Her first care there was to consult with M. de Pontchartien, her husband's cousin, regarding her child's fortune and interests; but "he, perceiving her wisdom and the maturity of her judgment," says Choisy, saw that he need not occupy himself much in the matter, and left her to fulfil most of the duties of their co-guardianship.

Marie was now twenty, and the four years she had spent in the seclusion of her home had only added to her beauty and attraction. Her amiable and kindly character, her boundless charity, and, above all, her unalterable serenity, drew all hearts to her; and this happy influence on others, which lasted all her life, was to become one of the means of the astonishing fecundity of her good works. Even in her old age "no one could resist her," says Choisy, and in effect her plans for the relief of the poor and her prayers for alms nearly always met with favor and encouragement, though we know also that she never spared herself in begging, and that her charity refused no sacrifice and was undaunted by difficulties.

The question of Marie's re-marriage was again discussed when she returned from the convent, and one suitor, her husband's first cousin, and his equal in charm and excellence, M. de Caumartin, she herself felt it was difficult to reject. "It required great courage to refuse his solicitations," she says. But this was the last trial of the kind. She wished to inform her family of her unalterable resolution to remain unmarried; but her fear of wounding them made her still hesitate to speak

the decisive words, and at this crisis God came to her assistance. On Christmas night of this year, 1648, as she was in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, in the Church of St. Nicolas des Champs, she thought she heard God speaking to her interiorly in these words: "You come to adore me as a child; is not my lowliness a mark of my power? Can I not sustain you in all the conditions in which I wish you to be? Why do you delay so long, therefore, to give yourself wholly to me who gave myself wholly to you?"

This interior voice made such an impressoon on Marie that she remained absorbed in prayer, and only came to herself when she was told that the church was about to be closed. A little later, on the Epiphany, when she was in the same church, still undecided as to what she ought to do, she asked Almighty God what she could offer him on this feast, on which the kings had given him all that they had of most value, and she thought she heard these words: "It is your heart that I wish for, and that it should be mine wholly." She had at the same time a lively perception of what God required of her, and remained for some hours almost in an ecstasy. After these graces there could be no hesitation, and Marie's mother-in-law, to whom she confided her decision never to marry, undertook to inform the family of it.

It was settled that Marie should, meanwhile, again leave home for a short time, and she withdrew to the new house of the *Grey Sisters*, where she was welcomed with open arms by the saintly foundress, Mlle. le Gras, and where she made a retreat under the direction of St. Vincent himself. Here she received another supernatural favor, which we must give in her own words, written by order of her confessor: "In the night of the 18th to 19th January, 1649," she says, "between two and three in the morning, being in retreat at Mlle. le Gras', and in bed, I felt as if some one gave me a blow on the shoulder, and I woke saying: 'I am coming,' thinking it was one of the sisters who had come to wake me to go down to the chapel. On opening my eyes I saw a great light in my bed, as if the sun were shining. I was much surprised, thinking it must be very late. I heard an interior voice which said: 'Do not be alarmed, it is I who am thy Lord and thy Master.' I threw myself on my knees on my bed. 'Do not search further to discover my will, and do not be anxious. I

assure thee that I desire thee to be mine wholly and entirely. Thy heart is not too large for me. I desire that thou shouldst be wholly mine, and think only of my interests. I will be thy spouse and thou mine. Promise to be so. Renounce false joys. Thou wilt have trials, be faithful in declaring them and they will not harm thee. Thy humiliation will be pleasing to me. I will be in the midst of thy heart. Delay no longer, the time has come. This is my will.' I adored God and his mercy, and thanked him for delivering me from the painful state I was in, by making known his will to me. I then felt a great mistrust of myself, but it seemed to me that God said to me: 'Am I not powerful enough?' I was consoled and strengthened, and felt myself quite ready to make a vow of chastity, but I seemed to hear this answer: 'Wait, tell him who directs thee what I have said, and obey him, but relate all that has passed.' I promised to tell it; the light then disappeared, which surprised me very much, as I thought it was broad daylight, and as I, full of what had occurred, rose to thank God and make my meditation, three o'clock struck. My meditation was one act of thanksgiving. I went back to bed, but could not sleep. Next day I felt very cold towards Almighty God, having difficulty in believing what had taken place in the night. I had difficulty, too, in resolving to speak of it; but I told all to my director, who did not doubt that it was from God. He made me write down what had occurred, and consulted M. Vincent (St. Vincent de Paul) on the matter, and it was settled that I should make a vow of chastity, which I did on the 2d of February following. Since then I have never doubted my vocation. I have had trials, but never any doubts as to God's will, and what passed during that night has always been present to my mind." "So great a step," says the Abbé de Choisy, "attached her wholly to God's service; and from this moment to the last of her life she continually advanced in virtue."

When Marie returned home she commenced her new life, and became more than ever like the "true widow" described by St. Francis of Sales, "who, like a violet, diffuses an incomparable sweetness by the odor of her devotion, and keeps herself constantly hidden under the large leaves of her abjection." Although she had already given up wearing colors, laces, or jewels, she now wore only plain dark dresses of woolen ma-

terial, and her rich bed and furniture disappeared to make room for a "bed of gray cloth, without ornament."

Her day was divided between prayer, her duties to her child and relations, and to the poor and afflicted, who gradually absorbed more and more of her time.

The little Marie Marguerite de Miramion was always delicate, and her many illnesses kept her mother anxious, but in spite of constant alarms the child grew up, and was destined for a long life. Mme. de Miramion herself had a serious illness about this time, and, although she recovered, it was found that she had a cancer which became a lifelong cause of heroic suffering. "Her complaint was to her henceforth an habitual penance, she suffered it almost gaily, and many of those who knew her never suspected what cruel pain she had to bear."

After some years of this quiet home life, the moment came when Marie had to consider her daughter's future. Many suitors of high position aspired to ally themselves with Mlle. de Miramion, and, embarrassed to make a choice, "the mother and daughter prayed much and gave alms to beg Almighty God to inspire them on such an important occasion." When M. de Lamoignon came to beg the hand of Marie Marguerite for his nephew, M. le Conseiller de Nesmond, every wish seemed gratified, and Mme. de Miramion cordially accepted the proposal. The young man was the son of the famous President Theodore de Nesmond, whom he resembled in character, and being also good-looking and amiable soon made himself acceptable to his fiancée.

On June 22, 1660, says Hozier in *L'Armorial de France*, Mlle. Marie Marguerite de Beauharnais de Miramion was married in Paris to Messire Guillaume de Nesmond, Chevalier, Seigneur of Saint Dizan, Counsellor of the King, and Master of Requests. Marie now made over to her daughter all the family jewels and her father's properties, with the revenues from them, which she had put by for fourteen years and which now represented an enormous sum.

The bride, true daughter of her mother, desiring that the poor should share in the joy of the occasion, refused M. de Nesmond's rich presents, and proposed to him that, instead of buying her more jewels, he should give a thousand *louis* to the poor of Paris. This generous suggestion "was accepted with pleasure by all the family, and immediately put in execution." Marie, on her side, marked the event by founding

twelve new beds in the General Hospital, partly with her own money, and, according to the advice of M. de Lamoignon, partly by an appeal to her family and friends. To her the sorrow of parting from her only child must have been intense. With her usual unselfishness, however, she herself conducted the young wife to her new home, and encouraged her to devote herself to her husband and her new family, and showed her how to manage her money and property, not forgetting to place the poor at the head of the list of her future expenses. Although only fifteen, Mme. de Nesmond proved worthy of her education and her mother's counsels, and was soon able "to administer her fortune and her house with a propriety which established her in the world in a position of esteem and consideration which she preserved all her life."

Mme. de Miramion's chief earthly duty was now accomplished, and the record of her later years is one of unceasing charity. She was to be the moving spirit in so many great works that it seems impossible to do more than select a few for illustration here. Her own vocation was a most curious one. With a great leaning for religious life, she was, through obedience, never to be a nun, and yet was to lead the life of a religious and to be the guide of many souls in that state. About this time, hearing that some nuns from Picardy, whose convent had been ruined in the war, were in Paris in the greatest poverty, she gave them hospitality for six months, serving them at their meals, and joining in their exercises of piety.

A little later she had the privilege of founding the first Refuge for Penitent Women, going herself daily to instruct them with tender charity, and at last, in 1661, she made the final sacrifice of leaving her brothers and her home and going to live with a few poor girls in a small house. She called this little community by the name of the *Holy Family*. The sisters learnt how to dress wounds, bleed, and make up ordinary remedies for the sick poor, and lived in common, following a simple rule which she had asked her confessor to draw up, and which had received St. Vincent's approval only a few days before his death.

Soon after this Marie's director, the Abbé du Festel, died, and she had recourse to the Abbé Ferret, Curé of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, a holy and distinguished priest. He was Superior of the Carmelite Convent, and also of a little community living in his parish, called the Daughters of St. Genevieve

which, like the *Holy Family*, had been founded for the instruction and relief of the poor, but the funds were so small as to hardly permit the sisters to live. M. Ferret, knowing Mme. de Miramion's zeal, tried to interest her in the sisters, and finally asked her to unite them to her own foundation, assuring her that it was the only way of securing a permanent existence for both; to this Marie, who was always ready for good works, and had no ambition to be considered a foundress, gladly agreed, and the double community was henceforth called by the title of "The Daughters of St. Genevieve," and was soon established in two houses on the Quai de la Tournelle, near the Church of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet and to Mme. de Nesmond's residence. Marie was elected Superioress for life of the new community, which the people, in gratitude for her charity, soon came to call that of *The Miramiones*. Here, then, was to be Marie's home for the rest of her life, except for a few occasions when duty or charity called her elsewhere. Her reputation for holiness and wisdom led others, on several occasions, to seek her help in starting, or bringing fresh life to, religious or charitable works. It is one of the privileges of holiness to find time for everything, and certainly Marie's life is a testimony to this truth. Although scrupulously following the rule of her community life, she was foremost also in all the great charitable undertakings of the day, and was besieged in her quiet retreat by great people of the world, and even ecclesiastics, who came to her for advice and guidance. Among her intimate friends we find Mme. de Maintenon, the Princess de Conti, Mme. d'Aiguillon, and a host of others, nor was Louis XIV. slow to admire her virtue. He had entire trust in her judgment and zeal, and in later years begged her to replace Mlle. de Lamoignon as the almoner of his charities. The multitude of her outward duties alarmed Marie's humility, and caused her to feel great scruples; but obedience silenced her fears and helped her to follow her vocation, and to undertake each new duty for souls simply and devotedly.

Having given up everything but a carriage—very necessary in the Paris of that day—she wished also to sacrifice that, but this her director forbade, so she kept it, although, as was noticed, it was much more for the use of others than for her own benefit. Her health continued wretched, and soon after the foundation of the *Miramiones* she was seized with fits of

severe sickness which lasted for many years, "but," says her biographer, "as several times during her meditation God sent her the thought that there were souls destined here below to do penance for other sinners, she thought she understood that she was one of these privileged ones, and that if her sufferings were accepted and offered to God in the spirit of penance, her sacrifices might thus contribute to the salvation of souls." This thought consoled her, and when she mentioned it to her confessor, in 1675, he encouraged her, urging her to accept all she had suffered for fifteen years and to be ready to suffer still more for the conversion of poor sinners; "for," added he, "the time for self-imposed penance has not yet come. When God wishes to accept your sacrifice he will give you a visible sign, by curing you of your sickness." Not long after this, M. Ferret died, and on the day after his funeral Marie was suddenly cured of her sickness. Fearing some illusion she consulted the new Curé of St. Nicolas and four doctors, who all considered her cure to be supernatural, and with the Curé's permission she began again to practise the most severe austerities and penances for the conversion of sinners.

Two occasions of historic interest are specially connected with Mme. de Miramion; one in 1670 when, at the time of Madame's sad death, Marie's brother, M. de Purnon, one of the attendants on the Princess, was for a moment implicated in the false suspicion attaching to the Chevalier de Lorraine of having poisoned her; and again when she went to St. Cyr at Mme. de Maintenon's invitation to see the representation of "Esther." "We are playing to-day for the saints," writes Mme. de Maintenon of this occasion; and says Mme. de Sevigné: "Mme. de Miramion and eight Jesuits, including Père Gaillard, honored with their presence the last representation."

And now, to use Bossuet's words, we have considered "how she made use of her life, to come to a very happy death." In the March of 1696 the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, having published a jubilee to mark his accession, Mme. de Miramion profited by it to have a retreat for the poor preached at her convent, and followed it herself with the utmost devotion. "The love of God, which she had chosen for the subject of her meditations, penetrated her soul in so strong and lively a manner that one would have said she had almost ceased to belong to the earth."

A second retreat, this time for ladies, was also given, and

in this Marie also took a part, but before the end she was suddenly called to Versailles to assist the Duchesse de Guise on her deathbed. This pious princess had feared death all her life, but at the sight of Marie, who had a special gift of consoling the dying, this fear left her, and after receiving the last Sacraments she died peacefully in her friend's arms. Marie, who was now aged, and who had spent several nights in attending on the duchesse, returned to Paris on March 18, worn out by fatigue, and was seized the next day with her last illness. Thus we may say that she died as she had lived, in the exercise of charity, and sacrificed herself to the last. Her sufferings, which lasted for six days, were intense, and every remedy was tried in vain, though Marie obediently took all that were proposed. Her only fear was lest the pain should make her impatient.

She was anointed, but at first the great nausea made it impossible for her to receive Holy Viaticum. When this ceased, she was told that the Blessed Sacrament would be brought to her, and forgetting all her suffering she joyfully prepared herself to receive her Lord. "Sitting up in bed, immovable through respect, with her hands clasped, her eyes lifted sometimes to heaven, sometimes to the Sacred Host, her face inflamed with ardent love," she received Holy Viaticum. Mme. de Nesmond who, with the Sisters of St. Genevieve, surrounded her, implored her to ask God to cure her.

"My daughter," she answered, with a radiant countenance, "it is time to go to enjoy him. I have often offended him, but I trust in his mercy."

As she suffered greatly and often kissed a crucifix she held in her hand, Mme. de Nesmond said: "Our Lord attaches you to the cross."

"I am too happy in the share which he grants me," she replied. "I give you this dear crucifix, my daughter, it has been mine for thirty years."

Some of her last thoughts were for her poor, and she dictated to her daughter a letter to Mme. de Maintenon, to beg that the King would continue his charity to some of the works she had founded.

"How, madame," said her confessor, who feared she would fatigue herself, "*do you think of anything except God?*"

"Yes, sir"; she replied, "*when it is for God.*"

After the letter had been written Marie conversed for a

long time with her confessor, and she herself held the blessed candle while she made her profession of faith, and renewed her baptismal vows. At one moment, when those round her thought she was just dying, her confessor said to her: "Madame, you have hardly any pulse, but you have a heart. What must you do with it?"

She roused herself to say: "I must love God with it"; and a little later, when he asked her in what disposition she wished God to find her, she replied: "In the exercise of his holy love."

For two days longer she remained between life and death, but at last the supreme moment came. Mme. de Nesmond, on her knees by the bed, asked her mother to bless her. "My dear daughter," said Marie, "do not weep. Thank God for the grace he has given you. Love him and serve him with all your heart. That is the only good. One is very happy at the hour of death to have belonged wholly to him. If he has mercy on me, ah! how I will pray to him for you."

Very soon after this, on Saturday, the 24th of March, at midday, Marie gave up her holy soul to God. The street outside had been blocked for days by carriages and poor people, and as soon as Mme. de Miramion was dead the crowd burst open the doors of the convent and insisted on seeing her who, for fifty years, had devoted herself to the consolation of the afflicted. "The poor wept for her as if they had lost a mother." For two days the body remained exposed to the veneration of all "on the bed itself on which she seemed to have fallen asleep in the Lord."

Marie was buried, as she had desired, quite simply, as a Daughter of St. Genevieve, and was borne to the church by six poor men, followed by her religious daughters, her family, and friends, and by many of those whom she had rescued from misery. "In all the streets through which the procession passed there was an immense crowd who, in losing her, seemed to have lost all." Her body was interred in a part of the Cemetery of St. Nicolas de Chardonnet, touching the Chapel of St. Genevieve, where she had so often prayed, and where her heart was now placed.

At the time of the Revolution her tomb shared the fate of so many others, and was destroyed, but her memory remains to us ever fresh in the history of the great charities of France.

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

" Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

" On a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air."



F the people in the little town of Martres could have had a good look at the sun on this afternoon in early May, they would have seen that he was taking leave of them right royally, showering down a parting flood of glory with kingly prodigality, alike on the green shelving banks of the river, and on the snow-caps of the distant mountain peaks. But they could not, for a dense cloud of smoke hung over them, rising from their many pottery fires, and they were busy down there tending the furnaces. Besides, the waters of the Garonne had flowed swiftly past their town, and the sun had shone over the lofty Pyrenees every afternoon since they had been born; and would in all likelihood flow on and shine on until they died. Therefore, neighbors talked rather of tiles and vases and bowls, and what a fine show they hoped to make of them at the Grand Exposition in Paris this summer.

Clearly, the sun had a better chance of being appreciated by the American family staying for a while at the old Château Rochefort on the hill. For did not the young men sometimes sketch a ruin or a bit of scenery touched by him, and did not the young lady often sit on the terrace watching him as he went down? So there his beams lingered longest and most lovingly, making quite a picture of the old place, bringing out the dull red of the bricks in turrets and belfry, and making each small pane shine brightly in the narrow, old-fashioned windows, half-hidden with trailing vines.

A light breeze from the river swayed the tops of the olive trees in the grove near the house, and rustled the leaves of the cabbages in the kitchen garden, frightening a predatory

rabbit there who scuffled off thinking that his day had surely come. An atmosphere of calm and utter drowsiness seemed to hang over the courtyard of the château, increased by a low humming of bees from a hive near by, and the cooing of the pigeons as they stepped daintily over the broken, mossy bricks of the pavement, with breasts protruded and little heads on one side, coquetting with their companions. A sudden flight of one of these to the basin of a long disused fountain, where a nymph quite green from age held a dry and broken urn, served occasionally to waken old Jeanneton, where she sat in snowy cap and collar in the kitchen doorway, with a rosary slipping between her fingers. Then she would murmur another "*Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu*," for "*Madame so amiable*," asleep just now in her room; or for "*la bonne petite demoiselle*"; and would then fall to thinking that the Holy Virgin would surely "excuse a little sleepiness in a poor old woman who has had sole charge of the place since the last de Rochefort died there; who does everything for the summer tenants; for, as for Pierre, who comes every day to help—well, boys will be boys, you know, and Pierre is more *vaurien* than most"; and then—and then—a gentle snore.

If it was *la bonne petite demoiselle* at whom the last sunbeams were peeping through the casement of the wainscotted room within, then *she* was evidently not, like her seniors, inclined for either piety or sleep just now. With her large brown eyes all shining, and her hair gathered high and powdered white as snow, a silken gown trailing behind her, and black velvet ribbons on neck and wrists marking their roundness and whiteness, she was dressed to imitate the portrait of one of the dead and gone Dames de Rochefort, which she was studying alternately with her own reflection in a cracked and antique mirror.

"I *do* look like Dame Jacqueline!" exultantly. "Now, do I not, Jack?" turning to appeal to a lad of sixteen or so, who sat lazily astride a chair and watched her proceedings with eyes very like her own.

"You do," promptly said he; "except that you look like a naughty girl, and she looks very good. Perhaps, however," consolingly, "a few years of fasting and praying may give *you* a saintly expression too."

"Bah!" contemptuously, "I imagine *one* year of a husband

like Sir Hugues there beside her would be enough to make me an angel in heaven, as it did her. Yes, you old monster! reaching up to shake a small fist between the fierce black eye of Sir Hugues' pictured scowl, "you *know* you killed her! found it all out in that musty chronicle yesterday. When she was not on her knees to heaven, she was to *you*!"

"Desperate villains—all those old seigneurs and barons," said Jack, with trenchant decision. "But, Marjorie," curiously "what have you got in that little box?"

"Oh," with a sudden revival of interest in vanities, "yes, these are my *paches*. Dame Jacqueline, you see, has four, but I shall only wear three. I don't quite like that anchor at the corner of her mouth. *You* put them on for me, Jack—that's good boy. I can't see well in that old glass."

"All right," said Jack, upsetting the chair in his zeal. "Give me the box. Now, where do you put 'em? And why do they stick dry so?"

"Oh, dear, no; I forgot—here," moistening one delicately with her lips, "now, put that on my chin."

"Close to the dimple, eh? You have not such a bad chin, Marjorie, my dear," fastening on two others; "if only your nose did not turn up a suspicion you would be almost as good looking as your beloved Jack. Never mind," consolingly, "the worst comes to the worst, I'll marry you myself! Now what are you going to do with this big round piece that is left? Marjorie"—coaxingly—"let me put it on the tip of your nose? It would look so coquettish."

"So comical, you mean," beginning to laugh. "Well, go on; I don't mind." And this operation completed, the cousins laughed together in youthful joyousness. "What do you suppose Sir Hugues would have said if Jacqueline had come down to breakfast with a patch on her nose like this?"

"He would have cut her throat!" pronounced Jack, with conviction.

"Do I look so funny? Oh! *why* does not Will come? He is staying so long in town with those Baltimore friends of his, and I wanted *him* to see me. Now, shall I waken Auntie or shall I frighten Jeanneton and make her think it is Dame Jacqueline's ghost? I believe I will waken Auntie."

So she daintily gathered up her silken train, and out of her high-heeled slippers into the hall, and—into the arms of

her cousin Will; and was confusedly conscious of strange faces—*several* strange faces behind him.

"My cousin, Miss Fleming," said Will, with admirable presence of mind, steadying her on her feet. "Mrs. Carhart, Miss Carhart, and Miss Mary Carhart, Mr. Carhart."

Now, it is all very well to look grotesque in the bosom of one's family, but a large black patch on the nose *is* a disadvantage on being presented to strangers; and when that patch is of such singular adhesiveness that one, two, *three* violent scrubs with one's handkerchief fails to bring it off, the case becomes maddening. The *fourth* scrub succeeded in detaching it, and by that time she was able to observe that the strange ladies were regarding her with some little wonder; and, while the gentleman bowed quite gravely, there was a suspicious gleam of amusement in his dark eyes.

Being a woman, this naturally determined her on hating the whole party, and she led the way back into the room with an air of lofty dignity which would have become Lady Macbeth. A slight scuffle, produced by Jack escaping through a window into the courtyard, caused a vow of vengeance to be registered against *him*, and then she proceeded to entertain her guests with freezing politeness.

"Did they make any stay in Martres? No? Were leaving in the early morning diligence? Perhaps that was wise, as they would probably not enjoy Martres. A pretty place, but quiet; and certainly, as they said, very smoky. Was it not quite a great deal out of their way if they were going to Bagnères de Bigorre? Oh, it was Mr. Carhart who wished to see her cousin Will, his former class-mate at Heidelberg? That was very nice. And she hoped that they would enjoy the rest of their summer wanderings, and trusted that the air of Bigorre would entirely restore the younger Miss Carhart's health. And so on, and so on."

Will, indeed, was very glad to escort his friends down the steep garden path out to the crooked little street, and had the satisfaction, as the breeze wafted their voices back to him, of hearing them pronounce his cousin "extremely pretty, but not at all agreeable."

He went back to find that young lady looking serenely virtuous and to say to her with some reproach: "I am sorry, Marjorie, that you do not like the Carharts. They are such pleasant people."

"Why, my dear Will, I *do* like them. It is true the mother seems a little pompous, and the elder daughter is undoubtedly affected—you cannot deny *that*; and the younger looks snappish, I thought—"

"There, there, Marjorie!" with an irrepressible burst of laughter; "it is evident that you *do* like them. I shall only beg you never to like *me* in that peculiar fashion."

"Will," she said, with a sudden change of manner which was her great charm, going up quite close to him and laying a soft hand on his arm. "Will," penitently, "I know I behave like a vixen; but it *was* aggravating to have a black spot on one's nose which would not come off. And that man *dared* to look amused!" with rising wrath. "Well, one comfort—they will all be gone to-morrow."

"Not all," stooping to touch her hand with his blonde moustache, and also to hide a little trepidation. "You see Philip came out of his way to meet me, and he hates the fashionable routine of Bigorre, and is interested in Roman ruins and things, you know, about here; and as he has wretched lodgings down in the town, I have asked him—I told him he might—in fact, I invited him to share my room, and he is to send up his traps to-night."

"What!" stepping back, "that supercilious man is coming to spoil all our good times in dear old Martres? Very well, I shall beg Auntie to take *me* back to Paris at once," making for the door.

"Stop, Marjorie! I can go down to him, you know, and tell him—explain—excuse myself—say you'd rather be alone."

"Oh, certainly"; with irony, "and make a general mess of it like any other man. No, the thing is done now, but you need not expect *me* to be civil to him. And I mean to spend this evening in my room."

"Oh, no, Marjorie!" entreatingly; but the little maiden was already half way up the staircase, her softly flushed cheeks and shining eyes looking down at her cousin over the rails; a sigh, fair enough, he thought, to make the pictured Dames de Rochefort spring from their portrait frames and do her some harm out of pure jealousy.

Thus it came about that Philip Carhart was received this evening by Mrs. Fleming as sole hostess, a gentle, sweet-faced woman, in widow's cap, whose entire occupation in life, outside

many charities, was to spoil her two sons and her orphan niece. For the latter's absence she now made some unintelligible excuse, which was received by the guest with courtesy and profound disbelief. Meanwhile the young lady in question amused herself at her turret window eating Jeanneton's crisp *galettes*, and watching what she might see, which was the far-off mountains and picturesque ruins on the hill-sides, and the banks of the Garonne and its waters, covered slowly with a creeping evening haze, which finally made one with the smoke of the town. And the latter changed with the darkness, like the Israelites' pillar, into an upward streaming mass of flame and brilliant sparks, as night made visible the fires in the potters' furnaces. Now, if Jack would only come up for her, they might slip out unperceived, by the back way, and go down and visit Etienne, whose father owned the largest pottery in Martres; and he would show them those gorgeous tiles of his own designing, which would be packed up and sent to Paris in a day or two. But Jack did not come up; and even if he had, could she, with any self-respect, accept the escort of a boy who had been shying stones at the pigeons in the courtyard that afternoon when he should have been lending her the moral support of his presence during a scrape he had helped to bring her into!

"I trow not!" she murmured, in Dame Jacqueline vein. Presently she saw her aunt come out and stroll up and down the garden paths, breaking off and crumbling between her fingers fragrant orange leaves and wishing for *her*, she knew. Then among the fire-flies and glow-worms appeared three small foreign luminaries which she recognized for two cigars and a cigarette, the latter Jack's compromise, in the matter of smoking, with his mother, who innocently supposed the lesser weed would hurt him less. Fragments of their talk floated up to her. The Rhine, old student days at Heidelberg, friends at home, the heterogeneous crowd flocking to Bigorre, the wondrous aspect of this Martres at night, "when," said Mr. Carhart, "Vulcan seemed to set up his smithy in the heart of the Pyrenees."

"Come into the garden, Maud," chanted that shameless Jack under her window. Whereupon Mr. Carhart, flicking at the ashes of his cigar, expressed, in perfectly resigned tones, his extreme desolation at Miss Fleming's headache, and elicited a suppressed chuckle from Jack, and a cheery: "Oh, she will be

all right to-morrow," from Will; which convinced her that it was very foolish to spite oneself, and that she had better get to bed. Sleeping she dreamed that Philip Carhart, as St. Hugues, was sternly commanding her to go down on her knees to him, which she resolutely refused to do and utterly defied him.

CHAPTER II.

But an unwelcome guest is not reason strong enough to keep "sweet-and-twenty" in her room on a fair May morning. Indeed, no, thought Marjorie, and was up betimes and arrayed in gala costume of spotless white and out into the garden to gather a big bunch of daisies and scarlet poppies for her beloved. In the breakfast-room Jack, after striking an attitude before her of deepest awe and admiration, dropped into colloquialism and asked "if her young man had come to town, that she had made herself so lovely?"

"No"; said Will, "she is such a determined little matchmaker, I fancy she has been straightening matters between pretty Nicolette at the mill and her Etienne; and probably the wedding comes off to-day and our Marjorie gives away the bride."

No response was vouchsafed to either, unless a withering look at Jack should count; but, "why, Auntie," she said—"Good morning, Mr. Carhart; thank you, my head is better—why, Auntie, where are your flowers for the fête? Here, take some of mine."

"What fête, my dear?" Mrs. Fleming asked, with a fond look at the girl.

"Oh, Auntie," reproachfully, "have you forgotten? Why, it is St. Vidian's day."

Jeanneton, placing fruit on the table, raised hands and eyes to heaven that Madame should have forgotten the blessed saint's fête; then trotted off, clattering in her sabots to hunt up the lazy Pierre and make his life a burden to him.

"St. Vidian; that's rather an unusual name, is it not?" asked Will.

"Not so odd as St. Poppo or St. Bobo," replied Jack, "and there were saints of those curious appellations. A saint by any name can pray as well."

"How do *you* know?" asked Marjorie severely. "I should think you had very little to do with the saints."

"I am generally in company with you, my dear," meekly.

"Ah," said Will, disregarding this small passage-at-arms, "then *that* is why I was wakened before six this morning by that fearful tooting of horns over at the old watch tower."

"Just so, my child," replied his younger brother with levity, "and that is why the whole population has been astir for hours, and why the furnaces are left to take care of themselves to-day, and why the people are pouring in from everywhere by all the highroads and the byroads."

"St. Vidian—St. Vidian," repeated Philip Carhart. "I never heard of him before. Who was he?"

Marjorie raising her head from her coffee cup to answer, and looking full at him in the morning light, decided that he was handsome, in a dark coloring quite different from Will's blond comeliness. "St. Vidian," she explained, "was one of Charlemagne's *preux chevaliers*, who had defended Martres often and bravely against Saracen invaders, and in the last great battle here performed prodigious feats of arms; but, afterwards, while stanching his wounds at a fountain near the town, was surprised by the Moors and slain. To-day," she added, "they celebrate the feast commemorating his virtues and bravery. And we"—beginning to fidget with joyous impatience—"we must hurry and get breakfast over; and you boys," to her cousins, "must have gay and festive boutonnières, which I will give you; and we must all go to church."

"And may not I have a boutonnière, too, and go to church?" asked Philip.

"If—if you care to, certainly," with shyness quite new to her.

"You will be delighted with St. Vidian's bust in the vestibule of the church," declared Jack, "though it is dark from age and rather gloomy. They have his comb in the vestry. It is of heroic size."

"They were large in those days," suggested Mrs. Fleming, placidly.

"Pedro the muleteer told me a story about that comb yesterday," said Jack, disposed to be conversational, now that the keen edge was taken off his appetite. "It appears there was a woman from Cazères who came here with her husband on a market day long ago. The comb was not then under lock and key, as now; so this woman, after praying in the chapel, made off with the comb hidden in her scarlet capulet.

Her husband remarked that she scarcely spoke a word on their way homeward, but this did not grieve him a bit. When they reached the boundary line between Martres and Cazères, however, she stopped suddenly and declared that she could not move. Husband tried to pull her along. No use. Cart coming down from the mountain drawn by three cows. They asked the driver's assistance. She held on to the cart while they goaded the cows. Her arms ached, but her feet stuck fast to earth. Then came some Spaniards with mules all over bells and red trappings, you know. They tried to drag her on, holding to one of the mules. All in vain. So, as night was coming and their home distant, she thought it best to confess the theft. The clergy who were keeping vigil at the saint's shrine came at once with bell and book and censer, took the relic from the woman, and then she was set free. But the comb has been locked up ever since that day."

"Our curé," said good Mrs. Fleming, "explains many of these old local traditions, some as springing from simple and childlike piety. Others with, besides, a flavor of the shrewdness of the natives, mingling with their undoubted faith. Why, they probably argued, should Cazères, where our saint did not belong, feel such jealousy of our possession of his relics. They should understand at once that he can and will defend his own. And a marvel supporting this point of view is readily believed in both places." Then she gave the signal for rising from table, to Marjorie's great joy.

That young woman's impatience to be gone was now rendered intense by braying of musical instruments and ringing of bells and sounds of shouting from the distant town. Her pretty white "picture" hat with waving plumes was speedily donned, and the promised boutonnieres fastened in the young men's coats by her deft fingers. Philip's downward gaze made the arrangement of his pomegranate bud the most troublesome duty, apparently disagreeable, one might say, for she took occasion, while pinning Will's flower, to whisper saucily: "So, Don Magnifico condescends to go with us! We really ought to have heralds and trumpets to announce our coming!" which lightened the heart of that young man as a proof that Philip's dark fascinations had as yet produced no effect. He almost felt inclined to condole with the unconscious Mr. Carhart, for surely that man was to be pitied whom Marjorie dis-

liked! He would know in later years that a woman's gentle ridicule does not necessarily mean distaste for its object.

Master Jack submitted to the boutonnière with manly resignation, but at the last moment declared himself too much indisposed to go, and flung himself on a lounge, plunging his curly head among the pillows with many heart-rending groans. His anxious mother's prayer to stay with him, however, met with a positive refusal; and he would only promise to take some of Jeanneton's herb tea which he asserted was "Just the thing. Herb tea was *so* soothing."

Some last instructions from Marjorie to Jeanneton about a bunch of cornflowers on the table, to be given to Nicolette when she should call for them bye and bye, and they were off at last. Their way led directly down a steep hill, past the garden gate, where the narrow path partially paved with broken tiles and bits of dishes made walking a feat requiring both care and practice. Will went on, assisting his mother.

"That was a pretty costume you wore yesterday afternoon, Miss Fleming," said Philip, making talk with his silent companion. "Did it represent an individual character or merely a period?"

"It was the costume of one of the Dames de Rochefort, who used to live here long ago. I am glad you liked it," with soft politeness. Then, to discover how much he knew, she said with deep artfulness: "My—my patches kept coming off and rather annoyed me."

"I had not perceived that," said Philip calmly. "I noticed you held your handkerchief before your face—to screen your rouge from the daylight, I confess I thought, until I had the pleasure of really seeing your complexion."

We believe very readily what we wish to believe, and Philip reaped the benefit of this unmitigated falsehood in a sudden access of friendly feeling on Marjorie's part. Quick to perceive this—"Take my arm," he said promptly and persuasively; "see how carefully Will guides his mother, and these streets are really dangerous."

"Crockery lanes, Jack calls them," said Marjorie with a laugh, accepting the proffered arm; then, as that action seemed to melt the film of ice between them, she went on confidentially: "Do you know, I don't believe that boy is a bit sick. He is up to some mischief. I saw it in his eyes."

Was this gracious maiden the same stately personage who had nearly petrified his family party yesterday! thought Philip in amaze. But it was his habit to take the goods the gods provided, without too much questioning; and if they were kind enough to throw a charming girl in his way—during the month or so which he meant to spare from his career to recruit—why, what better use for dark eyes and eloquent tongue than to interest her and incidentally amuse himself? Not that he was a coxcomb, but he was accustomed to regard his fine face and form as counters in the game of life; of less value, certainly, than his mental gifts; but, like them, to be tested occasionally, that he might be sure that they remained at their best.

So the two fell into easy, careless chatting as they threaded their way down the hill, past their own plateau with its olive groves and terraced vineyards; and they were presently, all of them, entering the town where the streets grew even narrower and the tops of the opposite begrimed houses almost touched each other. Now they had quite enough to do to force their way through the constantly thickening crowd which thronged in the direction of the church. From every side the people poured in, and all in their holiday attire. It was evident that St. Vidian's fame was far-spread, for there were sturdy peasants from St. Martory, in cotton velvet and red caps; girls from St. Gaudens, with tall head-dresses and silver crosses round their necks; peddlers and *colporteurs* hastening to deposit their small wares in some place of safety until after Mass; a few rich merchants and their families from Toulouse, who had come all the way over the mountains to assist at the fête.

"Is not that Pedro I see there among the muleteers, Margorie?" called Will over his shoulder.

"Yes"; she answered with evident dissatisfaction, "and just see how he is dressed up! He must be going to take part in the battle. I wish he would stay away. Coming here to tease Nicolette and make Etienne jealous!"

"You must know, Mr. Carhart," said Mrs. Fleming, smiling, "that we have been in Martres only two months, yet Margorie is the confidante of all the love affairs in the place."

"A charming rôle to play," said Philip, with a little irony.

"It is not a rôle!" looking at him with swift reproach. "They really interest me."

"But, Marjorie," asked Will, "why, then, *is* Pedro gotten up in that stupendous manner?"

"Oh, did you not hear about it yesterday, when Nicolette came to ask me for some of our *bluets* for Etienne's decoration? There is to be a sham battle, after Mass, at the grove near St. Vidian's fountain, between the Moors and Christians. And I think that Pedro"—scanning him—"is to be a Moorish cavalier, mounted on his mule."

"The Moorish horsemen, then," said Will with interest, "used to be dressed in that magnificent combination of colors! Oh, who would not be a Saracen!"

Then other costumes as dazzling as Pedro's began to pass them in the crowd; a frightful clangor of trumpets was heard and another detachment of Moors came up on steeds of every size and hue, pounding the earth in front of the church.

"Had we not better go in at once, to secure a place?" asked Philip.

"It does not matter," said Will. "They will make room for us. They are always polite to strangers."

So it seemed, for the crowd, with a salute for Madame and a smile for *la jolie petite demoiselle*, and *ce debonnair Monsieur Veel*, made way for them most courteously.

Through the old porch, with the date of building carved over it, they stepped into the church, generally dim and dark, but now with a flood of sunlight from the open arched windows streaming down on the worshippers thronging within. They took places near the baptismal font—in itself a study, for it was an ancient sarcophagus, set up on four pillars and all covered with carvings and holy emblems.

Mrs. Fleming gave herself up to devout prayer, and Marjorie would have done the same, but now the troops outside, foreign and domestic, having been duly marshaled, began to enter the church two by two, with banners waving at their head. Christians and Saracens, with equal indifference to the laws of Mohammed, took their stand amicably together, and made ready to present arms at the elevation. Then the retable over the altar, with the gilded shrine of St. Vidian supported by sculptured Moors in chains, was taken down and placed before the sanctuary with the bust of St. Vidian above it. And Marjorie bit her lip to repress a smile, which might have shocked the pious townspeople, at Philip's whispered comment that: "St. Vidian might have been saintly, but he was *not* handsome."

The village painter had given the statue a pair of staring black eyes, his cheeks were quite a brick red, and his moustaches had a most ferocious curl to them. On his shoulders was a gilded mantle, around his neck hung a collar of blue and white crystal, and over all, from the top of his head, nodded innumerable white plumes, which gave him a very martial air.

"He was a hero to fight with all those feathers dangling in his eyes," muttered Philip, in further levity; but received only a reproving glance in return from Marjorie, for High Mass was now going on, with chanting from the town choir and swinging of censers and an occasional clatter of lances, as some of the troops moved too restlessly.

CHAPTER III.

When it was concluded, the armies filed out and formed in front of the church; while the clergy took down the bust of the saint, and the people hastened to join the procession which was to follow. Our party went out with the last.

"What do we do now?" asked Philip.

"Oh, we go to the fountain to bathe St. Vidian's wounds, and then comes the fight," answered Marjorie, joyously expectant. "Ah, Nicolette," to a neatly dressed girl, with shining black braids, who stood in the porch, "I have been looking for you. Have you been praying for the success of all the Christian knights, or for *one* of them only?"

"I hope you prayed for *me*, Nicolette," said Will; "I need it more than Etienne does, who is a lucky fellow."

"I prayed for Mademoiselle so kind," said Nicolette shyly, in her pretty French, learned at the convent in Toulouse"; and I would have prayed for you, Monsieur Veel," quite innocently, "or—or for *l'autre* Monsieur, if I had thought Mademoiselle wished it."

A slight sense of embarrassment was relieved by the miller's coming up to find his daughter, and presently they were all making their way along the winding path which led to St. Vidian's grove.

Here on a plateau was a pretty fountain, in the midst of gentle undulations of verdure, shaded by trees. At this spot the procession halted, and with many solemn ceremonies the bust of the good saint was bathed in memory of his wounds, received hereabouts, in defense of Martres.

Now came the most exciting part of the day's programme; the part joyfully anticipated for week and months beforehand by the younger portion of the community—the fight! The crowd repaired to a neighboring field, where seats were arranged in a temporary amphitheatre.

The two armies were drawn up opposite each other in battle array; and for the first time their splendor could be properly appreciated. They numbered one hundred and twenty-five men on each side, of whom fifty were horsemen. The Moorish cavaliers wore red and white turbans, with silver trimmings, green vests, orange coats with red facings, girdles of scarlet silk, and blue pantaloons of amazing amplitude. Their infantry was a little less pretentious, wearing simple white hussar uniform; but, by way of compensation, they had large, gorgeous orange-colored vests, splendid of effect. The Christian knights were in black pasteboard helmets with silver crosses in front, blue tunics, and tin cuirasses, dazzling in the sun's rays. The foot soldiers wore gray, with blue caps and silver crosses on their breasts. Both armies had tall lances, and each had its standard borne before it, the Moors' green and orange, with silver crescent; the Christians' blue, with the figure of St. Vidian upon it.

"This grows deeply interesting!" Marjorie cried laughingly.

"Very," assented Philip, in much lower tone, and with such a look into her eyes as vaguely disturbed, for an instant, her enjoyment.

Now a rattling *pas de charge* was sounded on the drums of the commune; the word was given; the dogs of war were let loose. "Oh, the wild charge they made!" spouted Will. And, indeed, they did. The standards floated now here, now there. Red, green, blue, and yellow uniforms flew madly about; rusty lances clanged against tin shields; there resounded shouts of: "*À bas les Maures!*" and "*Mort aux Chrétiens!*" Such prancing and curvetting, such plunging and rearing, had surely never been seen here before since the days of Roland and his brother Paladins.

"Will they not hurt each other?" asked Mrs. Fleming anxiously.

"More likely themselves," replied Philip. "Look at the beasts they are on! I suppose they are the farm horses for miles around."

"They *do* give and take some hard knocks right gallantly," commented Will. "Just look at that fat little Moor over there who has lost his cap. How bald he is and how plucky! That is the fourth time he has jumped up and renewed the fight against those two tall Christians." But a turn in the tide of battle came now to save this little hero, for the Moors swept down in force on that part of the field and demolished his two adversaries.

"There goes Pedro on his mule," said Philip, "with a bunch of cornflowers in his turban. He is quite a savage fighter. See him charge down on that group of Christian infantry."

"I am interested in this one," said Marjorie, indicating a peculiarly fierce-looking Saracen just in front of them. "Does he not look ferocious! And how he fights! I wonder where he got all those daggers in his belt. That's the miller's old gray he is on; and it will tumble down if he spurs it in that fashion. Do you know he keeps staring at me in the queerest way whenever he stops fighting for a moment. Watch now when he comes by—here he is now. Why, Will"—in a very crescendo of amazement—"he actually *winked* at me!"

"I'll have his life," declared Will in deepest tones.

"No, don't"; with the calmness of despairing conviction, as Abderahman charged past again, rolling his eyes wildly and snorting defiance like the bloodthirsty heathen that he was. "How could I have been so stupid as not to recognize those eyes before! Don't you see who it is?"

"I do," said Philip calmly. "I have seen for some time. It is Jack."

"It certainly *is* Jack," agreed Will, gazing with amusement after his brother's figure capering about on the old and bony gray. "It must have been that gorgeous costume that tempted him." The while Mrs. Fleming, not attending, gazed out on the field, unaware that she had a deep and immediate interest in the success of the Moorish forces.

"Marjorie," she asked presently, "do you not think those two men are fighting *really* in that corner of the field?"

"I have been told that they do take this annual opportunity, sometimes, to pay off old scores. Which two do you mean, Auntie?"

The two in question were pointed out with difficulty among the surging mass of combatants; but when they were found, their struggle looked assuredly earnest enough. They were

both horsemen, from their dress, but dismounted. After several minutes close wrestling—their lances being useless in a near encounter and therefore thrown aside—they both came heavily to the ground. Now they rolled over and over, first one on top and then the other. At last one of them, seeming to make a desperate effort, sprang to his feet and, after surveying his prostrate opponent for a moment, disappeared in the crowd.

"I cannot make out the man on the ground," said Will, shading his eyes to look, "it is too far off, and his helmet has slipped over his face. But the victor must be Pedro, from the flowers in his turban. I should not care much for a hand-to-hand combat with that fellow. I fancy, somehow, he would not fight fairly."

The one left on the ground did not seem able to rise, they noticed, until some of his companions came and raised him up and helped him off the field. Now the battle raged more furiously than ever. Though the Christians fought well, the Moors appeared to have the better of it. Three several times, when nearly routed, they had gathered their forces together and charged down once more, carrying confusion into the ranks of the enemy.

"Well done, Saracens!" cried Will enthusiastically; "Hurrah for the Crescent! There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet!"

"My dear!" remonstrated his much scandalized mother.

"But, fortunately, none of the pious crowd around him understood; and besides, they were quite taken up themselves ejaculating: "Dogs of Moors! Beasts! Villains! Ha, the blessed St. Vidian must conquer at last! See, their accursed green flag is lowered a little—there goes a lance through it! *Vive les Chrétiens!*" and so on. Except, indeed, the relatives of the Moorish contingent, who, though wishing well to St. Vidian and the Christian cause, naturally wanted Blaise and Jean and Robert to enjoy their little fight too. Jack was to be seen in the van always; and twice, when the lad bearing the Moorish colors thought it about time to lower them, he had, by dint of a few smart raps, persuaded him to keep up his courage. Still, this thing could not last forever. Midday, the dinner hour of most of the townspeople, was now long past. It grew late in the afternoon and they were hungry. The Saracens *must* yield, and word to that effect was conveyed from *Monsieur le Maire*

to their leader. So, the next charge of the Christian host weakly resisted; it was successful, and St. Vidian remained more victorious.

Abderahman, otherwise Jack, came spurring up on the gray, which lowered its head, as Marjorie had predicted, and landed him sprawling at her feet; where, being unhurt, he laughed and announced that it was the Moorish manner of doing prostrate homage before "the smiles of beauty."

"Don't be absurd, but stand up and let us see you," she commanded.

"Jack!" exclaimed his mother, in overwhelming surprise, "why, is it possible! We left you sick at home!"

"And you find me well, here," replied he, with unabashed impudence. "Jeanneton's herb tea worked a miracle."

"Well, if you *must* fight," deplored Mrs. Fleming—"or Jack, you *might* have been a Christian!"

"Christians don't fight; or, rather, they should not. And then, regard me well!"—scowling darkly and slapping his turban on one side—"The Christian rig is *nothing* to this, as ascertained when I first gave my attention to the subject."

"Who did those ferocious corked eye-brows and moustaches for you?" demanded Marjorie laughing.

"Pierre, and kept wishing all the time that he were a man like Monsieur Jacques to look so fine and go fighting on St. Vidian's day. In return for which I helped him to run away from Jeanneton and see the battle. And now, are you not a tired and hungry? For I am, whacking away at those fellows, and when I restore this gray clothes-horse to the miller, I'll try to get a *char-à-bancs* and come back for you."

"That boy has an idea or two," remarked his brother complacently, as Jack trotted off. "It's late and dinner is waiting and that hill's no joke for mother to climb."

The rival armies had long dispersed; various greetings had been exchanged with the country people as they moved away in groups. Nicolette with her father had stopped for a few words with Marjorie, who found her looking depressed and wondered why Etienne was not with her. The last afterglow had faded from the sky and the gray of twilight began to replace it. Jack returned in triumph with his *char-à-bancs*, for which he told them pompously he had paid little in sordid dress but much with a glance of his *beaux yeux*. They all mounted into it and started, Will driving and Jack busy trying

to convince his mother that he had passed his day in a highly meritorious manner.

"You are very weary, are you not?" asked Philip gently of Marjorie, after a silence. "There is nothing more fatiguing than a *jour de fête*, even for mere spectators."

"Only a little tired," she answered in the same tone. "I think I was busy, when you spoke, watching the stars as they came out and trying to count them."

"Is there not some poetic child's superstition about the first star of the evening?"

"Oh, yes; that one will always get what one wishes when it first appears. I am afraid," with her soft laugh, "that I am often child enough to wish by it."

"Did you wish to-night?"

"Yes," in almost a whisper.

"If you only"—earnestly—"would wish what I want you —" then stopped, thinking to himself quite calmly that he might be going too fast. The more so, as Marjorie spoke no other words all the way home; and but for Jack's unfailing flow of nonsense, her silence must have been remarked. Which did not prevent his helping her out very carefully at the gate, and holding her hands in his a little longer than was necessary. Through Jeanneton's care, the lights in the château were twinkling brightly, and she was at the gate to receive and hurry them to table, with many expressions of wonder "that those foolish Moors should have been so obstinate—keeping honest people from their dinner." And Jack performed wondrous feats with his knife and fork, making his brother declare that if his onslaught on the Christian army had been half so fierce, not a man had been left to tell the tale.

"What makes you so silent, Marjorie?" asked her aunt.

"Just listening," she answered, with a smile. But she remained in unusually quiet mood all evening; and after she had gone to her room and remembered what her wish by the star had really been, she half hoped that Philip's face would appear again to-night in her dreams. Instead of which it was Will's that came and went and came and went, but always wore the same entreating look.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OPEN-MINDEDNESS.

BY JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

III.

To open their eyes that they may be converted.—*The Acts of the Apostles.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.—*Lowell.*



HAVING admitted that the profession of the Catholic faith does not necessarily imply the possession of an open mind, we may now, with good grace, go on to consider certain faults of people outside the Church. Less by way of passing judgment than by way of suggestion, we shall note both the nature of these offences and the lines along which improvement can be made. Nor need our suggestions appear untimely, even though the present generation has, to a very remarkable extent, emancipated itself from prejudices and dishonesties prevalent at an earlier date. Granted that there has seldom existed a nation readier than our own to listen to the presentation of Catholic claims, and that there is no place upon earth where the Church has a fairer chance to make converts than in this land of ours; yet even here, there is still room for improvement. Non-Catholics often display characteristics which form a serious obstacle to the progress of the faith; prejudice still keeps possession of many minds; multitudes are sluggish in responding to the behests of conscience; frequently there is manifested an ingrained reluctance to go strictly by evidence in matters of controversy. Hence having considered our own shortcomings, it seems proper that we should devote a few words to the shortcomings of our neighbors.

Every one is aware that for some people there could scarcely be conceived a harder duty than that of patiently studying and openly accepting the teachings of the Catholic Church. Menacing phantoms warn a man not to persist in his search for the facts; human ties of every kind detain him in the state of belief or unbelief to which he has been accustomed.

the example of the crowd, the wish to preserve reputation, the love of personal comfort, the affection of friends, the traditions of race and family, the revolt of judgment and temper—these, and perhaps still more intimate motives, play upon the will with a force calculated to overcome any ordinary powers of resistance. And finally there is the inevitable temptation to defer action and to re-examine arguments endlessly. Despite these obstacles, a man becomes a convert from genuine conviction; if he withstands the influence of disposition, training, and habit; if he overcomes that last foe of duty, self-distrust; then we may regard him as a noble example of open-mindedness.

When a man has made public profession of certain principles and convictions, it is no small thing for him to own that he has been wrong. "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" was the instant answer of Saul to the constraining voice at the gate of Damascus; but to few does a divine voice speak, and few are supernatural evidences of certainty granted. The many go through a long and painful contest with indecision. They question the call to repudiate what they are under solemn pledges to uphold. Through some such test must every convert pass, so long as Providence places truth at the end of the path of renunciation and makes faith the reward of suffering bravely borne. The fact that in our own day so great a multitude has been ready to venture upon that path and to face that suffering, would seem to prove that, with all its lack of idealism, this generation is neither irredeemably selfish nor hopelessly corrupt.

We must not forget, then, that open-mindedness usually involves heroic virtue on the part of a convert to the Catholic faith. No one can deny that the saying is a hard one. Nevertheless, we would here insist upon the principle that in this, as in all other affairs, a man is bound to make whatever sacrifices fidelity to the truth may entail. First and foremost in the moral life comes the obligation to fulfil the divine commandments written by the God of nature on the human heart; and among these is the law of truth. We have a higher destiny than to satisfy our selfish inclinations. We are created to obey the will of another, rather than our own. No matter how clever may be the excuses self-love invents, they will never be strong enough to withstand the fierce testing to which

the God of truth will one day submit them. The main issue is plain: Are we seeking the whole truth, or not? Those who do not seek it with the ardor of lovers can hardly hope to look upon the face of their Creator or to be admitted to the pure-hearted company of the saints. Once we find a clew to the teaching of God, we must follow it. There can be no drawing back under penalty of moral disaster. We may be tempted to devote the time and the energy intrusted us to other ends; we may desire to wrap our talent in a napkin and store it quietly away; we may wish to linger and temporize until some pleasant change comes over the spirit of our convictions. But all the while we dally and procrastinate we are weighing self against God; and too long a delay must inevitably mean that the heavenly vision will pass away, never again to be vouchsafed us.

Here, then, the non-Catholic may find matter for self-examination: Is my attitude toward the claims of the Church determined by right or by wrong motives? In other words, do not considerations other than the legitimate *pros* and *cons* play too important a part in the forming of my judgment; and do not other aims besides the quest of holiness absorb too much of my attention?

Take, for instance, the matter of intellectual and social culture. Now learning and refinement are all very well in their way; they are good gifts of God; they are valuable adornments of truth. But, however high they rank, they are not criteria of revelation. The mental acumen, the scholarship, the fine polish of a religious teacher cannot be regarded as final tests of his doctrine. It may very well happen—in fact, we shall be quite within the bounds of truth in saying it often happens—that the possessor of a brilliant and highly cultivated mind is offered the opportunity of receiving instruction at the hands of an apostolic messenger who, in every human quality, is immeasurably his inferior. Under these circumstances, there will naturally be a strong temptation to shrink away from the duty of listening to such a teacher; and the temptation is not always earnestly resisted. To yield, however, is plainly to prefer the human before the divine, to set pleasure above duty, and to sin against the truth.

The temptations of controversy dig another pitfall for the feet of the unwary. Not to take advantage of an adversary,

spite our chance to score against him, is to exercise a very extraordinary degree of self-restraint. Yet the interests of truth require that we resist loyally every such temptation. How rarely it is resisted can be seen by all who watch the course of current controversy; and how difficult resistance is, they know who have subdued the vicious inclination to argue for the sake of victory. Though few may follow this ideal of perfect honesty, it is morally imperative. Sins against it will be punished with inability to see the truth which one may, to some extent, really desire, and for which one may have searched long, though not faithfully nor unselfishly enough. For truth is the reward of following the light, not the prize of stratagem and deceit. To seek for truth is far different from submitting to an ordeal, the outcome of which depends on the dexterity and strength of one's champion. The conclusion of an honest discussion should be a summary of all the facts presented or suggested by both sides, not a judgment on the comparative ability of two debaters. The result should have nothing to do with the chance circumstances that this or that pair of disputants has been matched. Despite our sympathies we should be ready to develop the imperfect arguments brought forth by either party; and to put into telling shape the considerations which have lost force through imperfect presentation.

Another opportunity for the practice of open-mindedness arises from the common expectation that truth and virtue will always be found together; for this anticipation begets a prejudice against doctrines supported by men who are not distinguished for holiness of life. But though, as a general rule, we can arrive at the true by tracing out the good, this clew cannot always be relied upon. For the sake of gathering the husks of wheat we may have to delve into most unlvely heaps of chaff. The representatives of truth at times are far from being models of virtue. By way of illustration, we may refer to the difficulty caused by the scandals of Christianity, as set forth in the pages of a recent writer: "Even if we remove the mountainous accumulation of fables, false judgments, and prejudice, and malignant calumny, there still remains, alas! a second mountain of scandalous fact, beginning with what we read in the pages of the New Testament, such as the many failings of the Corinthian converts or the tepid Church of Laodicea; and discernible century after century. So, for

example, the worldly Christians whose portraiture is to be found in *The Shepherd of Hermas*, during the time of peace before the persecution of Decius, and then in natural sequence a multitude of defections; again, a hundred years later, the influx of laxity after the age of persecutions had ended; those unworthy members of the Church who almost made the great St. Ambrose lose heart, and who clung so fast to pagan licentiousness, that in Africa the rude Vandal conquerors were astonished at the spectacle of vice; then later the scandalous errors of the two great Christian states, the Frankish and the Byzantine; the popes of the tenth century mere puppets of the factious Roman nobles; the sad moral condition even among the pious Anglo-Saxons of the laicised monasteries before the reforms of St. Dunstan; the concubinage of the clergy before the reforms of Gregory VII. (Hildebrand); the heaven-defying court of William Rufus; the unchristian hatreds and homicides of later mediæval Italy; the life and surroundings of Alexander VI., and the licentiousness of the Italian Renaissance; the forlorn state of the archdiocese of Milan when St. Charles Borromeo took possession; the antagonism of rival orders in the face of a common foe, with such disastrous results, for example, in England and Japan; the heartrending testimony of missionaries that the scandalous lives of Christians are the greatest of all obstacles to the spread of the faith. Even in lesser things there appears a continuity of abuse, and we might think the Fathers were living in the days of Chaucer, when St. Jerome and St. Gregory of Nyssa bear witness to the abuses mingled with the use of pilgrimages, and when St. Chrysostom rebukes the superstitious use of amulets in Antioch and Constantinople, though himself enthusiastic in the rightful veneration of the relics of the martyrs and the wood of the Holy Cross. . . . Indeed the narrative may be woven by so skillful a hand that, without straying from the nominal truth, the history of the Church may be made to appear a chronicle of scandals." *

The author proceeds to show that, despite all these unpleasant features, the Church is still worthy of the attribute of holy. "These very scandals, if once again we look below the surface of things to the depths, if we seek the testimony not of partial

* *The Key to the World's Progress*. By Charles Stanton Devas. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Pp. 161. *et seq.*

out of total facts, if we remember our theological principles—these very scandals in the Church are a witness to her divinity.

. . . The Church must indeed pay the penalty for her title of Catholic. . . . Whatever else she may be, she must remain the Church not only of the ill-mannered and coarse-minded, but of the criminal and the outcast. . . . She must journey through the centuries, bearing as the heaviest of her trials and the greatest hindrance to her success the daily shame of her unworthy members, and be well content if she can save at their death those who have been a disgrace to her during their life."

Reflection will, indeed, make it clear that religious truth, like other divine gifts, may be at times in the hands of wicked husbandmen and faithless stewards; but reflection is not likely to suggest itself to any but the most earnest seekers. The devoted follower of truth alone, will take the trouble to study out this aspect of the situation, and to find the view-point which enables him to overlook all objections. In the face of moral weakness or vice on the part of the messengers of the faith, the convert's quest must truly be a hard one; and only on condition of being gifted with a high degree of courage and a most ardent love of truth can he hope to bring it to a successful termination. It is in part because most questioners fall short of ideal single-heartedness, that missionaries must spend so much time in answering objections based upon scandals, distressing enough, to be sure, but really not affecting the issue under consideration.

When a high-souled convert, or prospective convert, meets with some such painful obstacle to progress, all the strength of inclination and emotion is engaged against the cause of Catholicism. It may be the shock of discovering wickedness in high places; it may be the treachery of one who has accidentally been associated with the presentation of the truths of faith in a particular locality; it may be a display of moral depravity by some one who ranks among "distinguished recent converts." Now, no one can be blind to the fact that these circumstances extenuate the error in the cases where the individual judgment is prejudiced finally against the truth. Yet it is possible for minds to rise superior to such considerations, as was done in a notable recent instance, when the vile behavior of a prominent convert toward the wife whom he had first influenced toward

the Church did not in the least affect her appreciation of the faith which the Church taught her. Unfortunately, though, such loyalty is something of an exception. The rule is that people are determined by the accidents of these cases. They heed the promptings of emotion. They have not been trained to support principles for their own sake and without further question; and so they lack the strength necessary for the following of the naked truth.

Another tendency which does much to keep men alienated from Catholicism is the disposition to cling blindly to old traditions, whether authenticated or not. The cultivation of open-mindedness is the sure road to freedom from this bondage. In proportion as the love of truth is developed in the soul, ancient calumnies will lose their power; for love of truth leads men to struggle against mental inertia, and forbids them to repose supinely in the shade of accepted opinions. This development is much needed by the average man, who is loth to disturb his own social or domestic peace by the introduction of new views and policies; and who thinks what was true enough for the father true enough for the son. Dante compares the multitude to blind persons with their hands upon the shoulders of others equally blind, falling into the ditch of false opinion and unable to escape. "They are like sheep, rather than men—*sono da chiamare pecore, e non uomini*." * A means to counterbalance this tendency, and to correct the errors which result from it, will be found in that open-mindedness which has given us so much of the best we possess in the way of knowledge and power.

The man who contemplates Catholicism from without is also severely tested when he discovers a more or less prevalent tendency to superstition among Catholics. Newman in his Ninth Lecture on Difficulties Felt by Anglicans sets forth this difficulty in almost startling strength. It is based on the fact "that Catholics, whether in the North or the South, in the Middle Ages or in modern times, exhibit the combined and contrary faults of profaneness and superstition. There is a bold, shallow, hard, indelicate way among them of speaking of even points of faith, which is, to use studiously mild language, utterly out of

* *Il Convito*. I. XI. Che se una pecora si gitasse da una ripa di mille passi, tutte l'altre le andrebbono dietro; e se una pecora per alcuna cagione al passare d'una strada salta, tutte le altre saltano, eziando nulla veggendo da saltare.

taste, and indescribably offensive to any person of ordinary refinement. They are rude where they should be reverent, jocose where they should be grave, and loquacious where they should be silent. The most sacred feelings, the most august doctrines, are glibly enunciated in the shape of some short and smart theological formula; purgatory, hell, and the evil spirit, are a sort of household words upon their tongue; the most solemn duties, such as confession, or saying office, whether as spoken of or as performed, have a business-like air and a mechanical action about them, quite inconsistent with their real nature. Religion is made both free and easy, and yet formal. Superstitions and false miracles are at once preached, assented to, and laughed at, till really one does not know what is believed and what is not, nor whether anything is believed at all. The saints are lauded yet affronted. Take mediæval England or France, or modern Belgium or Italy, it is all the same; you have your boy-bishop of Salisbury, your lord of misrule at Rheims, and at Sens your feast of asses. Whether in the South now, or in the North formerly, you have the excesses of your carnival. Legends, such as that of St. Dunstan's fight with the author of evil at Glastonbury, are popular in Germany, in Spain, in Scotland, and in Italy; while in Naples or in Seville your populations rise in periodical fury against the celestial patrons whom they ordinarily worship. . . . Such is the charge brought against the Catholic Church. . . . Hence, the strange stories of highwaymen and brigands devout to the Madonna. And, their wishes leading to belief, they begin to circulate stories of her much-desired compassion towards impenitent offenders; and these stories, fostered by the circumstances of the day, and confused with others similar, but not impossible, for a time, in repute, are in repute. Thus, the Blessed Virgin has been reported to deliver the reprobate from hell, and to transfer them to purgatory; and absolutely to secure from perdition all who are devout to her, repentance not being contemplated as the means. Or men have thought, by means of some sacred relic, to be secured from death in their perilous and guilty expeditions. So, in the Middle Ages, great men could not go out to hunt without hearing Mass, but were content that the priest should mutilate it, and worse, bring it within limits. Similar phenomena occur in the history of chivalry; the tournaments were held in defiance of the excom-

munications of the Church, yet were conducted with a show of devotion; ordeals, again, were even religious rites, yet in like manner undergone in spite of the Church's prohibition. We know the dissolute character of the knights of chivalry and of the troubadours; yet that dissoluteness, which would lead Protestant poets and travelers to scoff at religion, led them not to deny revealed truth, but to combine it with their own lawless and wild profession. The knight swore before the Almighty God, his Blessed Mother, and the ladies; the troubadour offered tapers, and paid for Masses, for the success of his early attachment; and she in turn painted her votary under the figure of some saint. . . . The Crusaders had faith sufficient to bind them to a perilous pilgrimage and warfare; they kept the Friday's abstinence, and planted the tents of their mistresses within the shadow of the pavilion of the glorious St. Louis. There are other pilgrimages besides military ones, and other religious journeys besides the march on Jerusalem, but the character of all of them is pretty much the same, as St. Jerome and St. Gregory Nyssen bear witness in the first age of the Church. It is a mixed multitude, some most holy, perhaps even saints; others penitent sinners; but others, again, a mixture of pilgrim and beggar, or pilgrim and robber, or half gipsy, or three-quarters boon companion, or at least, with nothing saintly, and little religious about them. . . . You enter into one of the churches close upon the scene of festivity, and you turn your eyes to a confessional. The penitents are crowding for admission, and they seem to have no shame, or solemnity, or reserve about the errand on which they are come; till at length, on a penitent's turning from the grate, one tall woman, bolder than a score of men, darts forward from a distance into the place he has vacated, to the disappointment of the many who have waited longer than she. . . . You turn away half satisfied, and what do you see? There is a feeble old woman, who first genuflects before the Blessed Sacrament, and then steals her neighbor's handkerchief, or prayer book, who is intent on his devotions. . . . You come out again and mix in the idle and dissipated throng, and you fall in with a man in a palmer's dress, selling false relics, and a credulous circle of customers buying them as greedily as though they were the supposed French laces and India silks of a peddler's basket. One simple soul has bought of him a cure of rheumatism or

ague, which might form a case of conscience. It is said to be a relic of St. Cuthbert, but only has virtue at sunrise, and when applied with three crosses to the head, arms, and feet. You pass on, and encounter a rude son of Church, more like a showman than a religious, recounting to the gaping multitude some tale of a vision of the invisible world seen by Brother Augustine of the Friars Minor, or by a holy Jesuit preacher who died in the odor of sanctity, and sending round his bag to collect pence for the souls in purgatory; and of some appearance of our Lady (the like of which has really been before and since), but no authority except popular report, and in no shape but that which popular caprice has given it."

Probably no one will ask for a stronger indictment than the foregoing. Yet the Cardinal's luminous discussion of the objection enables the man of average intelligence to see that this ugly array of facts does not discredit the claim of the Church to be divine in origin and in doctrine. On the contrary, it rather constitutes "the very phenomenon which must necessarily result from a revelation of divine truth falling upon the human mind in its present existing state of ignorance and moral feebleness." And, indeed, no religion which takes vital hold of the popular feelings and imagination can fail to be tinged with something of superstition in the minds of the vulgar. The adequacy of this answer will be perceived by many who would not be broad and patient and just enough to seek of their own accord for a similar explanation of the disagreeable superstitions which they daily encounter. When a Newman appears and smooths away the difficulty, they are honest enough to accept the explanation. But should he not appear, they will let themselves be deprived of a great gift which might be theirs, were they to correct their prejudices and to control their emotions more heroically.

We may conclude these reflections on the virtue of open-mindedness, with the affirmation that it is a quality indispensable to the ideal man or woman; that it is far too rare; that it can be, and should be, developed by patient striving. Much courage will, of course, be required, for it takes a high form of bravery to walk in faith and hope amid such spectres as the enemy of truth is constantly summoning up to frighten men away from the paths of simplicity and honesty. Threats will crowd in upon us, misunderstandings multiply, the plead-

ing of well-intentioned but faint-hearted friends become hard to resist. We shall seem to have no light but conscience, and no aid but God. Yet all will go well if, in the spirit of Paracelsus, we keep our course:

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not.

Meanwhile it affords us no small consolation to know that all trials endured in the service of truth will help to clear that inner sight wherewith we must in eternity view the beauty of the face of God. This same fact intimates to us the reason why men must progress toward the truth by struggling with temptation, by resisting the solicitations of selfishness, and by toiling wearily along the path of duty.

Our love of truth must be stronger than common affections; for it leads not toward comfort but sacrifice, and promises us scorn in the place of honor. The man who treads truth's narrow path is being prepared for the highest and the holiest life; and when he reaches the object of his seeking he will already have achieved some measure of nobility by his constant struggle against the lower tendencies of nature. It does not seem strange, then, that so often the only road which leads to faith is the road of the Holy Cross; nor that acceptance of the moral ideals of Christ and the Church must accompany any serious effort to acquire the fullness of Christian revelation. As inside the fold the self-denying saint is led into light and knowledge denied to lesser men, so the seeker outside is assisted or abandoned accordingly as he does or does not show himself ready, for the sake of truth, to renounce what is attractive and to embrace what is repugnant. Without calculation he must follow the lead of the Spirit.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.

Devotion to the Holy Spirit of Truth should be cultivated by all who hope to become open of mind. This devotion will necessarily include a readiness to make sacrifices for the sake of truth; and opportunities for such sacrifices none of us shall lack. To hold no private interest superior to the duty of seeking the truth; to ask for no dispensation and to invent

no excuse to relieve us from the obligation of using all the light we may receive—this is an essential part of devotion to the Holy Spirit. No matter what we have thought or professed or done in the past, the summons of truth must find us ever ready to acknowledge, to alter, to amend. If certainty of anything is granted to us here upon earth, of this we are sure—that God never approves and man never profits by a lie.

To see light, that is to react against the stimulus of rays which fall upon the retina, is less a virtue than a mechanical, or physiological, necessity. But to hold the eyes open when they are tired, to strain our sight when the light is dim, to peer about and search eagerly for the truth which we are aware will make us uncomfortable—this is to serve the cause of virtue and to obey the law of God. It is the requirement of the ideal. We may often fall short of it in practice, but at least let us recognize it interiorly as sacred and divine; let us be filled with shame when we fail to embrace it, in effort and attention.

The foregoing considerations upon the virtue of open-mindedness may, at least, serve to suggest a topic for the study of every reasonable man, every Catholic, every possible convert. Let each reasonable man see to it, that he possesses sufficient humility to use criticisms passed upon his character or his work. Let each Catholic make sure that in discussions he is ever upon the side of truth, irrespective of his sympathy and his inclination. Let each possible convert stamp upon his soul the ambition to be honest and pure-hearted and brave. Let him frown down calumny, fearlessly correct misunderstanding, and cultivate the good-will which disdains suspicion. And if the time should ever come when reason suggests that the old prejudices are baseless, and observation intimates that Catholicism is divine in its quality, and conscience whispers that investigation, or maybe submission, is a duty, then let there be, upon his part, no shrinking, no evasion, no postponement.

TO MARY IMMACULATE.

"Emanatio est claritatis Omnipotentis Dei sincera."—*Sep vii. 25.*

BY SR. M. WILFRID, O.S.D.

Before all time, beyond all bounds of space,
Unlimited by darkness, from the Face
Of God shone the dread light no man may see
And live. But Love, athirst, by his decree
Called from the void a sea of beauty, bright
With tenderest hues of ever-varying light;
Wave upon wave of joyous life, to show
A fair dim image of himself. And, lo!
Dark mists from hell o'ershadowing the land
Fell on men's hearts, lest they should understand;
And they beholding, saw not; hearing, heard
Not the whispers of the Eternal Word.


Would Love then cease to love? That ne'er could be!
Thwarted, unknown, rejected, yet would he,
The mighty, changless God, once more unseal
The fountains of his Heart—yea, he would steal
Into men's hearts by bond of brotherhood,
Lie on a human mother's breast, nor should
One sorrow fall on man by him unborne.

See how with roseate kiss, the freshening dawn
Turns into glory the far snow-capped height
(Upraised to catch heaven's first and latest light).
E'en so the Spirit with his quickening breath
Breathed upon Mary, and no shades of death
Fell on her radiant soul. Whiter than snow
Was she, his new creation, which should know
No Empire of corruption. She his bride,
Whom he, her God, hath dowered with powers as wide
As the unending kingdom of her Son.

Hail, Queen most pure! look down from thy high place
On us, thine exiled children. Win us grace
(Though wrought by cleansing fires of keenest pain),
That we, in those white garments without stain,
Which to each victor soul our God will give,
With thee, to see him face to face, and live.

SOME LETTERS OF FATHER HECKER.

EDITED BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

HE name of Father Hecker needs no introduction, especially to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A word, however, may usefully be said of "the dear friend" to whom these letters were addressed. This was Mr. Richard Simpson, convert to the Catholic faith in 1845, and one of the most brilliant of those who, about that time, left the Established Church of England, and gave up much for conscience sake. Simpson had the gift of languages, knowing not only French and German, but Italian, Spanish, and Flemish. He was besides an easy and taking writer, whilst combined with this, he became an ardent researcher into the manuscript records, both in England and on the Continent of Europe. For several years he was connected with *The Rambler* magazine, and for a time edited it in conjunction with Sir John—afterwards Lord—Acton. The tone of several of the articles gave offence in clerical circles, and *The Rambler*, to which there are many references in these letters of Father Hecker, was discontinued in 1862, and a quarterly review, called the *Home and Foreign*, took its place. This lasted only two years, as Cardinal Wiseman, and other English bishops, condemned its supposed liberal tendencies. The letters, now for the first time printed, show us how Father Hecker prized the friendship formed in the early "Fifties" with Richard Simpson, and what real affection he entertained for him, although they could have met only very seldom. There can be little doubt that they became first acquainted through Father Coffin and the Redemptorist Fathers Clapham, near London, where Mr. Simpson lived. To these "Fathers" he sends his affectionate greetings through Simpson in more than one of the letters. The light which these papers throw on the lovable side of Mr Simpson's character is very pleasant. One who knew him intimately says of him, that he was the warmest and most affectionate of friends, and the most interesting and best informed of companions.

He was a true and sound Catholic at heart, but his love of putting his ideas in new and startling ways, and of enjoying the consternation which this caused in the minds of others, often caused him to be misjudged and his orthodoxy even suspected, and in many instances not without cause. Mr. Simpson died in 1876, at a villa near Rome, a few months only after Father Hecker's last letter to him.

The letters are also, in some ways, a revelation of Father Hecker's own self, and for this reason they will, I am sure, be welcome. Letters such as these tell the reader more about the real inmost personality, than pages of description; and after reading them again and again, as I have done in the years they have been in my possession, I feel as if I had known Father Hecker in the flesh.

J. M. J. A.

6 August, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your note of April last by C. Keefes I received, and thank you much for it. C. has got a situation in a Spanish family, but is not much pleased with it; but no place this side of heaven can please us entirely.

It will be a pretty good task to do well what you propose. There will be some delicate points to handle. Görres' *Christliche Mystik* would throw some light on the physiological point. Eschew all new-fangled notions on metaphysics and keep to the Angelic Doctor. Then—go ahead, as we Yankees say.

Our missions here in the United States have been blessed with great success. We gave fourteen last year. At several we had as many as 4,000 to 5,000 Communions, and ten Fathers were engaged on some of them.

The country missions were extremely gratifying. We found villages entirely Catholic. At one of these we planted an immense big cross near the church; the congregation was composed of backwoodsmen. At the conclusion of the ceremony we gave three cheers for the Holy Cross, and they made the welkin ring with their stout voices, and it gained their hearts for us. On the first Sunday of next month we begin our fall missions at Wheeling, Va. From there we go West to Cincinnati. We have missions ahead for a couple of years or more.

Two weeks ago a couple of live Yankees made their vows—

one was a real one from way down East, formerly Lieutenant of the American Army.

Remember me to all friends, especially to Mrs. Simpson, and believe me yours, with unabated esteem and affection, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Do me the favor to write again.

I. TH. HECKER, C.S.S.R.

Ave Maria!

27 January, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

The good Irishman that brought me your note had a long and tough voyage across the great pond; it was fifty days after its date I received it. It referred so much to Dr. Brownson that I took the liberty to send it to him. That you will call, I suppose, Yankee freedom. There was nothing private in it, and I hope O. A. B. will profit by your remarks.

The last I heard from the girl you inquire after was several months ago—she was then in the family of a Spanish gentleman.

You were mistaken about the authorship of the Articles on Gury's Theology. They are by a priest near Boston—Rhodow. You intended that as a compliment—I thought they were wishy-washy stuff. Good intention covers all—I don't imagine that I could do as well. All my time is employed in missionary labors, and I would that I had health and strength enough to perform them. We must make Yankeedom the Rome of the modern world—at least we work hard to make it Catholic.

It gives me pleasure to know that you, too, are not a mere looker-on, but are engaged in lecturing and writing. There are enough without us who have received their souls in vain. He who has either head or heart ought not to be idle in the present crisis. By and by we shall need stout arms; for parties and things are coming rapidly to their last sequences. We shall have a great fight yet—preparatory, perhaps, to the great battle that will use up all the devil's fighting capital. Everywhere the Holy Church is shackled, and new chains are forged daily to bind the limbs of Christ's spouse—and when are the stout hearts to say hold? And when are the stout arms to cry out, Unshackle those limbs or

bite the dust ye cursed Turks? We must die once, and it is a pity to let the last breath go out of one's body without a purpose.

Remember me to all friends, particularly to your most estimable lady and sister; I hope each one of you pray for me—that I may become a saint—the first Yankee saint in the calendar. That would be good—really so—don't laugh, I may cheat you—play you a Yankee trick.

I thank you for your note, and shall always be glad to hear von mein Herr Simpson.

Yours affectionately, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
I. TH. HECKER, C.S.S.R.

J. M. J. A.

June, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Is it possible! the date of your last note, I find, is three whole years ago. What have you been doing that you could not take the time to write an old and continued friend a line or two? Come, sir, that's no way to serve a friend. Mend your pen and yourself, or you shall have a thumping penance from me.

That, of course, is your article in *The Rambler* of May on "Original Sin."* What right have you to steal my thunder? Have you been looking over my shoulder, or I yours? After the publication of *Questions of the Soul* a new idea struck me; it was to show that the dogmas of the Catholic faith answer to the demands of reason; like the sacraments, satisfy the wants of the heart. The latter proposition being the subject of *Questions of the Soul*.

How shall I give you an idea of it?† To begin: I start with the moment when first religious convictions break in upon the soul—First Chapter. Then show the certitude of these convictions—Second Chapter. Following this, the loyalty due to these convictions—Third Chapter. Show then that there is a class of

* The article in question was by Mr. Simpson, and was entitled "On Original Sin, as affecting the destiny of unregenerate man." Its soundness, especially as regards certain expressions about St. Augustine's teaching, was called in question and led to many future misunderstandings between the writer and the ecclesiastical authorities.

† The following account of his projected book shows that Father Hecker was already meditating the volume which he published the following year under the title *Aspirations of Nature*, 1857.

persons who have these convictions, but no religion to satisfy them—Fourth Chapter. Hereupon I give three chapters titled "The Confessions of an Earnest Seeker," one on Man, making man assert the value of human reason; the dignity of human nature; and that man is substantially good; and that in the very strongest language; ending with "What contradicts reason contradicts God." Another chapter on Religion. "He goes forth in earnestness and hope to seek, to find, and to accept the true religion, resolved to repudiate all creeds, or systems of belief, which demand the sacrifice of reason, liberty, or independence. Let the religion perish from the face of the earth that would invade the sacred elements which constitute man's reason," etc. The third chapter is on the Church. "No submission to a human authority; to a Church that does not accord with the dictates of reason, or does not ennoble man's life and extend his activity," etc. A Church that has no martyrs is less than the family or State; a Church without martyrs dead, etc. Having trotted out my hero, the next thing is to satisfy his demands.

I pass him through ancient philosophies; no satisfaction. He tries modern German and French philosophy; no answer. Reason is not able to answer her own questions. Is it because she is weak? No; the cry of reason for revelation is the pride of her grandeur. The great God alone is equal to satisfy reason's capacity.

St. Thomas' arguments in proof of the necessity of revelation I am not prepared to accept. They do *not* lead to rationalism, that, you know, is condemned; but it does not require much genius on the part of the rationalists to make a handle of them. They are philosophers, they say; have leisure; intellect refined by study, etc.; well, we get at the same truths by the path of philosophy as the common people, etc., by the way of revelation. Are you, then, a traditionalist? No, sir. A rationalist? By no means. Listen!

There is no operation of the mind without an object; and the character of every operation of the mind partakes of the nature of the object.

Just, then, as the material world is necessary to the exercise and development of our physical nature; just as other human beings are necessary to the exercise of our human faculties; so is contact with God necessary to the exercise of our

god-like or religious nature. Hence, also, the nature of God's revelation is the nature of man's destiny.

This, you perceive, makes the necessity of revelation not merely a moral necessity, but a philosophical necessity. Thus reason is saved.

Now let us take history or tradition. They tell us that in the beginning God and man walked and conversed together as a friend with friend. Which confirms the above. Thus tradition is saved. But no act of religion is possible without contact with God; ergo the necessity of a living present, permanent, unerring, God-revealing organ in the midst of mankind—the Church; hence, also, the necessity of her Catholicity, etc., etc.

But I have lost sight of my book. After showing the necessity of revelation, I start my hero to find it. He comes now in contact with Protestantism. He interrogates it on the value of reason, human nature, Church, etc. What does he find? Repudiation of reason, free will, etc. Development of the Protestant doctrine concerning the Fall. In one word, the entire repudiation and destruction of man. This will give me a fair field to open my batteries. He curses Protestantism. Whence, now? Catholicity. What does she say? You know my friend, how delightful is truth—how beautiful, how consoling, how dear to the human heart, how ravishing to the mind created to gaze upon it and never to be satiated!

Here now I will endeavor to show, one by one, the *analogogy of the dogmas of faith and the dictates of reason*. This will lead me to show the beauty of the worship of the Church.

But I must not forget to tell you that I shall not forget to adapt it to the American people and their institutions also. Our institutions are based on the maxim "trust the people." This is Catholic. Protestantism says the contrary; human nature is worthless. I shall not fail to draw my conclusions.

Indeed, I trust to make it as fresh as the first, if not more so, and to make it reach a larger class of persons. With our Lady's help, I hope to have it finished this fall.

What say you to it? Could it be published in England at the same time as here? *The Questions of the Soul* is now in its third edition (1,000 each). Did you get the copy I sent you? Why didn't Capes* give it a notice in *The Rambler*? He received a copy.

* The proprietor and editor of the magazine.

Perhaps, when you see any of the Catholic book publishers, you will give them an idea of this book, and let me know the result.

I want your opinion about the plan and also its contents, especially on the proof of the necessity of revelation. Do me the favor to write, not early, but soon.

I would be delighted to shake your hand, hear you laugh, and see you jump about as you used to do.

If you want me to pray for you, write to me and tell me what you are about. If you know of any book that would be of use to me, send it on to me and I will see you repaid, or give me its title.

Affectionately yours, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
I. TH. HECKER, C.SS.R.

My address is 153 Third Street, New York City.
SS. Cordis Jesu.

ROME, December 28, 1857.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your note of December 5 was full of interest, and to me most consoling—God bless you for it. It is useless to enter into details about my personal difficulties—the reputation which as Protestant and Catholic I have borne for rectitude and sincerity is gone, but only, I think, for the present. I see the hand of God in this, and, as things are, I cannot imagine how the great purpose for which my journey was undertaken could otherwise be accomplished. This blow will, I trust, turn to my own spiritual profit, and be a providential means of attaining the object I have in view.

Regarding what has taken place in this light, though a source of great personal affliction, yet I have not the slightest feeling of bitterness or animosity against those who have believed it their duty to bestow upon me a punishment that is reserved but for incorrigible subjects.† Since my expulsion I have visited the General‡ many times, informed him of my steps, and entertained nothing but friendly feelings towards him and all concerned. God knows that I came to Rome for no per-

* Fr. Hecker reached Rome in August, 1857.

† The fact of Father Hecker's having come to Rome without the permission of his superiors was construed by them into a deliberate violation of the vows of poverty and obedience taken as a Redemptorist, and, on August 29, he was expelled from his order.

‡ The General of the Redemptorists.

sonal object; and so that I succeed in getting something put on foot for the conversion of my fellow-countrymen, I don't care for having been kicked unceremoniously out of Villa Casserta,* nor if I am kicked out of Rome—or to death. A man that gains the great prize in a lottery is willing to give an interest to obtain it.

It is for this reason that although I am quite certain of setting aside the decree of my expulsion as illegal and unjust, yet this would be to me no consolation; for my work is not a personal one; the question is, either measures should be taken for the conversion of the American people, or we should abandon our missionary vocation. No one here, who is acquainted with my purpose, but assures me with certitude of success. Trust in God with patience, and he will take care of the success.

One thing you may be assured, no one will succeed in proving a fault in me; for this, knowledge and wilfulness were requisite on my part; and both, thank God and our Lady, are wanting. God in his Providence has permitted my superiors to act from false impressions, and this to secure his own ends. My innocence gives me peace, and though my heart bleeds with affliction, yet those who see me, exclaim: "Why, Father Hecker, you are the happiest man in Rome!"

It will, I am sure, console you to know that I have very warm friends here, and most powerful ones too. "Your Eminence," I said to Cardinal Barnabo† the other evening, "I have lost one father in Rome, but gained two, yourself and Mons. Bedini."‡ I know from independent sources no persons could defend my cause more warmly than they do. Things will come to a favorable issue, and what are my afflictions compared with the sufferings of martyrs whose blood planted the faith in the soil of *Ancient* Rome.

It is not only the United States which calls for on Apostolic zeal, and the inauguration of its duties, but my humble impression is that all Europe and Italy call for the renewal of the same. There is a growing demand for an Apostolate in Catholic Christendom of the nineteenth century, like that started by St. Francis and St. Dominic in the twelfth. On

* The Villa Casserta was the headquarters of the order in Rome.

† The Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda.

‡ Archbishop Bedini, at that time secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda, who knew something of America and its needs, having visited it some years before this time.

on this ground I have not yet absolved Father Faber's abandonment of his first enterprise—the "Wilfridians."*

You can see by these views how heartily I would sympathize with you in the "Association" you mention. I wish to know more about it, and as soon as I can tell when my return may be, you shall be informed of my route and the dates; and I shall call on the Fathers at Brussels. As yet I have not made the acquaintance of Palmer,† but shall do so this week.

Your remarks in regard to Dr. Brownson are too pointed—they sting; of course they were not meant to be circulated, but for me. Their truth is evident, and since I wrote to you, other information confirms your remarks. I felt all you say, but did not express it. Had I done so, he would have had no chance, no such easy chance, to return to better sentiments. He has done so, and I am told greatly regrets what he has done. For my part, I am determined to secure every honest man as my friend—Dr. B—— is all that; if there be any fortification to be taken, I willingly accept it, so that God's glory is advanced and souls gained to Christ.

January 18.

Do not blame me for delaying to send you the above. My intention was to rewrite it and add to it; but my affairs have kept me so busy, and now and then a smart headache has prevented me in fulfilling my intention.

My difficulties will all be cleared up in due season; but it may prove to be a long one—not an unprofitable one I hope, to all parties concerned.

I see by the advertisements of the contents of the January *Rambler* there is an article that touches on American ecclesiastical affairs—have you sent me *by mail* that number? Do me the favor, if you have not. No one here that I can find gets *The Rambler*, and by other than the mail, it would take long months to reach this Eternal city. I see also that in the *Institute Monthly Literary Journal* there is also an article on the same subject; do send this also. You would do me a great

* On his reception into the Church, in 1846, Father Faber was followed by several of his parishioners and friends. These he formed into a community at Birmingham, under the title "Brothers of the Will of God." They were, however, commonly known as "Wilfridians" and were assisted by the then Earl of Shrewsbury. In 1848 Father Faber and his small community joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Meryvale, near Oscott.

† This was the Rev. William Palmer, well known in connection with his visits to the Russian Church, in 1840 and 1841, who entered the Catholic Church in 1855, and until his death, in 1879, continued to live in Rome.

favor to send me whatever touches on my affairs here, that comes in your way.

My stay in Rome will, I fear, reach much longer than my wishes—but God's will be done. When I see my way through I will let you know of my return—I must see you before crossing the Atlantic.

Write me early and let me know how you succeed in your purposes.

Excuse this scrawl. The kindest remembrances to your wife. And believe me, sincerely and affectionately, yours in the service of Jesus and Mary,

I. TH. HECKER.

ROME, March 13, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

My affairs have been *satisfactorily* arranged, and right after Easter I shall leave Rome for Paris, where I hope to reach about the middle of April. Where shall I find you? From Paris I think of making a hasty trip to Belgium; and perhaps return to the United States via Liverpool.

Do me the favor to drop me a line on the reception of this note, as it will find me here yet in Rome. My address at Paris will be Hottinguers & Co., Bankers.

The kindest regards to Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham.

Thanks for your clever and manly article in *The Rambler*.

The best remembrance to Mrs. Simpson, and I look forward with the greatest pleasure of seeing you both some time next month.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

I. TH. HECKER.

HOTEL DU VATICAN,

PARIS, April 12, 1858.†

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Praise heaven I am so far, for traveling and travail differ in my case, no more in sense than in sound. About the 20th I hope to see you in London, as my intention is to leave Southampton‡ about the 28th, by the Steamer *Vanderbilt*, for the United States; to see some of my former friends, and

* This was probably the first article.

† This letter by mistake is dated 1857, but it clearly belongs to the following year.

‡ In a letter written by Father Hecker and quoted in Father Elliot's *Life of Father Hecker* p. 278, he says: "I intend to take passage on the *Vanderbilt*, which leaves Havre on the 28th." This steamer, no doubt, called to embark passengers at Southampton.

one more than yourself, would make me feel akin to being at home. Sha'n't we have a "big talk"!

Remember me to Father Coffin* and the members of St. Mary's Community.

Yours sincerely and affectionately, I. TH. HECKER.

NEW YORK, August 25, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

My attention has been so much absorbed in our new undertaking† that it seems that since I had the pleasure of seeing you and your wife, and partaking of your hospitality, almost as much time has elapsed as in old Rip van Winkle's celebrated nap—some forty years! How do you do? What are you doing? And what's ahead? Do let me hear from you.

As for your old friend and his associates, they are "going ahead" *in nomine Domini*. My views and convictions in regard to the work that is needed for our people grow daily clearer and stronger. Our past year's labors and experience, so far from diminishing our hopes, have increased them, and this is to us a source of encouragement. Conversions continue to take place in the United States, and among the more intelligent class of our people. And there are indications which give rise to hopes of a considerable movement in the direction of the Church among the class of persons for whose conversion I have always cherished the highest hopes—namely the Unitarians. I must send you a copy of an address delivered by an Unitarian clergyman "on the suspense of Faith." It is an attempt "to give utterance to the wants of our starved imaginations and suppressed devotional instincts." *The Aspirations of Nature* was written in anticipation of such a movement, which movement I regard as destined to reach the better cultivated and more intellectual portion of the American people. There are quite a number of clergymen who sympathize with these views of the address, and have taken measures, to some extent some time ago, to realize them.

Our house, which includes a temporary chapel that will seat 1,000 persons, is nearly completed, and will be all paid for,

* Afterwards the Bishop of Southwark, but at this time Superior of the Redemptorist Community at Clapham.

† Father Hecker returned to America in May, 1858, the authorities in Rome having dispensed himself and four other priests from their vows as Redemptorists. They at once organized themselves into a new community, their Rule of life being temporally approved by Archbishop Hughes, of New York, in July, 1858.

thank God, when completed, \$20,000. Next week I leave, with two of my companions, for her Majesty's dominions, St. John N. B., for a mission for 15,000 Catholics. Last fall we held a mission in Quebec, where we had 8,000 confessions and 50 conversions. You Englishmen ought to feel some gratitude to us Yankees in laboring for the increase of the faith in your own possessions.

Some time ago I received a rescript from Cardinal Barnabo with the permission of the Holy Father to increase our numbers. We have several good applications, and are only waiting to open our house for their reception.

By the way, I heard from a clergyman, who mentioned our undertaking to good Dr. Newman, that he said: "Oh, yes; the Americans do not know what obedience is." . . . As our Holy Father is not unwilling to give us encouragement, let us indulge the hope that our Divine Master will not refuse so much little out of the way corner in heaven to his unworthy servants and "rebels."

Your devoted friend and servant in Christ,

I. T. HECKER.

My address is Station E., 8th Avenue P. O., New York City.

NEW YORK, March 28, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A letter from you is almost as satisfactory as a visit to old England. I wish you could pay me the same compliment; but I know you cannot honestly, for I get across my paper in a wretched style, and then, after you have deciphered it, "I don't pay." But if my deficiencies only induce you to make that visit to the United States which you have threatened to make, and give me the occasion to hear that hearty, good English laugh of yours once more, I shall not on their account chant *Miserere*, but *Laudate Pueri*.

Your last letter is dated September 10, and you request I suggest my writing occasionally a letter for *The Rambler*; you may "guess" how much leisure I have at my disposal, when six months have elapsed before I could find a moment to answer your friendly epistle. The direction of our youthful community and of the parish and of missions, and occasionally, when the cook is sick, the obligation to take his place in the kitchen give me scarcely time to turn about and say "Jack Robinson."

Your condemnation of the idea that Christianity is always to be hated by the world is no less hearty than my own. A couple of Sundays ago I took occasion in a sermon to explain what was the "world" that Christians were to renounce; *not* the world which is called nature—the flowers, trees, stars, sunsets (by the way, I do see glorious ones from my window in view of the Hudson River), etc., etc., these are the work of God's own hands, etc. *Not* the world of knowledge—science, music, painting, etc., etc., these show the greatness of the human soul. *Not* the world called society; society in a Divine Institution; family, friendship, etc., are Divine Institutions. These the Catholic Church recognizes, appropriates; it is the part of the heresy of Shakers, Quakers, etc., to denounce and condemn them. The world Catholics should renounce is a fictitious world, formed by men, against the Divine Law.

There is an immense amount of Calvinism, unrecognized by Catholics, which passes for piety and Catholic faith; not only in our papers, but in works on devotion, asceticism, and in our pulpits.

. . . There have been several efforts made to engage us in alliances with old orders—on almost any terms—but I am for keeping clear of these. I believe in a living and actual Providence and would trust in his guidance, hoping he will make us his instruments to build up what our times most need. I sha'n't say that I know he will, for that's too strong—but I have a notion that he will, and does.

Low Sunday we begin a mission in Kingston, Canada West—we cannot keep out of her Majesty's dominions; we began this fall in St. John, New Brunswick, and had 8,500 Communions. Our engagements extend to 1861. Conversions keep up—I have two on hand—good ones—and one under way, an English lady. One of these days the American people will, in God's Providence, be prepared—then look out for a conflagration. Providence works powerfully in our favor.

By the way, do you get the *Freeman's Journal*? The Editor sends it regularly to your address for exchange; it is the only wide-awake Catholic journal this side of the ocean.

Yours faithfully and cordially,

I. T. HECKER.

Don't you publish me in *The Rambler*.

Write soon, and I will answer soon in future.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Current Events.

Russia.

Nearly six months have passed since the Tsar solemnly granted liberty of the person, of conscience, of speech, and of the press. And yet the annals of Russia are largely made up of violations of the rights so recently conferred. Large numbers of political prisoners, loaded with irons, have been deported. Editors of newspapers are being prosecuted. Friends of personal arbitrary government (if any such there be) are being put to shame by the amazing ineptitude of its sole remaining representative among civilized states. Count Witte gave assurances that the Manifesto of October 30 granted freedom of the press. The prosecution of the newspapers, however, still went on and the Count, on being questioned, asserted that he had believed that the Manifesto had granted freedom, but he did not mean that the press laws were abolished. Liberty of the press is, of course, utterly incompatible with the maintenance of Russian press laws. It is impossible for both to co-exist; and yet the government has pledged itself to both. It is not surprising that the Russian lives in a state of perpetual amazement at the state of things. One of the leading newspapers, the *Novosti*, has been permanently suppressed, and its editor sentenced to one year's imprisonment in a fortress. The same fate has befallen a still more eminent champion of Russian freedom—the editor of the *Russ*. It would, however, be a mistake to think that liberty to criticize is entirely withheld. The new agrarian measures of the government, for example, have been criticized even fiercely by many newspapers. The great evil is the uncertainty into which everything is thrown when supreme power is lodged in a single individual, an uncertainty which has led to a feeling bordering upon panic. Oppression has taken many intense and erratic forms.

The leader of the Sevastopol mutiny was sentenced to death by a Court-Martial, his appeal was rejected, and he was executed; this execution called forth many protests throughout the country. To his grave continuous pilgrimages were made and flowers were placed upon it. Whereupon Admiral Chukhnin ordered the body to be exhumed, taken out to sea, and sunk. In the Baltic provinces 18 persons have been hanged, 621

shot, 320 killed in encounters. Awful tortures were inflicted upon a girl arrested for the assassination of a Vice-Governor; and at Warsaw two prisoners were treated in a way too horrible to describe in these pages, in order to compel them to confess. Many other outrages have taken place; but enough has been said to show the evils which exist. It may be said that these are exceptional cases; perhaps they are; but such exceptions are not found elsewhere. Twelve natives in Natal were accused of murder and proved by a legal trial, lasting six days, to be guilty; the proposal to execute them almost led to a Constitutional crisis. The fact that there is a large revolutionary party in Russia demands, it is thought, energetic measures, and that this party has made many mistakes cannot be denied. It has, without doubt, been unwise in not accepting the proposals of the government in a more practical spirit and in not co-operating with the government in order to carry them out. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that these proposals would not have been made at all had it not been for the driving power which the revolutionists furnished. The numerous murders, robberies, and other outrages of which individual revolutionists, as well as small bands, have been guilty in many parts of the Empire, cannot, of course, be justified on any ground, even that of expediency; in fact, by thus acting they are proving themselves the worst enemies of the freedom of which, nominally, they are the defenders.

The fact that elections for the *Duma* have actually taken place, and that the efforts of the officials to secure the return of their own nominees have been signally defeated, affords a brighter prospect for the future. The powers of the *Duma* were so strictly limited by the Tsar's Manifesto published in March, and the Ukases which accompanied it, that, in the opinion of many, it had been reduced to the rank of a department of the bureaucracy. The Tsar declared that, although he had granted a *Duma*, he would not part with an iota of his autocracy, and he required of its members a recognition of his supreme power. Most of the Russian papers declared that in this way the *Duma* had been made merely a mockery of a representative body. The high-handed interference of the government accentuated the feeling. The police were directed by M. Durnovo to arrest and exile all persons whom they looked upon as undesirable.

With characteristic inconsistency, after the peasant elections were over, in which especially this interference had taken place, the Council of the Empire made regulations, which looked very well on paper, to secure freedom. Notwithstanding the regulations, the terrorism and repression increased. The attitude of the government caused many abstentions; and yet the elections went on, so great is the longing of the people to have a voice in their own affairs. While among the minor landlords and the workmen the action of the government tended to make the election a monstrous farce, in the villages, on account of the peculiar conditions of communal life, the results will, it is thought, have been fairly representative, notwithstanding the action of the authorities. In some places all the efforts of the government, unscrupulous though they were, have resulted in complete failure. In St. Petersburg the Constitutional Democrats carried every seat, although the government put forth every effort, using even threats of imprisonment, on behalf of the Moderates and the Reactionaries.

The character of the *Duma* will depend upon the peasants. Their representatives will form the vast majority. Out of a total of 384 provincial deputies, 51 must be peasants, and 236 must obtain the peasant's vote, while in the remaining 97 provincial seats their vote will be influential. The Constitutional Democrats can only count on electing 28 members in the large cities and towns. The government has made the peasants promises of agrarian reforms, the Constitutional Democrats propose to them the expropriation of land. It will be in their power to choose.

At the Conference at Algeciras Russia supported her ally, France, in opposition to her neighbor, Germany, and has thereby incurred the displeasure of the latter. This has led to the refusal at Berlin of the loan of which Russia is in urgent need. After great difficulty, and on very hard terms, a loan has been granted largely by French capitalists. It seems probable that the new grouping of the Powers, consequent upon the Anglo-French *entente*, the Russo-Japanese War, and the Algeciras Conference, may include a *rapprochement* between Great Britain and Russia. The negotiations which have been proceeding for some time seem to be drawing to a favorable conclusion.

Germany.

The energies of German officials have been engrossed in carrying on the negotiations with reference to Morocco. Prince Bülow, owing to exhaustion consequent upon long-protracted work, fainted in the Reichstag and has been obliged to take a holiday. Rumor has it that the Kaiser is so little satisfied with the Prince's achievements, that this holiday will be the prelude to a permanent retirement. The Kaiser himself has not come prominently before the public. One of the two speeches recorded was made to the naval recruits on their swearing in at Wilhelmshaven. In it he urged them to remember the great deeds of the German nation, but at the same time not to forget the calamities which had brought upon itself by its own faults. This year being the centenary of the battle of Jena, he exhorted them never to lose faith and trust in God, for lack of which the German army, which fought at Jena, had suffered defeat.

This outspoken reverence, so often manifested by his Majesty for the Supreme Ruler of the world, is an element in his character which calls forth the admiration of those who cannot but feel uneasiness on account of various other utterances of his which tend to disturb the peace of mankind. It is not an agreeable thing for other nations, whose interests are necessarily opposed to the extension of German power, to learn that Germany, which they recognize as having become powerful and prosperous, is ruled by one who is apparently always thinking of war. It may be some compensation for the religiously minded among them to be told, on the testimony of one who is intimately acquainted with the country, that this prosperity is due to "the care she takes in educating her children in the principles of religion, very much of which is through the splendid example set many ways in the direction of religion by the Kaiser." The absolute law, order, discipline, self-respect, obedience, honesty, and honor, which reign throughout that wonderfully great and prosperous empire, the same authority attributes to the military system. Religious instruction is obligatory in Germany for boys and girls in both primary and secondary schools. The fact that strength and prosperity are associated with discipline and religion should make those who have neither the one nor the other ponder deeply on their ways.

The personal kindness of heart of the Kaiser was shown by the part he took in sending to the Courrières mine disaster Westphalian miners specially skilled in rescue work, and in the speech which he made when he presented to them medals as an expression of his heartfelt thanks and admiration. "You have shown," he said, "that beyond the frontiers there is something which binds people together, of whatever race they may be, and that is neighborly love. You have obeyed the bidding of the teaching of our Savior. We are all extremely pleased, and we thank you for your devotion and, above all, for the contempt of death with which you descended into the bowels of the earth on behalf of your foreign brethren."

Some years ago duelling was very frequent in the German Army, and one of the many anomalies with which mankind is perplexed was that the Kaiser, as head of the Evangelical Church, was bound to condemn and to punish the very same act which, as Head of the Army, he was found to encourage and even in some cases to enforce. Some particularly scandalous cases which occurred called attention to this evil, and in 1897 an Imperial Cabinet Order was issued requiring officers to submit their disputes to a Court of Honor. The Prussian Minister of War has recently declared in the Reichstag that since the publication of the order, all the efforts of the government has been directed to seeing that the Imperial order was carried out, both in the spirit and in the letter, and with such good results that, he said, it was now impossible to speak of the existence of this evil in the army. Brutal treatment of private soldiers by their officers was and still is frequent, but in this case, too, there has been marked improvement. In the year 1903, 665 persons were punished for maltreating subordinates; in the year 1905 the number fell to 390.

The relations with Great Britain still afford ground for anxiety. The movement initiated in both countries to foster better feelings is active. Prince Bülow, in his recent speech in the Reichstag, denied that the action taken by Germany with reference to Morocco had had for its object any desire to come into conflict with England; and the spokesman of the Catholic party on the same occasion expressed his full appreciation of the straightforward attitude of Great Britain, and declared that Germany could not be anything else than friendly, because her desires were pacific. The German branch of the Angli-

German Friendship Committee has sent an address to their English colleagues to promote the same object. This address was signed by about a thousand influential and distinguished persons, of whom 50 belonged to the nobility, over 200 were members of the Reichstag and the other German parliaments, over 200 eminent professors of science, about 50 ecclesiastical dignitaries, and a great number of representatives of various public bodies and mercantile and industrial firms. All these efforts in this direction will, we hope, be successful. The decision rests with the German Emperor. It is impossible for outsiders to judge whether or no his mind is expressed by those among his subjects who are in favor of peace. The influences in favor of war are strong, both in persons and in reasons. The commercial rivalry between Great Britain and Germany, which has become so keen in every part of the world, as so often in the past, so at present, predisposes to war. The chief reason, however, is to be found in the fact that the German Empire is imprisoned. It has a surplus population, overflowing with numbers and energy, without an adequate Colonial outlet. The attempts to colonize have so far not been successful on account of climatic conditions, every suitable place in the world having been appropriated. In Europe itself the frontiers of Germany are artificial, not natural, made by diplomatists when Germany was less powerful, and because she was less powerful. Many Germans feel that they are being deprived of their fair share of the world and that it is their right and duty to find an adequate field for expansion. This is a reason in the nature of things which makes Germany an object of anxiety and apprehension to all her neighbors, and which renders it impossible to have full confidence in the success of the efforts to promote peace which are being made.

France.

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise.” These words are recalled

to the mind by the fact that the Church in France has found in the peasants its most enthusiastic defenders. A few of the nobility led the way, it is true; but had it not been for those at the other extreme of the social scale, the movement would not have attracted any attention. Few people outside of France are aware how grave the crisis has been. France, in fact, has been on the verge of civil war. The French people have proved

themselves not to be so indifferent with reference to the Church as they appeared. The movement began in Paris, but it was in the provinces, especially in the Haute-Loire, in Flanders, in Brittany, that it took the most energetic form. Many villages were fortified; their inhabitants armed themselves in some places with guns, in other places with scythes, pitchforks, and bricks; roads were barricaded; mounted scouts stationed on the lookout for the inventory-takers. On their approach the church-bells were rung. So strong was the resistance that the new government has felt it prudent not to resort to force. The majority of the inventories had, in fact, been taken before the resistance began, but some nine thousand remained which it was impossible to make without bloodshed. Whether the peasants were justified in thus taking the law into their hands may be doubted; the fact remains, however, that these proceedings have effectually stirred up, when everything else failed to do so, the Catholics in France. They have called attention to the injustice wrought by the present holders of power, and as they have taken place on the eve of the General Election, to be held in May, an opportunity has been given to the electors to pass their judgment upon those powers. What that judgment will be it is too soon to tell. A few weeks ago a senatorial election took place for the department of the Basses-Pyrénées. A month or two before the affair of the inventories an election had taken place in the same district, in which a partisan of the present government was returned by 656 votes against 313. The more recent election, after the inventories, gave the opposition candidate a majority of 68. We hope that this may be a forerunner of many similar results.

Whether a fair trial should be given to the Separation Law has been much discussed by the Catholics of France. The Holy Father has protested in the strongest terms against both the character of the new law and the way in which it was passed. No directions, however, were given as to the immediate conduct of the French clergy, such directions being reserved for an opportune moment. The great question is whether the *associations cultuelles*, to whose administration the Separation Law gave the goods of each parish and the regulation of divine worship, should be formed or not. The Pope speaks in strong condemnation of this feature of the Law, as an infringement of the divine constitution of the Church. But in defect

of their formation, it is extremely likely that divine worship will cease throughout France; for, in the event of no associations being formed, the churches and all church property will be in the hands of the State. The Bishops are about to meet in a Council to discuss the situation. To them several distinguished laymen, including M. Brunetière, Baron Denys Cochin, Comte d'Haussonville, M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu, the Marquis de Vogüé, have addressed a letter in which they set forth the evils which, in their opinion, would follow upon the refusal to sanction the formation of the associations. Catholicism, they think, will be reduced to the state of a private religion, and the practice of its worship will be confined to the rich; the churches transformed into granaries or dancing-halls; civil war even may be let loose. Somewhat severe criticism has been passed upon the writers of this letter, as if they were infringing upon the rights of the bishops, but surely every pastor is accessible to the respectful representations of the members of his flock.

France has been the scene of the greatest mining disaster that has ever taken place. This sad event has called forth the sympathy of the whole world, and practical help, by way of subscriptions in aid of the survivors, has been sent from many parts, far-distant Australia even having sent contributions to the fund. The disaster has also been the occasion of a strike, the event having revealed the hardships to which grasping capitalists had subjected their employees, out of whose toil they were making an enormous percentage of profit without taking any pains to protect them from the dangers to which they were exposed. The troops have had to be called out, and several disturbances have taken place.

The *entente* with England has been strengthened by the support given by that country to France during the Conference at Algieras, and one of the few remaining points of difference—that with reference to the New Hebrides—is in a fair way to settlement, an agreement having been reached by the Commission appointed some time ago.

Morocco.

After sitting for nearly three months, after long-protracted delays during which the delegates of a certain government were waiting for instructions, after at least one occasion on which the Conference was on the point

of breaking up without having accomplished anything, the delegates of the thirteen powers who had assembled at Algiers were able to come to a unanimous decision. This decision had, however, to be submitted to his Shereefian Majesty for his acceptance. In the event of his refusal, a further question would arise how the Powers are to deal with him. The contest over Morocco was in reality one between France and Germany. France claimed preponderant influence over Morocco, because of her long association with its affairs, on account of the frontiers of Algeria bordering upon Morocco for many hundreds of miles. A further reason was found in the fact that the subject population of Algeria were Mohammedan in religion, and therefore liable to be affected by any adverse influence exercised upon their co-religionists in Morocco. Such an adverse influence would undoubtedly have been exercised in the event of Germany's being allowed to secure a position on the coast. Moreover, France had special financial claims too, as she had made a loan on the security of the customs.

On the other hand, Germany was unwilling in her own interests, and as she claimed in those of Europe, that Morocco should become a French possession like Tunis. She wished to internationalize the police arrangements, as well as the Bank which is to be founded. This France resolutely opposed, and so doing was supported by Spain, because she also has special interests in Morocco, due to the possession of several ports on the coast, and to the proximity of the countries. The greater powers, with the exception of Austria, gave their support to France. The result of all was internationalization under a very mild form. A score or so of officers are to instruct and command the native police in eight Moorish ports. These officers are to be partly French and partly Spanish. They are to be subjected to the inspection, not to the command, of an Inspector-General, who is himself to come from the Netherlands or from Switzerland, and is to report to the Sultan. A copy of this report is to be given to the Diplomatic Body at Tangier; not that this body is to exercise control, but merely for the sake of information. Over the Bank a predominant influence is secured to France. Other decisions as to smuggling, custom dues, and other things, were more easily arrived at. Some of the most glaring abuses of the Moorish government did not come under the discussion of the delegates at all—such as the state of the prisons and slavery. To these

abuses various of the delegates respectfully called the attention of the Sultan—the American delegate being specially interested in the Jews.

In forming an estimate of the results of the Conference, and especially whether it is to France or to Germany that the greater advantages have accrued, it cannot, we think, be doubted that Germany has been the more successful. While it is true that, by the Conference itself, the most urgent of her claims were rejected, yet the principle for which she contended—internationalism—has been accepted, although in a mitigated form. But the victory of Germany is made much more evident, if we consider the state of things immediately after the Anglo-French Agreement. This agreement left to France a position in Morocco analogous to that of England in Egypt; and she had formed plans for the peaceful penetration of Morocco, and was proceeding to carry them into effect, when the German Emperor by his visit to Tangier intervened, and by his intervention effectually prevented their accomplishment. To enter into a Conference at all was a concession on the part of France, a concession which, from her point of view, ought never to have been made, and which in fact would never have been made had it not been discovered that the forts on the German frontier were not prepared to defend themselves. What the ultimate result of the Conference will be no one can tell. One thing, however, seems clear. Germany found in Austria her solitary supporter, the other powers more or less openly ranged themselves on the side of France. For doing so Italy has incurred the Kaiser's displeasure in a marked degree.

Austria-Hungary.

To the surprise and relief of all Europe a satisfactory solution has at length been found of the difficulties which have so long been threatening the union between Austria and Hungary. For the two or three weeks which followed the dissolution of the Hungarian Parliament the prospect grew darker and darker. Baron Fejervary's Cabinet, looked upon by the Coalition as altogether illegal in itself, began to take arbitrary and aggressive action instead of holding to a purely defensive attitude. It stopped the sale of newspapers, suppressed meetings, broke up clubs, suspended patriotic County Councils. At last it went to the length of dis-

solving the Executive Committee of the Coalition. A still graver question was calling for settlement and that within short time. The law requires that a new Hungarian Parliament must meet within three months of a dissolution, and the 11th of April was the last day for issuing the writs for its election. Not to issue the writs would be equivalent to the formal suppression of the Constitution, and the restoration of absolutism. A Constitution as old as Magna Charta would have disappeared and a *régime* of pure Tsarism have begun. Such were the prospects in the last week of March. The first week of April witnessed a complete change; the long-delayed settlement was suddenly brought about. Baron Fejervary had an interview with M. Kossuth, the leader of the Independence Party, who had intimated his desire to lay before the government the proposals of the Coalition. These proposals were that a general election should be held within the constitutional period, with a platform of universal suffrage; all military questions were allowed to be shelved; the new government to be formed was to make a declaration concerning the military prerogatives of the Crown, and to see that the Budget, the treaties of commerce, the economic compact with Austria, and certain other matters, should be voted by the new Parliament. Then a universal suffrage Bill was to be carried through the Parliament, and finally on this basis a new election was to be held. There seems to be some vagueness with reference to the words of command, the question which has been the cause of all the trouble. However, both the Crown and the Coalition were satisfied. Baron Fejervary has resigned, so delighted at his release that he expressed his intention of going to bed to sleep for three days, and an exceptionally strong Cabinet has been formed, having for Premier Dr. Wekerle, and numbering among its members Count Julius Andrassy, Count Albert Apponyi, M. Francis Kossuth, and the leader of the Clerical Party, Count Aladar Zichy. "The future will show," says a well-informed writer, "whether the Wekerle Cabinet implies a victory for 1867, that is to say, dualism, or for 1848, with its ideal of personal union, or whether it inaugurates a totally new era." The Emperor-King has good reason to congratulate himself on the formation of a Cabinet which *eo ipso* is a recognition of the standpoint for which he has so long contended.

New Books.

FRANCISCANA.

The current growth of Franciscan literature,* so wonderful, not alone for its volume, but still more so from the widely disparate origin of the various streams which contribute to swell it, shows no signs of diminution. And when we find ourselves threatened with depression as we listen to the countless threnodies that pour forth concerning the depravity of our age, with its materialism, philosophic and practical, its antipathy to the supernatural, we might do well, in order to sustain our confidence in God's world, to extract all the comfort that we can from the cheering spectacle of this Franciscan revival, which exhibits men of all types of religious belief and unbelief conspiring to do honor to the Catholic saint who, above all others, is the realization of the Master's love for all men. The French edition of the writings of St. Francis, issued by Father Ubald, does not call for any notice further than to observe that it provides French readers with a good translation of the saint's writings in a handy size, and at a cheap price, so that Father Ubald's labors have placed these gems of spirituality within popular reach. The English translation of Father Paschal is one of which Catholics may be proud. As a piece of scholarly work it need not fear comparison with even the most brilliant products of French, German, and English scholarship, which we owe to non-Catholics. And, without wishing to disparage the genuine admiration for St. Francis which characterizes many of the latter, we cannot but say that in very few, if in any of them, shall we find reflected so faithfully the spirit of the Poverello, as in these pages of his loyal son and follower. Father Paschal's work is a finished piece of historical criticism. He has gone to the sources, and brought to bear on their elucidation an intimate knowledge of all the later literature of the subject. In his estimate of the value of St. Francis' own writings, for forming an estimate of his character, Father Paschal adopts a *via media* between M. Sabatier and

* *Les Opuscules de St. François d'Assise.* Nouvelle Traduction Française. Par P. Ubald Alençon. Paris: Poussielque. *The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi.* Newly Translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes. By Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. *St. Francis of Assisi.* By Leo L. Dubois, M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Mgr. Falconi Pulignani. In his judgment "these writings afford us little if any information as to the life of their author, a fact which may, perhaps, account for their comparative neglect by so many of the saint's biographers; but it is no less true that they bear the stamp of his personality, and reflect his spirit even more faithfully than the Legends written down on the very morrow of his death by those who had known him best of all."

Certainly it is in his own writings, when such exist, rather than in the imaginative amplifications of his history produced by subsequent piety, that we should look for the real living presentation of any saint. And this is especially true of a saint so remarkable for ingenuous candor and childlike simplicity as was the little man of Assisi. Nor need one be wanting in respect and gratitude towards the many biographers of the saint, to entertain the conviction that the pages in which he himself has poured forth the glowing stream of his love and simple wisdom possess, in a higher degree than any of his lives, the power to reach hearts. The language of this translation carefully preserves, as far as possible, the aroma of the original while the short but rich introductory appreciations, with copious references, furnished to each document, will prove interesting even to that class of readers who usually skip, as too dry and technical, details of criticism dealing with sources, texts, and the verification of dates. With the instincts of the scholar, and a true appreciation of the excellence of his saintly patron, Father Paschal has shown himself severe in excluding from the list of authentic writings many documents from less exalted hands, that indiscriminating piety hitherto accepted and defended as genuine.

Some time ago a reviewer in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* observed that there was an opportunity for some Franciscan scholar to do a service to truth by refuting the opinion expressed in many non-Catholic works that the movement inaugurated by St. Francis was essentially an uprising against the authority of the Church; that he was, in fact, as resolute an opponent of ecclesiasticism as Martin Luther himself. This good work has been done effectively by Dr. Dubois, whose acquaintance with Franciscan literature seems to be as extensive as that of Father Paschal himself. Of the exact, scientific quality of his able study of Francis as a social reformer, nothing more need be

said than that it was successfully presented as the author's dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America. It is as a student of social science that Dr. Dubois approaches the life of St. Francis. He gives us a very succinct account of social conditions in Europe, and especially in Italy at the end of the twelfth century. He shows how, notwithstanding the lively faith of the time, serious abuses and deplorable corruption widely prevailed, against which several Catholic reformers and visionaries had striven with but little success, previous to the appearance of St. Francis. Sketching the character, principles, and method of the reformer-saint, who aimed at reforming society by reforming the individual, Dr. Dubois places in high relief the fact that, unlike those reformers with whom his non-Catholic admirers would associate him, Francis always drew a sharp distinction between authority and the abuses of authority, between the sanctity of the office and the failings of the official. He sought to correct, not to destroy, contemporary institutions in the Church and society at large. He endeavored to ameliorate the miseries of his fellow-men, because he loved God above all things. Francis placed religion at the base of all reforming efforts. In a concluding chapter, remarkable for its comprehensive grasp and judicious balance, the Doctor points out the lessons and conclusions which the social reformer of to-day may draw from the life of the Franciscan founder. The chief one is that true reform must begin, now as ever, by the reform of the individual; Christian principles alone provide a common ground on which the conflicting interests, social, political, and economic, may meet and find a solution of their rival aims.

The excellent little pamphlet * of
THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. Father Egger, S.J., is both an antidote to practical pessimistic tendencies, and an answer to the anti-dogmatic arguments drawn from the miseries of life and the doctrines of eternal damnation, and the exclusion of unbaptized infants from the kingdom of heaven. The author takes a general Christian standpoint, rather than one exclusively Catholic. He does not blink the tremendous difficulties of the problem; nor does he pretend

* *God and Human Suffering.* By Joseph Egger, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

that reason can offer a complete solution. But he argues effectively that it is eminently reasonable to believe that neither the existence of human suffering here, nor everlasting punishment hereafter, is inconsistent with the attributes of an infinitely good and infinitely merciful God.

The problem of evil is discussed also by Father Hull in his examination of theosophy.* Two years ago there appeared from an English pen in the magazine *East and West*, which is widely read in British India, two articles advocating a system of theosophy which, its expounder claimed, might be believed in, after a sort of transcendental fashion, by Christians, or professors of any other religion, without abandoning their respective beliefs. To the *Catholic Examiner*, of Bombay, the able editor, Father Hull, contributed a series of papers refuting these claims of theosophy, with its central doctrines, the oneness of God and man, re-incarnation, and Karma. Discussing the question of responsibility and punishment, he treats the problem of evil. He is sober and temperate, neither shirking the awful difficulties of the question, nor pretending that reason can offer a complete explanation. The papers were originally addressed chiefly to Parsees; and there is a highly interesting letter from a member of that religion embodied in the book. The local color which Father Hull frequently introduces in his illustrations, together with the Oriental character of the doctrine which he combats, gives a peculiar piquancy to this restatement of arguments which all Catholic writers employ, but which few expose with such simplicity and lucidity as does this apologist.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF FRENCH CATHOLICS.

By L. Chaine.

Among the host of books now appearing in France on the subject of the new relations between Church and State, this volume† by M. Léon Chaine, deserves a special notice and recommendation. M. Chaine is a devoted Catholic, and his purpose in writing this work is to help the Church in France to meet the momentous changes that have recently come to pass. But he is deeply convinced that no progress

* *Theosophy and Christianity*. By the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

† *Les Catholiques Français et leurs Difficultés Actuelles*. Par Léon Chaine. Paris: A. Storck et Cie.

will be made until Catholics recognize that they have made many bad blunders, and often adopted disastrous tactics. He takes up various phases of Catholic action and attitude, and courageously points out where correction and improvement are required. Of course, he has stern condemnation for the stubborn disloyalty to the Republic which many Catholics have displayed, and he pleads in eloquent words for the plain principle that Catholicity is not tied to monarchy, but is at home in every *régime*. He severely censures the action of the Catholics who were so opposed to granting justice to Dreyfus, that public opinion considered *Catholique* and *anti-Dreyfusard* synonymous terms. But over and above these rather obvious matters which a book of this nature would naturally be expected to discuss, M. Chaine goes on to examine many other features which laymen do not customarily discuss, but which, he says, call for earnest and thorough reformation. He joins his voice to the great outcry now arising from multitudes of Catholics against new and fantastic devotions. If religion is cloaked in this sort of garb, he maintains, it can never make much impression upon the modern world. In Catholic education, clerical as well as lay, he calls for greater openness of mind and intellectual honesty. He would have abuses frankly set forth, and the unpleasant pages of history not blotted out or closed to the student's eye. In this spirit, and with these aims, M. Chaine discusses a great many interesting matters, and throughout he leaves with the reader the impression of an earnest man, sincerely desirous of serving religion, and believing that she can best be served by truth. The book will well repay perusal. Coming from a layman, it is of great significance.

This volume* may be described
THREE AGES OF PROGRESS. as a popular epitome of ecclesiastical history written from the apologetic standpoint. It gives the history of Christianity, from the beginning to the present day, not as a consecutive narration of events, but as a presentation of the salient features which exhibit the beneficent influence of the Church upon the world. Scarcely any important feature, event, institution, or crisis has been omitted. The gene-

* *The Three Ages of Progress.* By Julius E. Devos. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Milwaukee: The M. H. Wiltzius Company.

ral arrangement is good, the method of exposition lucid and concise. It ought to recommend itself as a text-book for elementary schools; and will afford profitable reading to all who have no time, or no inclination, for detailed historical studies. Many of the stock charges against the Church are refuted, and repelled. We doubt, however, whether it would be of much value for attracting or convincing outsiders. The author's loyalty frequently carries him to overstatement; and he ignores many of the difficulties and counter-arguments that are sure to rise in the mind of an opponent. The persecutions waged by Protestants are eloquently denounced, but there is no sufficient defense or explanation made for the persecutions carried out by Catholics. In many places, especially when the reformers are discussed, there is heard the note of polemical unpleasantness. Frequently, too, the genesis of facts is not sufficiently kept in view. For instance, after a chapter devoted to an unqualified denunciation of the French Revolution, the author compares the respective conditions of Catholic and Protestant countries. He then adduces as a fact redounding to the honor of Catholicity that in Catholic countries the land is divided into small holdings, while in Protestant ones a large part of it is concentrated in the hands of a few persons—and he cites the wide distribution of land in France, compared with the conditions in England, as a proof of his thesis. But the present division of landed property in France was effected by the French Revolution, not by Catholicism. Again, when a non-Catholic American will meet the statement that the Catholic Church alone abolished slavery, he will probably close the book.

The compiler of this collection
ANCIENT DEVOTIONS FOR has drawn from many liturgies of
HOLY COMMUNION. the East and of the West, that

survive now only among some religious communities, and, in some instances, among communities separated from Rome. The editor, however, has selected only such as are of an orthodox character. Many of them are of great beauty, and some, especially those drawn from the Liturgies of Sts. Basil and Chrysostom, and the Mozarabic blend simplicity, vigor, and profound piety in a measure seldom

* *Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion.* From Eastern and Western Liturgical Sources. Compiled by S. A. C. With an introduction by Abbot Gasquet, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

dom found outside the writings of the early ages. To many who find, occasionally, that the weaker sentimentality, so common in some modern manuals, cloy with use, this book will serve as a spiritual tonic. Incidentally it manifests the continuity of doctrine within the unchanging Church.

The time and scene of this fine
ON THE FIELD OF GLORY. story,* full of action, and glowing
 By Sienkiewicz. with the play of all the great hu-

man passions, is Poland, just as
 Sobieski is about to assemble his forces for the relief of Vienna. It does not quite conduct us to the Field of Glory, but ends with a thrilling description of the military review held by the king before his departure for the war. The force with which the author writes makes the reader witness with his very eyes the whirlwind evolutions of that magnificent Polish cavalry that afterwards ground into dust the regiments of the Sultan before the walls of Vienna. The plot is the love story of a young Polish nobleman, who wins his bride only after she has escaped from the bondage of a churlish old guardian, and the threatened coercion of a recreant noble. There is the same abundance of swordplay, alternations of love and hate, Polish patriotism, hard drinking Pans, half paladin and half barbarians, as distinguish the Zagobla trio of novels.

ESSAYS.
 By J. M. Stone.

The subjects treated in this volume,† with two exceptions, relate immediately, or indirectly, to the English Reformation; in the his-

tory of which Miss Stone is an indefatigable student. Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland, and sister of Henry VIII., and Anne of Cleves, his fourth wife; Sir Henry Bedingfield, Lieutenant of the Tower, who contributed, more than any other man, to the accession of Mary, are topics which give Miss Stone the opportunity of discoursing, in her graceful, luminous manner, replete with information, on a wide range of persons and events connected with the rise of Protestantism in England.

* *On the Field of Glory.* An historical novel of the time of King John Sobieski. By Henry Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *Studies from Court and Cloister.* Being Essays, Historical and Literary, dealing mainly with subjects relating to the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By J. M. Stone. St. Louis: B. Herder.

An easy transition carries her to the pre-reformation conditions of religion in Germany, and the subsequent re-conquest of Austria and Switzerland to Catholicism, chiefly by the Jesuits. Hence we have a very interesting paper on Jesuits at the Austrian Court. Giordano Bruno's visit to England, and his influence on Sir Walter Raleigh, afford Miss Stone occasion for drawing attention to the fact that the reformed religion had reached its *reductio ad absurdum* when weak-kneed Catholics sheltered themselves from its pains and penalties under the fairly secure roof-tree of atheism. A number of consecutive papers recount the dispersion of the literary treasures of the monasteries, and their subsequent fortunes, till they found a permanent home in the Royal Library and the British Museum.

Readers who take their history as recreation, and are repelled by the severe and solemn aspect of the Gairdeners, Gasquets, and Janssens, will find instruction in Miss Stone's pages.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.

By J. S. Mill.

It has not infrequently happened that while the chief writings of some thinker, which during his life were considered the main foundation of his fame, have soon become obsolete, some production of his genius, to which at first little importance was attached, has proved of permanent value, and exercised a potent influence on political or social development, or ethical progress. This has been the case with John Stuart Mill. His pretentious attempt to construct a moral philosophy, or system of ethics, on utilitarian lines, which, on its appearance, was treated as a revolution in ethical thought, has long since ceased to have any but an academic interest. On the other hand, his brief essay on the civil and political disabilities of woman,* which was treated, at first, as a mere magazine paper, has not alone profoundly changed the character of English legislation relative to the legal position of women, but also proved a powerful weapon for the enforcement, throughout the civilized world, of the claims of women to civil and political equality with men. Before this essay was published, Englishwomen were subject to their husbands

* *The Subjection of Women.* By John Stuart Mill. New edition, with notes by Stanton Coit, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

in a manner that savored more of Gothic barbarism and pagan jurisprudence than of Christian principles. The present improvement in their condition is largely due to the pen of Mill; though, of course, he achieved his results only because he was backed by a slowly growing public opinion. But he deserves the credit of having focussed that opinion, and given it concentrated expression. His statement of the case for women still retains its value, in so far as his pleas are founded on broad generalizations of experience and fundamental principles of human character. The present editor has prefaced to the essay a lucid analysis that will be of service to the reader, who, without it, might have some difficulty in following the course of thought which frequently, almost imperceptibly, glides from one point of view to another.

THE TRADITION OF SCRIPTURE.

By Dr. Barry.

The Longmans publishing company is to issue a series of hand-books for Catholic students and priests, which begins most auspiciously with a volume on the Scriptures * by Dr. Barry. Concerning Dr. Barry's power of condensation, his keen insight, courageous convictions, and brilliant style, there is no need to speak. For these qualities he is eminent. In this volume his gifts in these directions appear at their best. Every intelligent reader who picks up the book will be carried on with unflagging interest to the end. What is of more import in a modern book on Scripture is to know the temper and learning of the author, and how far he falls in with prevailing critical methods and conclusions. With regard to this, Dr. Barry holds a position which is eminently to his credit. He holds fast to the Catholic spirit, and, at the same time, is of open mind towards the just claims and legitimate findings of criticism. He accepts, with commendable caution, the four-fold document theory of the Hexateuch; he allows the *Isaiah*, xl.-lxvi., to be, substantially, of the Exilic period; he hesitates to specify the number of psalms which go back to David; *Ecclesiastes* is post-exilic; *Esther* is no earlier than 300-290 B. C.; while "*Esther* is clearly *Ishtar*—the name of the Babylonian goddess—and *Mordecai* is *Marduka*"—the name of another member of the Babylonian pantheon; *Daniel* dates,

* *The Tradition of Scripture: Its Origin, Authority and Interpretation.* By William Barry, D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

not from 580, but from 176-164; and Chronicles are after the exile.

The synoptic problem is rather too summarily sketched but as to St. John, Dr. Barry says: "We conclude that our Lord spoke according to the Synoptics; but that his thought has been set in high relief by St. John." Our author is also evidently, in sympathy with Père Lagrange in understanding the scope and purpose of inspiration. He admits a very notable Babylonian influence in Genesis.

We may congratulate and thank Dr. Barry for this book. It is an encouragement to find a Catholic writer thus generous and intelligently treating the critical study of the Bible, and thus ready to welcome the results of honest and truth-loving scholarship. Works of this kind must be relied upon to bridge the chasm that yawns between science and faith, by manifesting to scholars that we do not, and need not, shrink from any of their sound conclusions, however far these may sometimes be from opinions entertained by former generations.

POEMS.

By L. M. Sill.

Among the saving graces of the present generation should certainly be numbered those fugitive lines of poetry which, despite all other

demands of a busy world, the magazine editor still finds space to publish and the reader time to enjoy. Often and often among these pieces, we come upon poems distinguished by passages of exquisite beauty, sentiments which are most noble and form which is quite beyond reproach. From advertisements and short story and cartoon, one turns to these for delight, encouragement, renewal of enthusiasm. They raise us up out of the sordid and commonplace to what is eternally beautiful and heroic; they remind us of men and women who are facing hopefully the problems which puzzle us, who are battling bravely with the same temptations, the same loneliness, the same weariness as our own. Those of us who still retain our youthful capacity for affection treasure up the names of writers whom we have found thus helpful. We save the clippings of our favorite poems. And, when it comes, we meet with grateful appreciation the announcement that, at last, a publisher has gathered into a volume the verses which we have so fondly and so constantly dwelt upon.

In the present reviewer these reflections have been aroused by the sight of a beautiful book* containing many of the poems with which, during recent years, Louise Morgan Sill has been gracing the pages of our current periodicals. There can be no mistake about the fact that this writer has a high sense of the poetic vocation. To the fulfilment of that vocation she brings sweetness, strength, and discernment. Some of her shorter poems are models of lyrical beauty. "Out of the shadow" is true and touching, and purifying for a man to read. "Mount Seward" manifests a deep and unmistakably genuine spirit of religious reverence. In general, the pieces—new as well as the old—possess a brevity, a sincerity, a practical relation to human life, which put them within the grasp, and make them well worth the while, of readers who could not care to follow transcendent flights. In places where she touches upon the struggles of the soul with passion, with truthfulness, with selfishness, the author unites a sympathy for the tempted to a sure moral instinct, which is pleasing to find and good to remember in these days of confusion. Such qualities make it easily possible for her to lead others upward.

As a human document, the book reveals an interesting and attractive personality. It seems to show that, together with something of the mystic's appreciation of invisible ideals and the artist's ardent love of nature, the writer possesses a passionately sensitive and affectionate disposition. Tormented as every aspiring soul must be by contact with evil, and by personal sense of sin, she is willing to pray and to suffer; she will be no coward, but will bravely maintain the idealist's hopes in struggle with the brutal realities of life. Hence her singing engages the sympathy of those who appreciate the complexities of moral warfare and the gratitude of those who need an example of courage and of hope.

To say that the poems are not all of equal merit, is to state a condition of the excellence of the author's better work. To declare some of the lines less smooth than with labor they might be made, is to note a consequence of her direct and unadorned style. She is consistently simple, spontaneous, and straightforward, with no weakness for coining words or for importing barbarisms, and she sings in Saxon undefiled; and her

* *In Sun or Shade*. Poems. By Louise Morgan Sill. New York and London: Harper Brothers.

verse, besides being limpid and musical, is sincere and enthusiastic. There is not a morally unwholesome line in her whole work. The book, therefore, is one which the author may well feel proud of having produced and the reader thankful to possess.

ST. JOSEPH'S HELP.

By Rev. J. A. Keller.

As the title* indicates, this is a collection of stories of favors obtained in response to prayers addressed to St. Joseph. Many of

the incidents are striking. They are selected from a much larger work of the author, in which the authorities for each case was quoted. The simple, trusting, tender faith of the narrator is contagious; and the book is sure to fasten in young minds a devout confidence in St. Joseph.

ELEMENTARY APOLOGETICS.

By Fr. Halpin.

It has become a truism that, in the present day, the main battle for the faith against outsiders has shifted from the field of theology to that of apologetics. Yet there

does not seem to be any general recognition of the equally incontestable and equally important fact that the conditions which have brought about that change, also impose upon religious teachers, in and out of the pulpit, the duty of giving more attention to the exposition and inculcation of the reasonable basis of Christian faith, the *præambula fidei*. This volume,† whose author has frequently given proof that he reads the signs of the times, is a step in the right direction. It presents the fundamental facts of Christianity in the light of reason, with the least possible appeal to Revelation. The leading watchwords of infidelity are successively taken up, to be made the subject of a chapter embodying their refutation. Father Halpin does not profess to treat the topics exhaustively, or with any rhetorical development. He furnishes rather a series of suggestive notes that are to be amplified and supplemented for the construction of sermons. Every one of his fifty-two sketches deals with an objection that is in the atmosphere which Catholics breathe to-day, and against which they require the strengthening tonic of sound instruction, as frequently as it can be administered.

* *St. Joseph's Help; or, Stories of the Power and Efficacy of St. Joseph's Intercession.* From the German of the Very Rev. J. A. Keller. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew.* By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

THE NECESSITY OF DOGMA. This small pamphlet* of ninety pages is a summary statement of the arguments for the divinity of our Lord, the establishment by

By Fr. Otten, S.J.

him of the Catholic Church, and the universal obligation of belonging to it. Father Otten is logical, brief, and forcible. Having shown that since religions contradict one another, to say that one is as good as another is to say that God is indifferent to truth and error, he establishes the divinity of Christ, chiefly by the argument that either Christ was an impostor—which nobody will affirm—or he was God, since, directly or indirectly, he declared himself to be God. It is to be regretted that before leaving this pivot of his entire statement, Father Otten did not explain the texts and passages which those who do not believe in Christ's divinity urge against the doctrine. It is just these texts and passages which will occur to any unbeliever acquainted with the Scriptures, who takes up this defense of the faith.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

By Fr. Lepicier.

The learned author of this dissertation,† who is a professor of the Propaganda, a consultor of that congregation and of the Biblical

Commission, grants that, after all deductions for fraud and illusion are made, the claims of spiritism to be able to communicate with the other world are well founded. But are these communications, as the spiritists profess, carried on with the discarnate spirits of the dead or with angelic beings? To answer this question Father Lépicier sets forth, besides the teaching of the Church on the existence and nature of the angels, all the scholastic speculative conclusions concerning the nature of the angelic mind, the manner in which it acquires knowledge, the extent of that knowledge, the limitations of the angels' power over things of the material cosmos, etc., etc., etc. He then proceeds to unfold a quantity of similar information concerning the conditions in which the human soul finds itself with regard to the exercise of its faculties after death. The disembodied "soul will have some knowledge of angels, not of

* *Does It Matter Much What I Believe?* By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

† *The Unseen World.* An Exposition of Catholic Theology in its Relation to Modern Spiritism. By the Rev. Father Alexius M. Lépicier, O.S.M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

all angels, but of those with whom it may have established some sort of relation during life." "Of other souls, also departed out of this life, it cannot be doubted that the disembodied soul will have some knowledge; and, indeed, a much more perfect knowledge than it has in this present life, seeing that it will gain it, not by appealing for its considerations to any outward object, but simply by turning to its own self, it being, as it were, a mirror in which other souls may be seen." But it will not know all departed souls; of the greater number it will know nothing till the advent of the Day of Judgment. "Not only is it impossible for us to manifest our thoughts to disembodied souls by any sensible signs, but it is also beyond our power to do so in an inward mental manner; that is, by simply turning our minds to theirs, as is the case with angelic beings." The conclusion at which the author arrives is that the spirits which communicate with men in spiritualistic *séances* are not departed souls, but fallen angels. Hence, such practices are unlawful and dangerous to both faith and morals. The conclusion is, undoubtedly, much more solid than a great deal of the mediæval speculation on which the author founds it. When reason undertakes to explore the secrets of the future life, so very far beyond the limits at which the Church herself stops short, the correctness of its inferences is, by no means, unimpeachable. The oblivion to which scholastic teachings concerning the location and extent of hell, the nature of the stars, the character of the serpent which tempted Eve, etc., have been consigned, warns us against placing implicit confidence in the information, of a like quality, with which it has provided us concerning the secrets of the future life, and the nature of angelic knowledge.

For the space of ten years **MON-ASPECTS OF ANGLICANISM.** seigneur Moyes has written very frequently in the *London Tablet* on various topics relative to Anglican claims and characteristics. Very few important occurrences or publications, bearing upon Anglican affairs during the years 1890-1899, failed to draw some incisive comment from his pen. A collection of his articles forms a goodly volume *

* *Aspects of Anglicanism.* By Monseigneur Moyes, D.D. Canon of Westminster Cathedral. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

that throws many lights upon the inconsistency of the Anglican position, the historical flaws in the Anglican title, and the weakness of the arguments advanced against Rome. As each contribution was called forth by some transitory occurrence, or in answer to some public utterance, there is no methodic sequence in the various chapters. And the author has wisely refrained from endeavoring to impose upon the collection any logical framework. But this feature of the book is not an unpleasing one. Of systematic arraignments of Anglicanism there is no lack; and it would be difficult for a writer to present in a new form the abstract statement of the case. Here, however, instead of abstractions, we have a dramatic play of living personages, a brief chronicle of the times, in which we may follow many learned, earnest, religious men vainly endeavoring to make the best of an illogical position, playing against an able antagonist, who checkmates them at every move. A large number of the articles are concerned with individual instances of authoritative or non-authoritative activities, which Monseigneur Moyes seizes upon to demonstrate that, judged by its living expression, Anglicanism is "a system of divided thought, therefore of divided action." The others are, in general, an application of the standard tests of continuity of doctrine to the English Church. His closing words might well be pondered in America by those ritualistic clergymen who, while believing Catholic doctrines, yet profess to welcome to their communion men who reject these beliefs: "If High Anglicans believe, as they assure us they do believe, that the doctrines of the Real, objective, Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Invocation of the Saints are, indeed, integral parts of Catholic faith, and the denial of them heresy, they must judge for themselves how far the sacred rule of Catholic antiquity as to communion with heretical teachers is trodden under foot by them; and how far their whole position in England at the present moment is in absolute contradiction to it. Undoubtedly their situation is one beset with difficulties which command our sympathy. But Catholic Truth rests upon principles, and where those principles claim our action, who shall plead against them? Who would not dread the responsibility of standing before the judgment-seat of Christ in the guilt of complicity with those who have mutilated his message and contradicted his teaching? If merely to say God-speed be a par-

takership with such evil deeds, what shall we say of the fellowship of kneeling at their side to receive Communion?" Monseigneur Moyes' able articles are worthy of their present permanent form.

A STUDY IN ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By Morton Prince.

None of the distinguished European scientists who have devoted themselves to the study of abnormal psychological phenomena have offered to the world any record of a case more wonderful and puzzling than is contained in this volume.* In the beginning of 1898 a young lady, refined, educated, extremely shy, suffering from nervous symptoms, consulted the eminent Boston specialist on nervous diseases, Dr. Prince. Let us allow the doctor to epitomize the development of her case, which he observed closely for several years, and the history of which makes up this volume. "The subject of this study is a person in whom several personalities have become developed; that is to say, she may change her personality from time to time, often from hour to hour, and with each change her character becomes transformed and her memories altered. In addition to the real, original, or normal self, the self which was born and which she was intended by nature to be, she may be any one of three different persons. I say three different, because, although making use of the same body, each, nevertheless, has a distinctly different character; a difference manifested by different views, beliefs, ideals, and temperament, and by different acquisitions, tastes, habits, experiences, and memories. Each varies in these respects from the other two, and from the original Miss Beauchamp. Two of these personalities have no knowledge of each other, or of the third, excepting such information as may be obtained by inference, or second hand, so that in the memory of each of these two there are blanks which correspond to the times when the others are in the flesh. Of a sudden one or the other wakes up to find herself she knows not where, and ignorant of what she has said or done a moment before. Only one of the three has knowledge of the lives of the others, and this one presents such a bizarre character, so far removed from the others in individuality, that the transformation from one of the other personalities

* *The Dissociation of a Personality*. A Biographical Study in Abnormal Psychology. By Morton Prince, M.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

to herself is one of the most striking and dramatic features of the case. The personalities go and come in kaleidoscopic succession, many changes often being made in the course of twenty-four hours." Aside from the psychological interest of the phenomena, says Dr. Prince, the social complications and embarrassments resulting from this inconvenient mode of living would furnish a multitude of plots for the dramatist or sensational novelist. We should think so. Compared with it, the device on which the "Comedy of Errors" is constructed is a mere transparency; and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* comes near to the domain of probability.

Nowadays, everybody is chary of resorting to supernatural causes for the explanation of abnormal occurrences, until every other hypothesis is exhausted. This study of Dr. Prince, along with similar ones of Flournoy, Agam, James, Charcot, and a number of other scientists, enforces the conviction that abnormal psychology has useful information and complex problems for the philosopher and the theologian. The ingenuity of the tests which Dr. Prince employed, the precautions that he took against erroneous inferences, along with the acuteness of his analysis of the perplexing puzzles of his case, and the astonishing manifestations which occurred as the various phases of Miss Beauchamp's life developed, give this volume all the fascination of a novel, heightened by the assurance that one is reading not fiction but fact. We await with interest Dr. Prince's theory and conclusions, which he promises to give in a subsequent volume.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Month (April): The English Parliament is about to discuss once more an education bill. Father Smith, S J., discusses it in advance in reference to its effect upon Catholic education.—Father Benson continues his "Extracts from the Papers of a Pariah," in which he is giving the musings and reasoning of an Anglican on the various objections made against the Church, especially by the ecclesiastics of the Establishment. In this article he considers the intellectual slavery of Catholics and the overbearing rule of the clergy.—The editor contributes an article on "Science and Religion," being the substance of a lecture on that subject. The conclusion of the writer is that there can be no positive conflict between science and religion.—The Comtesse de Courson gives a charming sketch of Maria Louise of Savoy, Queen Consort to Philip of Spain.—With her usual delicately artistic touch, Miss May Quinlan describes a night spent in a London night shelter where to scores of destitute men, women, and children food and beds are given free.—The Musée Sociale, a centre of social activity in Paris, forms the subject for an article by Virginia M. Crawford. The Musée is an institution which has for its aim the collection and diffusion, free of cost to the inquirer, of information of every kind bearing upon any social institution or movement intended to benefit the working classes.

The Tablet (3 March): At a recent Consistory twenty-eight episcopal appointments were proclaimed by the Holy Father. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the Church, have so many bishops been consecrated at the same ceremony. The Holy Father's charge to the new bishops was full of paternal feeling and most touching earnestness. Of these appointments, only eight were not to French sees.—The danger of second-hand quotations is pointed out by a writer of Literary Notes. An example is taken from an article "The Good Faith of Unfaith," which ap-

peared recently in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.—Some misconceptions of Spinoza's philosophy are cleared up, and an attempt is made to show that the great Jewish thinker was by no means an atheist and unbeliever.

(10 March): A leader notices our American publication, *The Lamp*. This periodical calls itself Anglo-Roman, and is devoted to the cause of corporate reunion between the Anglicans and the Catholic Church.

(17 March): Pius X. has recently published a decision on the practice of frequent communion. Frequent and daily communion is to be recommended, and confessors must have a care never to keep from daily reception of the Sacrament any one who is in the state of grace and is possessed of the proper dispositions.—M. Widor strongly approves the Vatican "Kyriale." Henceforth, he says, there is but one edition, the typical edition, that of the Vatican.

The National Review (April): The Episodes of the Month deal principally with the conduct of the present government.—Viscount Milner writes on Great Britain and South Africa. He maintains that the South African question has now, unfortunately, got into the ruts of party. England to retain South Africa must retain the affection of the South African British. The policy of the present government is in danger of alienating them.—The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton writes on the same question. He demands that the destiny of South Africa be lifted above party, and describes "the plight to which the recklessness and vacillation of the last few months have brought us."—Rev. William Cunningham gives his impressions of a six weeks' journey through South Africa. "The reactionary elements," he writes, "are not so strong as they were before the war"; the Dutch may be trusted to push material development for their own interests, but he doubts if they may be trusted to give fair play to Englishmen.—J. St. Loe Strachey contributes a paper on how much the workingman gives to the Revenue. The writer wishes that the man with £1 a week revenue, and less, would have to contri-

bute nothing. Indirect taxation, he maintains, cannot be graduated, therefore he deprecates it.—“Strategist” contributes a technical paper on the “Strategic Duties of the Land Forces of the British Empire.”—H. W. Wilson writes on Germany’s hunger for a coal-ing-station on the Central Atlantic; that is, on the sea-board of Morocco.—Austin Harrison writes on the “insolvent” stage of England.—In “The Unemployable” the Rev. Lord William Cecil pleads for a more rational treatment of these members of human kind, and for greater pity for their poverty and their infirmities.—C. E. de la Poer Beresford writes on the “Russian Army and Its Loyalty.”—“Vigil” writes against Mr. Bryce’s encouragement of the Gaelic League as a “wholesome thing,” by giving proofs that the League is political as well as academic, and is working to eradicate all forms of British influence in Ireland.

The Crucible (25 March): Outlines the career of Sr. Mary of St. Philip Lescher as a promotor of Catholic education in England. Recalls the history of the first Catholic training college for women, and indicates the part played by Miss Lescher in establishing, maintaining, and perfecting that institution.—The women of Italy no longer believe that the pursuit of study and the fulfilment of womanly duties are irreconcilable. Impelled by a desire for learning, girls from all classes are attending the higher schools and succeed in taking academic degrees. “Parallel with this thirst for knowledge among Italian women, we find an infiltration of American ideas, sometimes the cause, sometimes the consequence, of it. In the higher classes this shows itself in a mania for sport, many girls thinking it an honor to imitate the manners of men. In the other classes it manifests itself in a somewhat unbridled longing for liberty, civil and political.”—The old system of teaching geography is contrasted with the new. Formerly the lesson consisted, for most part, in committing to memory lists of countries, of towns, etc.; in filling the mind with series of unconnected facts, a process positively harmful, for it exhausted the mental energy without giving any re-

turn. In the new scheme geography deals with the phenomena of the earth's surface, in so far as they help explain man's relation to his terrestrial environment; stimulates the exercise of the reasoning powers and eliminates all non-essential and cumbersome details which tend to obscure the broad principles that are so much more valuable an acquisition to the young mind.—The Catholic girl of England might be vieing with her Anglican and non-Catholic sisters in social works, were she not lacking in initiative and the power of self-organization.—Partly through social and educational reforms, manual labor is being recognized as an ethical factor in training. Hand-work confers precision, begets habits of self-reliance, tends to build character, and is a moral discipline of incalculable value. Miss Fletcher describes the revolution which has taken place in the teaching of drawing as a class subject.

Hibbert Journal (April): Dom Cuthbert Butler, criticizing Sabatier's *Religion of the Spirit*, maintains that the formless spirit-religion advocated by the French theologian, is not at all countenanced by our Lord, and is incompatible with the nature of man. The fundamental fallacy of M. Sabatier lies in his unwarranted assumption that between true interior religion and a religion of authority there exists a necessary antagonism.—Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, writing on Japanese Buddhism, concludes with the forecast that the moral ideals of Buddhism and Christianity will approach one another much nearer than is the case now, and that we may have many lessons to learn by contact with the reverence of the Far East.—Professor Drawn, of Cambridge, U. S. A., writes a rather remarkable article, pointing out that Christian theology is turning away from the metaphysical approach to reality by the way of intellect, and is beginning to base its metaphysics in will-attitudes.—Professor Gardner, who is about to bring out a life of St. Catherine of Siena, gives a beautiful sketch of that marvelous woman's efforts to heal the wounds of the Great Schism. Of St. Catherine's mystical experiences, Dr. Gardner says: "These are things of which one hardly

knows how to speak. These are but some of the many peaks of the sacred mountain, up which Love leads the human soul to union with the divine, in quest of absolute truth and absolute beauty."—The Rev. W. Jones-Davies gives these three laws of doctrinal development: 1. The advance must be real; 2. It must involve new statements of truth, and the casting aside of old formulas; 3. It must, while reaching forward to the future, remain rooted firmly in the past.—T. W. Rolleston says that the resurrection of our Lord is not essential to Christian faith.—Sir Oliver Lodge gives it as an immensely important truth that development and progress extend even to God himself, and that God is a being who "enters into the storm and conflict and is subject to conditions as the soul of it all."

Le Correspondant (10 March): The last instalment of Thureau-Dangin's series of articles, dealing with the Oxford Movement, is a history of the last years of Manning and Newman. In the early days of his episcopate the former was ultramontane to the core, his attitude in his declining years was quite different. Much space is devoted to a description of his efforts to uplift the working classes. Newman's old age was spent in a much different way. After the celebrations attendant upon the reception of the "red hat," he passed into retirement. His last days were characterized by nothing that would be of interest to the public.

(25 March): Bossuet's association with some of the greatest scholars of the day, such as Mabillon, Montfaucon, Penaudot, Nicolé, and others, is described in an article entitled "Bossuet and Biblical Studies." In it we are told that Bossuet from his youth loved the Scriptures, that he breathed in a biblical world and talked in a biblical tongue. The author states that the celebrated preacher derived great assistance from some learned Jews, with whom he was on intimate terms.

Études (5 March): The first signs of the storm brewing over the head of Father Tyrrell appear in an editorial of this number. The editor announces a criticism of the writings and opinions of the learned priest that is to appear

soon in the pages of this magazine. It is stated (and with keen regret) that most of the Catholic reviews have given Fr. Tyrrell great praise. Still, there are some who think his solution of religious problems to be ill-timed, rash, and even erroneous. With this latter view in mind, our editor hastens to disclaim all allegiance with his former brother. He says Fr. Tyrrell obtained an *impri-matur* for *Lex Orandi* through a "regrettable error." (20 March): Jules Lebreton concludes his articles on the theories of the Logos at the beginning of the Christian era. In this issue he takes up the teaching of Philo. In conclusion he states as his firm opinion that the author of the Fourth Gospel was not a disciple of Philo.

La Quinzaine (16 March): Opens with an interesting article from the pen of Georges Goyau on the social rôle of a country vicar. He makes his study and draws his inferences from seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century types.—André Bonnefons describes the part played by Carnot as member of the Committee of Public Safety. Though by no means a radical, Carnot lived the life of a real persecutor, and his exile and death were a punishment hardly proportionate to his cruelties.—Henri Thibeaud compares the condition of the Church in France with that in Germany. The conclusion to be drawn from this comparison is that French Catholics are better off than their German neighbors.

(1 April): Abbé D. Sabatier concludes his study on A. Gratry. This modern philosopher's view of science and reason afford sufficient matter for a lengthy article.—L. Lagulier describes in detail the school system of England, making note especially of the condition of Catholics under this system.—In the September number of the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* an article appeared entitled "The Religious Education of the Child." The author, practically an unbeliever, made a few observations to which C. Huit, in this number, objects.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 March): M. Vacandard continues his invaluable studies on the Inquisition. He traces the growing horror manifested by theologians of the early

middle ages for heresy, and the development of the idea that as *læsa majestas* was punishable by death, so heresy, which was *læsa majestas divina*, ought also to be visited with the same penalty. He quotes Paramo, who maintained that the Inquisitorial procedure had a divine pattern and that God was the first Inquisitor. Paramo proves this from the examination and condemnation of Adam and Eve. The *debita animadversio* inflicted upon heretics was generally death by fire.

(1 April): M. Bricout writes favorably of *Il Santo*.—P. Cruveilhier analyzes P. Hummelauer's ideas on the authenticity of the sacred books. Authenticity here means that a book was really written by its reputed author. P. Hummelauer maintains that authenticity is not a dogmatic fact, and that criticism is perfectly free in impartially examining whether this or that book was actually composed by the author to whom tradition assigns it.—A. Ducrocq points out that since François Coppée's conversion, his enemies and the Church's enemies have calumniated him with the charge that his power has been weakened by his faith. M. Ducrocq studies M. Coppée's later works to prove that this charge is false.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 March): S. Monte comments on the latest Encyclical Letter of Pius X. and the Pastoral of Mgr. Bonomelli. It would be a grave matter if, in a problem of such importance, two authorities of the Church, (and though one of them is much lower than the other, he is still an eminent authority) were to be in disagreement and to preach different doctrines to the faithful. But after an attentive, accurate, and conscientious examination, it seems plain that no real opposition exists.—V. Riccabona presents a dialogue between a Darwinian and a Neo evolutionist, the latter leading through the various steps of evolution to the God who is behind nature.—D. Zanichelli, reviewing Villari's recent volume of critical and historical discussions, suggests that the Holy See might very well accept the annuity offered by the Italian government without in the least surrendering its position on the question of the temporal power.

Civiltà Cattolica (17 March): Sketches the Japanese character

as studied by the missionaries of the sixteenth century, St. Francis Xavier, and others.—Continuation of the empirical study of the relation between religion and crime, the conclusion being that the more truly religious a man is, the more free he is of crime.—Reviews the recent book of Semeria on *Mediæval Civilization*, and concludes with the suggestion: "In general it will be, we think, to the advantage of the reader, as well as to the credit of the author and the good name of the clergy, if to his future works Father Semeria devotes more profound study and less haste."

Razon y Fe (April): Publishes the encyclical of Pope Pius X. on the separation of Church and State in France.—P. Aicardo writes on Lope de Vega.—P. de Abadal continues his articles on the Hexateuch, controverting the assertion, made by some, that there are objective errors in Genesis taken historically.—P. Murillo reviews the volume of Pastor's *History of the Popes* which deals with Leo X., and says that the reading of it, far from diminishing the reputation of that Pontiff, rather raises him in esteem, giving his noble figure proportions quite gigantic.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ABBOT GASQUET has carried home with him to England some very pleasant memories of Catholic associations in America. He was disposed to be most genial in his manner and easily adapted himself to new surroundings—as all travelers should do—so that many welcomed him as a distinctive type of the foreigner, kindly disposed, like his good friend, the late Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool, who was his guide and manager in the voyage across the broad Atlantic. While listening to his brilliant conversation on the verandas of the cottages at the Catholic Summer-School, it was difficult to realize that he had spent twenty years or more delving into the musty historical annals of the British Museum, and that he had found documents to vindicate the much abused monks of the sixteenth century. In an article published in the *Dublin Review*, Abbot Gasquet thus describes some impressions of his visit to Lake George and Cliff Haven :

On Saturday, August 20, three days after reaching New York, we set out for Lake Champlain and the "Summer-School," by way of the Hudson River as far as Albany, and thence by rail to Lake George. We had been asked to spend the Sunday at St. Mary's of the Lake, the country home of the Paulists. To one who in his youth had pored over the *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, and other stories of Fenimore Cooper, the country about Lake George could not fail to be a delight. But the "Lac du S. Sacrement," as it was called by the French missionary who first discovered it, needs nothing but the way of romance to give it interest or to add to its native beauty. In the two days spent with the Paulist Fathers and students in their country houses and in the greater freedom of their holiday life, I got to know them well and to appreciate them, better perhaps than would have been possible under the normal circumstances of their regular life. The memory of one day in which I was initiated into the mysteries of American camp life, on an island some miles away over the lake, is one of the treasured recollections of my trip. During that and the previous day I had many delightful chats, on all kinds of subjects, with many different kinds of men, young and old, and I came away from this visit impressed with the solid piety of these religious, as well as with their freshness and their determination to fit themselves for whatever future labor they might be called upon to undertake. In the five and twenty young men, preparing themselves in their college at Washington for the priesthood, the Paulists have a pledge for the future success of their many good works. What struck me particularly in all of them was their single-minded devotion to the life they had chosen, and the earnestness of their determination to spend themselves unstintedly on work for God and his Church.

In the evening of the Tuesday I arrived by steamer at Cliff Haven, and was welcomed to the "Catholic Summer-School" by the Rev. Dr. Denis McMahon, the President, and Father McMillan, one of the directors. I was quite unprepared to find that Cliff Haven, as a settlement, was entirely Catholic. For some years now the school has possessed its own grounds—some 500 acres in extent—upon which various bodies, such as diocesan authorities, associations of various parishes, or even individual Catholics, have erected houses, where the members of the school obtain accommodation at reasonable rates. The board of directors, who legally own the property, have laid out

the grounds, made the roads, built the Church, and established a post-office, as well as a large public restaurant, where meals are served at regular hours. Besides this they have built a theatre, or "Auditorium," capable of seating some 600 people (but already too small), where lectures are given, plays are acted, or other entertainments provided to suit the taste of all. The various dwelling houses, moreover, during the sessions, vie with one another in getting up dances, theatricals, and charades; whilst boating, bathing, and fishing, as well as a perpetual round of excursions, all help to make a stay at the Catholic Summer-School pleasant as well as profitable.

Cliff Haven is thus already undoubtedly a great creation; and, seeing that it has been in existence only thirteen years, it has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations. As an educational factor, it is under the Education Department of the State of New York; and, especially in the early part of the session, which extends over eight weeks, much serious work is done in the training of teachers. Last year I was told that accommodation was provided for over 1,000 people on the grounds, and that the number actually present at any one time had averaged from 600 to 800 all the summer. In 1903 the school was frequented by a total of 5,821 persons, and probably this last season the number will not have been less than 7,000. The position certainly is most ideal; this garden-city, with its pleasure grounds, stretches along the shores of Lake Champlain for three-quarters of a mile, and right across the water the eye rests on the low opposite shores of the lake, backed towards the east by the green mountains of Vermont; whilst to the west, standing out in the clear air, are visible the outlying peaks of the great Adirondacks. Some one has said of Cliff Haven that there was "plenty of 'summer' and very little 'school'"; but, after visiting the place, I feel sure that this is a libel. The whole place is the school, and the whole atmosphere is Catholic. The mere fact of seeing and mixing with writers, thinkers, and teachers, and hearing them talk in the Auditorium, is an education in itself, even if there were nothing of a more serious nature. Formal lectures, however, are given every day in the session, from 8:30 to 12:30 in the morning, and from 8 until 9 in the evening. Of course attending lectures, like everything else at Lake Champlain, is optional, but when I was there the attendance was quite as large as any one could desire. The lecturer of the week during my stay was Professor J. C. Monaghan. His subject was "Commerce," and the moral to be drawn from his discourses was the great opportunity which every American citizen possessed in the natural wealth with which God had endowed his country. He was a most instructive, convincing, and eloquent speaker, who illustrated his subject with an amazing mass of statistics, and lightened it with most felicitous anecdotes. Again and again during the course of his lectures he appealed to the Catholic youth of America to be true to their principles, loyal to the faith, and proud of their religion, as the surest way of succeeding in life. Putting aside, however, the direct educational advantages of such a place as the American Summer-School, the social advantages secured by bringing Catholics together in such numbers are obviously very great, and there can be no doubt, I think, that it tends to strengthen the hold of religion on the rising generation. It would however, I fancy, only be possible to have such a school in America, where the distinction of classes is not as marked as in the older countries of Europe.

Another visitor from Boston, who has been most active in the work for Catholic Reading Circles ever since the early days of the Summer-School, has written concerning the session of 1905 in these words:

My visit to Cliff Haven, after an absence of seven years, was most enjoyable in every sense of the word. The many improvements were, I thought, familiar from hearsay, but I was really not prepared for the reality. I was indeed pleasantly surprised. My only regret was that I could not prolong my visit to a month, at least. . . . I think many of us will be treasuring thoughts of that pleasant spot during the coming months and insisting upon having more of it.

Arrangements are now in progress for the fifteenth session of the Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain. The work of preparation assigned to the Board of Studies is nearing completion, and the report from the Chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements relating to the schedule of lectures from July 2 to September 7, a period of ten weeks:

First Week, July 2-6.—Lectures by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President of the Catholic Summer-School. Subjects: Literary Enemies and Hendrik Ibsen. A series of original monologues in humorous vein recited by the author, Miss Marie Coté.

Special programme for the Fourth of July, which will be arranged in conjunction with the committee in charge of "The Old Home Week," to be celebrated at Plattsburgh from July 1 to 7. Railroad tickets to be sold at reduced prices.

Second Week, July 9-13.—Five lectures by Lorenzo Ullo, LL.D., Brooklyn, N. Y. City. Subject: Cesare Cantù and the making of Italian Contemporary History. As a patriot Cantù was most devoted to the welfare of his country. From his remarkable study of universal history, he was well qualified to hold a leading place among statesmen, and to prove that his loyalty to the Catholic Church was in no way an impediment to patriotism.

Lectures for the second week of July have been arranged by co-operation of Judge R. E. Healey, Grand Knight of Plattsburgh Council No. 255, and Chairman of the Executive Committee in charge of the reunion of Knights of Columbus from Vermont and Northern New York. Athletic games are to be held at Cliff Haven July 10-11. Full particulars will be given later, with a statement of the reduced railroad rates, etc.

Monday evening, July 9.—Subject for discussion: The Claims of Commodore Barry, "Father of the American Navy," by John G. Coyle, M.D., Former District Deputy and Past Grand Knight, New York City.

Tuesday evening, July 10.—Grand Rally of the Knights of Columbus. Addresses by the Very Rev. Joseph H. Conroy, V.G., Ogdensburg, N. Y.; the Rev. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, St. Albans, Vermont.

Wednesday evening, July 11.—Social gathering in the Champlain Club House, at Cliff Haven.

Thursday evening, July 12; Friday evening, July 13.—Two Lectures on the Catholic Orders of Knighthood, by the Rev. M. G. Flannery, Brooklyn, N. Y. City. In many books of fiction there are allusions to "days of old when knights were bold," but these lectures will describe the reliable annals of their history.

Third Week, July 16-20.—Lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., as follows: I. Intimations of Intelligence in Inorganic World; II. Imitations of Instinct in Plants; III. Instincts in Insects; IV. Animal Instincts; V. Instinct and Intelligence in Man.

Evening recitals by Miss Catherine Collins, of the Ralston University, Washington, D. C. Two lectures by the Hon. Thomas C. O'Sullivan, New York City, on Governor Dongan and early Colonial times in New York.

Fourth Week July 23-27.—Studies in Irish History, by Mr. Charles Johnston. Subjects: I. The Making of the Irish Race; II. St. Patrick and Classical Learning; III. The Norman Invasion; IV. Wars Between Ireland and England; V. The Renascent Ireland of To-day.

General Bibliography.—*A Concise History of Ireland*, by Dr. P. W. Joyce; *Literary History of Ireland*, by Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League; *Ireland's Story*, by Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer; *Handbook of Irish Antiquities*, by W. F. Wakeman; *Irish Local Names Explained*, by Dr. P. W. Joyce.

Evening lectures by the Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S.J., Boston, Mass. Subjects: I. The Catholic Ideal of Education for Women; II. The Teacher's Character as an Educational Factor, containing many practical hints on discipline, school-management, and moral training; III. Educational Models from the New Testament; Christ and St. Paul as Teachers; IV. Women as Educators in the Early Christian Homes, with an account of the influence pious women had on the minds of the great Fathers—Chrysostom, Basil, the Gregories, etc.

Fifth Week, July 30-August 3.—Alumnæ course on the Literature of Spanish America, by the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, Washington, D. C.

Evening lectures by the Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S.J., Loyola College, Montreal, Canada. Subject: The Eclipse Expedition to Labrador, illustrated with views. Miss Anna Seaton Schmidt, Boston, Mass. Subject: The Art and the People of France, illustrated by many reproductions of famous paintings.

The deepest impression caused by Miss Seaton Schmidt's recent series of lectures in the Pierce Building was, that religion has ever been the vitalizing force of true art; and it is the greater tribute to the speaker's gift that this is an impression rather than the result of a moral or spiritual analysis didactically conveyed. Not that the analysis is lacking, but one feels that the religious sentiment which was the inspiration of so much of the work of the old artists appeals more powerfully to Miss Schmidt's temperament than their technical qualities. The atmosphere of enthusiasm for spiritual truth, of which the arts are but the mediums of expression, is a distinguishing characteristic of Miss Schmidt's lectures, and it is needless to say that this quality of thought and feeling is more stimulating and valuable in its influence than any amount of scientific and historical criticism.—*From the Boston Transcript.*

Sixth Week, August 6-10.—The tenor of those volumes of the *Cambridge Modern History* dealing with the Reformation manifests the willingness of non-Catholic scholars to reconsider many of the verdicts that have long stood registered on Reformation topics. And as the Catholic cause received but little justice from English historians in the past, every revision of traditional

views, made in the fuller light and less prejudiced atmosphere of the present day, results in a gain for the Church. The appearance of the *Cambridge History* has suggested the opportuneness of a series of lectures treating of some of the evil results in the social and political world that followed immediately from the Reformation in England, France, and Germany, to be given by the Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D., St. Thomas' College, Washington, D. C., under the general title of: *The Cambridge History from a Catholic point of view.*

Four evening lecture-recitals, with specimen passages of the best types of Plain-song, by the Rev. Norman Holly, Consultor to the Papal Commission for the Vatican Edition of Liturgical Books, Professor of Gregorian Music at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y.

Seventh Week, August 13-17.—Five lectures by Professor J. C. Monaghan, Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C. Subjects: I. America, a Land of Unlimited Opportunities; II. A Study in Municipal Government; III. Glimpses of Socialism; IV. Commerce and Culture; V. The Real Yellow Peril.

Evening lectures on: The Church and Liberty of Thought, as shown by the latest discoveries regarding Galileo and Savonarola, by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., New York City.

Monologue recitals by Thomas A. Daly, A.M., Fordham, General Manager of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, Philadelphia, Pa., Secretary of the American Press Humorists.

Eighth Week, August 20-24.—Five lectures by the Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Subject: Aspects of American Social Reform.

Evening lectures by the Rev. A. Notebaert, Rochester, N. Y., on Belgian Missions and Colonies in Africa.

The Chevalier de Cuvelier, Secretary-General of the Congo Government, has sent to Bishop Van Ronsle the following letter of grateful acknowledgment: It is my pleasant duty to convey to your lordship, and to all the Catholic missionaries exercising their apostolate in the Congo, the wishes of the Government of the Congo for the prosperity of their evangelistic work. We are pleased to acknowledge the spirit of self-sacrifice, zeal, and disinterestedness with which missionaries of every religious order in the Congo are, in an equal degree, animated. The State is most grateful for the co-operation of Catholic missionaries in their efforts to civilize the native population, co-operation which it deems indispensable for the material and moral improvement of the natives. In honoring the memory of those who have sacrificed their lives by sending their successors its best encouragement, and in assuring them of its support, the State is only expressing its own sentiments and the sentiments of those who, like it, know the persevering and meritorious labor which the results so far obtained by the missionaries, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered, have necessitated. I hope that your lordship will be good enough to convey to all the missionaries in the Congo, Fathers of Scheut, White Fathers, Jesuits, Premontres, priests of the Heart of Jesus, Trappists, Redemptorists, Fathers of Mill Hill, and to the Sisters of our Blessed Lady, Franciscan Sisters of Mary, White Sisters of our Blessed Lady of Africa, Sisters of the Blessed Heart of Mary, Trappist Sisters, and Sisters

of Mercy, the interest the Government takes in the progress made by each of their missions, and how much it values their development; and at the same time add that the Superior Administration has been instructed, following the appeal made by the deputation of mission leaders, received by the king (of Belgium) November last, to examine in the most kindly spirit the different recommendations which the missionaries may desire to make in the interest of their work of evangelization.

As was to be expected, this policy of allowing to Catholic missionaries a fair field has aroused opposition among the enemies of the Catholic Church. Quite recently the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adopted a resolution asking Pope Pius X. to use his influence to effect necessary reforms and legislation in the Congo Free State. The request was as follows;

The New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church respectfully requests his Holiness, Pope Pius X., to take into consideration the reports of grievous oppression in the administration of the Congo Free State and use his potent influence to secure an effective reform.

Thursday evening, August 23, is assigned for special addresses relating to the Local Associations of Cliff Haven with the War of 1812. An original poem dedicated to Commodore McDonough will be read by the author, Mr. John Jerome Rooney, New York City.

Friday, August 24.—Reading Circle Day. Tributes to the memory of the late Secretary of the Catholic Summer-School, Warren E. Mosher, A.M.

Ninth Week, August 27-31.—Five lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Subject: The Philosophy of the Head and the Heart.

The purpose of this course will be to indicate certain philosophical principles involved in the more or less familiar psychological and moral phenomena connected with the head and the heart. The physiology of the two organs will lead to a description of those phenomena, and the principles will be traced in a study of the opposition, harmony, and relative bearings of the forces which the respective organs symbolize in human life. The relation of those principles to the ideals of the Summer-School will then be determined.

Evening lectures on Dentistry; its History and its value in our Modern Lives, by James E. Power, D.M.D., Vice-President of the Rhode Island Dental Society.

Lectures on the Social Effects of Catholic Teaching, by the Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., New York City.

Tenth Week, September 3-7.—Four lectures by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Subject: History in the Drama, with special reference to Barbarossa and the Pope; Joan of Arc; Mary Queen of Scots; and Lucrezia Borgia.

Conferences to promote the Advancement of Parish Schools and Sunday-Schools.

Lessons in Gaelic dancing by Miss Loretta Hawthorne Hayes, Waterbury, Conn.

Instruction in music by Professor Camille Zeckwer, Director of the Germantown Branch of the Philadelphia Musical Academy.

Sloyd lessons by Miss Pauline G. Heck, Providence, Rhode Island.

Classes for children in the Ralston System of Physical Culture, with Swedish Movements, etc., by Miss Catherine Collins, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Christianity and the Working Classes. Edited by George Haw. Pp. 257. Price \$1.50.
Lady Baltimore. By Owen Wister. Illustrated. Pp. xiii.-406. Price \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

In Sun or Shade. Poems. By Louise Morgan Sill. Pp. 225. Price \$1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The New Far East. By Thomas F. Millard. Pp. xii.-320. Price \$1.50. *The Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher.* By William B. Freer. Pp. xi.-344. Price \$1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Aspects of Anglicanism; or, Some Comments on Certain Events in the Nineties. By Mgr. Moyes, D.D. Pp. viii.-491. Price \$2.50. *Key to Universal History: Being an Essay on Historical Logic.* By Charles E. Devas. Pp. 321. Price \$1.60.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Lenten Readings. From the Writings of the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church, as found in the Breviary. Translated into English by John Patrick, Marquis of Bute. Arranged by Father John Mary, O.F.M. Pp. 176. Price 75 cents.

KENEDY & SONS, New York:

A Year With the Saints. Translated from the Italian. Pp. 397. Price \$1.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Organum ad Kyriale Romanum. By Dr. Fr. X. Mathias. Price \$1.75.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Questions of the Day. By Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G. Vol. II. Pp. 223.

FISCHER & BROTHERS, New York:

Catholic Church Hymnal. Edited by A. Edmonds Tozer. Edition with Music. Price \$1.
Church Classics. Edited by A. Edmonds Tozer. Price 75 cents.

CASSELL & CO., LTD., New York:

Five Famous French Women. Illustrated. By Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. Pp. viii.-304. Price \$2.

D. H. MCBRIDE & CO., New York:

Month of our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. From the Writings of Père Eymard. Price, cloth bound, gold title, 50 cents net.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:

The Ghost in Hamlet; and Other Essays in Comparative Literature. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. Pp. 325. Price, net, \$1.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Fra Girolamo Savonarola. By Rev. George Lucas, S.J. Pp. xxxii.-474.

CATHOLIC MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston:

Cecilia Edition of Catholic Church and School Music. *Mass for Four Voices.* Price 60 cents. *Lead Kindly Light.* Three Voices. Price 12 cents. *To Him who for our Sins was Slain.* Price 3 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Annual Report of the United States Life-Saving Service. Pp. 472.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESUE ET CIE., Paris:

Nouvelle Théologie Dogmatique. By R. P. Jules Souben. Pp. 137. Price 2 fr. 50.
Histoire de la Théologie Positive. By Joseph Turmel. Pp. xvi.-440. Price 6 fr.

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CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE CATHOLICISM OF ST. FRANCIS.

BY MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

Super omnia fidem Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ servandam, venerandam et imitandam fore censebat, in qua sola salus constitit omnium salvandorum.
—Thomas of Celano (1229).

Hérétique sans s'en douter.—Paul Sabatier (1894).

O write of the Catholicism of St. Francis, to show that he was a Catholic, may well seem a superfluous, even an idle, task to commonsense people of all religions. For the fact comes out objectively, luminously, from all the authentic records. St. Francis was baptized in the Catholic Church and lived in communion with her; his institute was, at his request, approved by the Church, and at his request was placed for all time under the guiding hand of a Roman cardinal; he suffered cheerfully for her greater glory and died most sweetly in her bosom; and finally the Church, grateful and adoring, raised him to the honor of her altars, as a model of charity, sanctity, obedience, and heroic virtue. Really the Catholicism, the orthodoxy, of St. Francis, is a question beyond all dispute, and those who admire him are surely bound to admire the faith which was the sole source of his heroic, saintly, self-sacrificing life.

But there are modern admirers of the saint who admire in him all things save this same inspiring faith; to be consistent, they should admire most of all that which most of all inspired

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VOL. LXXXIII.—19

him to the deeds they admire. It is a curious instance of the antipathy which the Church of Christ is bound to arouse in those who are not of her, and which ranges from bitter hatred to polite diffidence. Not that these modern admirers of St. Francis deny outright that he held the faith—fact is too strong for them; but they do seek to show that he was not quite so firm and stiff in his orthodoxy as his contemporary Catholics, that he was averse from dogma, opposed to authority, and imbued with a pietistic and quietistic religion, which in the end would have emancipated all men from the necessity of intermediaries between God and man. And all this is conveyed, not by direct statement, which could never be sustained, but by hint and innuendo, by inference and subtle insinuation, couched in persuasive rhetoric and clothed in dazzling antithesis.

Miss Anne Macdonell is a great admirer of St. Francis, and has written a very clever book about him and his disciples. But she has done much to travesty his true portrait. "Sometimes," she says, "sometimes he speaks respectfully of theology."* The inference is that sometimes he does not; the truth is that he always did. "St. Francis always speaks respectfully, nay often with glowing enthusiasm, of theology"; this is how the sentence should have run, if it were to present to us the saint's true opinion, for he has described theologians as "those who minister unto us spirit and life."† Again she says: "He never undertook a plan of the world's salvation";‡ but he preached and practised the Catholic religion, whose plan is precisely the world's salvation.

Yet another strange trait, and here we pass from faulty portraiture to something like caricature. "True Pantheist, however good a Catholic—and, indeed, where's the contradiction?"§ This singular statement is a characteristic instance of the itching desire of certain moderns to have the great saint of Assisi, somehow or other, associated with heresy. What a gusto, to be sure, in thus boldly dubbing him Pantheist! In an effort at consistency, which collapses in absurdity, Pantheism and Catholicism are declared to be identical—"where's the contradiction?" No two systems could well be more irreconcilable

* *Sons of Francis*. London: Dent. 1902. P. 17.

† Testament of St. Francis. See Father Paschal Robinson's excellent vernacular version of all the saint's works. *The Writings of St. Francis*. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. 1906.

‡ *Sons of Francis*. P. 25.

§ *Ibid.* P. 16.

than the Pantheistic and Catholic conceptions of God. No matter; the glib, alluring phrase will have stuck with some of this writer's readers, and they will go away repeating, no longer that the saint was a "Morning Star" of the retrograde Reformation, but a forerunner of the enlightened system of Spinoza, or shall I say of Schelling and Hegel?

One further instance from Miss Macdonell, because it is so thoroughly characteristic of the modern non-Catholic attitude towards St. Francis. In the introduction to her interesting little book, *The Words of St. Francis*,* she writes: "In my selection I have tried to reflect his spirit, his temperament, and his attitude to life, rather than his doctrine. For his doctrine, it was that of the Roman Church of his day, which he never questioned."† In the latter sentence we have a plain, straightforward statement (for which we are grateful), but is it not passing strange that she should seek to exclude that very doctrine, the inspiring source which informed the spirit of the saint, governed his temperament, and shaped his attitude to life, without which, spirit, temperament, and view of life would have been empty, vain, and barren? Fortunately Catholic doctrine so thoroughly permeates the writings of St. Francis that even Miss Macdonell in her little book has failed to exclude it altogether.

But it is M. Paul Sabatier, with his great talents and charming, convincing literary style, who has made the most determined effort at the de-Catholicizing of St. Francis of Assisi. Here again hint, innuendo, subtle insinuation, brilliant rhetoric, and dazzling antithesis are the chief weapons. M. Sabatier, whose diligence is unwearied, has learnt much since he produced his *Life of St. Francis*,‡ and I am persuaded that his re-written life of the saint—promised us now a good many years ago—will be a very different thing from the original. But the original remains in circulation; it is near its fortieth edition; it has been translated into English, German, Italian; it has never been repudiated by the author, save in the statement that the Indulgence of the Porziuncola was never asked for by the saint or granted by the Pope. Therefore, we are still perforce obliged to draw upon the book for M. Sabatier's view of St. Francis.

* London, Dent, 1904.

† *Ibid.* Pp. 8-9.

‡ *Vie de St. François.* Paris: Fischbacher. 1894.

In the Introduction a characteristic attempt is made to show that new anti-Catholic, or at least un-Catholic, ideas were permeating the Church in the thirteenth century. We are told that the people of Italy, above and beyond the official, clerical, divinely-appointed priesthood, hailed and consecrated a new priesthood, a real, laic priesthood, based on natural right—the priesthood of the saints.* It sounds grand, it looks noble, in its wizard French dress; it will not bear analysis in French or any other language, and M. Sabatier's English translator has so far realized the absurdity of talking in plain English of a priesthood of laymen, based on natural right, as being possible in the Italy of the twelve hundreds, that she quietly, if very unfairly, drops all reference to the "*réel, laïque, de droit naturel*," merely translating "they were greeting and consecrating a new priesthood, that of the saints."† On the same page we are told that the saints of the thirteenth century were the witnesses for liberty against authority. We look in vain for a single instance. It is a wanton raising of dust to insinuate that there is any contradiction between true liberty and true authority. The saints always remained submissive to the authority of the Church; under authority alone did they recognize true liberty; and it is little short of folly to suppose that the Church would hold up as models of sanctity, witnesses for liberty against her authority.

It is in the white light of misconceptions such as these that M. Sabatier draws his portrait of St. Francis. He boldly affirms that the saint owed nothing to the Church, and does not hesitate to declare that he refused to be ordained priest because he had divined the *superiority* of the spiritual priesthood.‡ One reads such a sentiment with amazement; one's wonder is increased to think that a book containing it should go into forty editions instead of sinking into instant oblivion.

Great indeed, however blind, must be the desire of human-

* " . . . dans le midi, au-dessus du sacerdoce officiel, clérical, de droit divin, il saluait et sacrait un sacerdoce nouveau, réel, laïque, de droit naturel, celui des saints." *Ibid.* Pp. vi.-vii.

† *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Louisa Seymour Houghton. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1901. P. xiv. This is not the only instance in which the translator, without note or comment, has spirited away the inconsistencies, I should more justly say, the absurdities of the original.

‡ " . . . il refusa du moins toujours d'être ordonné prêtre. Il devinait la supériorité du sacerdoce spirituel." *Introd.* P. vii. I note, *en passant*, that St. Francis had evidently not divined the superiority of the spiritual deaconhood, for we know for a fact that he was ordained an "official" deacon. See I. Cel. 30 (Bollandists, §86), "*quia levita erat.*"

ity to filch from the Church her noblest ornaments, if people can be found to believe, approve, admire, and propagate such a sentiment as this. If St. Francis ever refused the priesthood—and there is no record that it ever was pressed upon him—it needs no seer to divine that the humble saint's motive would in the main be humility. For of one thing we have the fullest record; and that is, the awe and veneration with which he regarded that "official" priesthood which M. Sabatier would have him hold so far inferior to the "*sacerdoce, réel, laïque, de droit naturel.*" "If I were to meet a saint from heaven," said the humble St. Francis, "in company with the humblest priest, I would honor the priest first and hasten to kiss his hands. And I would say: *You* must wait, St. Laurence, for the hands of this man touch the Eternal Word, and have in them something above nature."* His deep, unquestioning reverence for the clergy is thus described in the so-called *Legend of the Three Companions*: "He desired that his friars should do signal honor to priests who dispense the most high and venerable sacraments, and wherever they should meet them he would have them bow down before them and kiss their hands, and should they meet any priests on horseback, he desired that they should not only kiss their hands, but the very hoofs of their horses—and all out of reverence for their Office."† For, as Celano says, "he venerated priests and embraced every order of ecclesiastics in an exceeding great love."‡

In his own writings we have still stronger testimony that St. Francis knew no priesthood save the priests of the Catholic Church, that to him they were the only *sacerdoce spirituel*. In his second "Epistle" the saint declares that God honors priests above all men. § In his first "Epistle" that clerics alone and none else can administer the Word of God; || in his First Rule that priests alone have the power of binding and loosing. ¶ Hear him on the subject of the "official clergy" in the Twenty-sixth Admonition: "Blessed is the servant of God who exhibits confidence in clerics who live uprightly according to the form of the Holy Roman Church. And woe to them who de-

* II. Cel. 2. 152 (Amoni, 3. 129). I have here the satisfaction of citing for the first time the noble and definitive edition of Celano's *Legends*, just published by Père Edouard d'Alençon. (*Sancti Francisci Assisiensis Vita et Miracula, additis Opusculis Liturgicis.* Auctore Fr. Thoma de Celano: Hanc Editionem novam ad fidem MSS. recensuit P. Eduardus Alenconiensis, Ord. Fr. Min. Cap. Rome: Desclée Lefebvre. 1906).

† *Leg. III. Sec., §57.*

§ *Opuscula* (Edit. P. Lemmens). P. 103.

|| I. Cel. 22 (Hollandists, §63).

¶ *Ibid.* P. 91.

¶ *Ibid.* P. 50

spise them; for even though they (the clerics) may be sinners, nevertheless no one ought to judge them, because the Lord himself reserves to himself alone the right of judging them. For as the administration with which they are charged, to wit, of the most holy Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ—which they receive and they alone administer to others—is greater than all others, even so the sin of those who offend against them is greater than any against all the other men in this world.”* In the Testament he testifies with equal eloquence to his belief in the exalted character of the priestly office: “The Lord,” he there says, “gave me so great faith in priests of the Holy Roman Church on account of their Orders, that if they should persecute me I would still have recourse to them. And if I had the wisdom of Solomon I would not preach in the poorest priest’s parish against his will. I desire to fear, love, and honor them as my masters, and I will not consider sin in them, for in them I behold the Son of God, and they are my masters.”† Small wonder that with such sentiments as these the humble saint, in awe and trembling, *refusa toujours d’être ordonné prêtre*. Yet with these burning words before him, M. Sabatier can seek to show that there was some other kind of priesthood that the people of Italy, and of course St. Francis, regarded with greater love and veneration.

I would not have it supposed for a moment that M. Sabatier ever denies outright, in plain language, that St. Francis was a Catholic. On the contrary, he admits it in saying that the attitude of the saint towards the Church was “that of filial obedience.”‡ But he immediately qualifies by adding that such an attitude seems strange in him, when of course it was the most natural thing in the mediæval world, and further on he roundly affirms that, owing to the saint’s ignorance of ecclesiastical discipline, he was a heretic without knowing it;—*hérétique sans s’en douter*.§ It does not occur to him that even if the saint had expressed heretical opinions, or been guilty of heretical conduct in ignorance, the highly-placed ecclesiastics of the Court of Rome, with whom he was in such close relations, would soon have enlightened his ignorance, and had he proved obdurate, he, who was already so promi-

* *Writings*. By Father Paschal Robinson. P. 18.

† *Opuscula*. P. 78.

‡ Introduction. P. ix.

§ *Ibid.* P. xiv.

nent a figure in the Church history of the day, would soon have been sequestered from the possibility of doing harm.

When M. Sabatier has got well on into his book, he has forgotten the charge that St. Francis was a heretic unawares, and we are told that the saint skirted the borders of heresy without ever actually falling into it—*il côtoiera longtemps l'hérésie, sans y tomber jamais.*"* But even here the name of the founder of the superlatively Catholic Order of the Friars Minor has, by skillful innuendo, been coupled with the idea of heresy; the saint, if not a heretic, is supposed for long to have been near heresy: 'tis a characteristic specimen of the subtle insinuation which disfigures the book throughout, and has done so much to distort the simple Catholic figure of the least complex of the saints. The saints are the Church's chief glory; to her they were the greatest of mankind; her ideal of human grandeur is a saint; her most manifest desire, that all her children should be saints; she finally raised these children of hers to the honors of the altar, and is in continual daily communion with them. The Church has done all this naturally, spontaneously, from the love of God, and in fulfilment of her divine mission. This is simple historical fact, which any impartial student might be expected to admit. M. Sabatier has another view. "The Church," he says, "has so cleverly" (note the charge of trickery) "so cleverly claimed them (the saints) as her own, that she has succeeded in creating" (observe the constant insistence upon artifice) "a sort of right to them. This arbitrary confiscation," he continues, "must not continue forever—far from making the saints of less account, let us show forth their true greatness."†

M. Sabatier's idea of showing forth the true greatness of St. Francis, is to picture him as contemptuous of the priesthood, false to the Church, and attracted by heresy. Such sentiments may argue a greater nobility of mind than has the Catholic mediæval or modern, who sees in the priesthood the ministers of God, in the Church his living oracle, in heresy the present and future undoing of mankind—but plain, historical record shows us that such sentiments would only have aroused horror in the soul of St. Francis of Assisi. Those

* *Vie de St. François.* P. 94.

† Introduction. P. xvii. "L'Eglise les a si bien réclamés comme lui appartenant qu'elle a fini par créer en sa faveur une sorte de droit. Il ne faut pas que cette confiscation arbitraire dure éternellement."

who wish to admire him have perforce to admire him as one of the truest, noblest, most legitimate, and most natural products of the Catholic Church. He is as indissolubly wedded to the Church to-day as he was in the days of his terrestrial pilgrimage, nor, to use the eloquent words of a charming non-Catholic writer—what a relief it must be to write thus freely without the possibility of being dubbed “bigot”—“nor shall the avarice of a thousand starving heresies ever deprive her of him, or him of her.”* We have worked hard of late, in the name of historical exposition, to defend him from those who would deprive her of him and him of her. Perhaps our labor has been, if not in vain, then to a great extent unnecessary. The gentle spirit of humor which illumined the sayings and doings of Francis of Assisi is still living and potent to-day; it was characteristic of him to stifle a sad by laughter; and I cannot but think that the latest effort to detach him from loyalty to his Church will die rather under the ridicule which it is arousing than in consequence of the many able, critical, and historical replies which it has called forth.

It is a relief to turn for a moment to a few of the ringing professions of the faith that was in him which stand forth luminous and illuminating in his writings and his biographies. Nothing, perhaps, brings out more conspicuously the saint's desire for an orthodox and conventionally correct Catholic attitude, than his practical invention of the system, since adopted by all the Orders, of Cardinal Protectors. St. Francis, with the consent of Pope Honorius III., had chosen Ugolino, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, as Cardinal Protector of the first Friars Minor, or, as Celano vigorously phrases it, “*dominum elegerat super universam religionem et ordinem fratrum suorum.*”† It was not merely a passing idea, based upon the needs of the moment, it was an inspiration by which he sought to set the seal for all time of incontrovertible orthodoxy upon all his brethren present and to come, for we find the idea of the Cardinal Protector embodied in his definitive Rule. “I enjoin,” he there says, “upon the Ministers, under obedience, that they ask of the Pope one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church to be governor, protector, and corrector of this Fraternity, so that being always subject and submissive at the feet

* Edward Hutton. *The Cities of Umbria*. London: Methuen. 1905. P. 256.

† I. Cel. 2. 5 (Boll., §99).

of the same Holy Church, steadfast in the Catholic Faith, we may observe poverty and humility and the Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which we have firmly promised."*

The Rule, which closes with so striking a note of Catholic orthodoxy, opens with an equally whole-hearted promise of obedience to the Holy See and Holy Church. "Brother Francis promises obedience and reverence to Pope Honorius and his successors canonically elected, and to the Roman Church."† Yet it is of the saint who wrote and thought like this that we are asked to believe that he professed (and consequently taught) heresy unawares; or, at all events, that he was perpetually on the verge of heresy, if he never actually embraced it. His straightforward devotion to the Church, *per se*, comes out in a hundred places of his writings and authentic biographies. No one of his brethren might be received into the Order "contrary to the form and institution of Holy Church";‡ no one of them might preach "contrary to the form and institution of the Holy Roman Church";§ no one might even preach in the diocese or a bishop who refused his consent;|| that brother who should stray from the Catholic faith, or Catholic life, in word or deed, and not amend himself, was to be utterly expelled from the Order;¶ no one might enter the Order until he had been examined in the Catholic faith and sacraments of the Church, and had promised to confess and observe them unto the end.** In the light of such elementary Catholic maxims, it is singular, even in this topsy-turvey age, when non-Catholics, and even anti Catholics, can be found who boldly call themselves "Franciscans." Nay, a too perservid Belgian writer has not hesitated to call the "International Society for Franciscan Studies," composed mainly of people who refuse that obedience to the Pope and the Roman Church which St. Francis exacted from his disciples, "a Fourth Franciscan Order."††

Besides the touchstone of submission to Rome St. Francis' orthodoxy is strongly brought out by his belief in hell‡‡ and the devil,§§ by his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin,

* Cap. xii. of Rule of 1223. † Rule of 1223. Cap. i. ‡ Rule of 1221. Cap. ii.

§ Rule of 1221. Cap. xvii.

|| Rule of 1223. Cap. ix.

¶ Rule of 1221. Cap. xix.

** Rule of 1223. Cap. ii.

†† Arnold Goffin. *St. François d'Assise*. Louvain, 1903. I take this fact from the notice of the book in the *Analecta Bollandiana*. Vol. XXIV. P. 160.

‡‡ Rule of 1221. Cap. xxii., xxiii. *Epistola I*.

§§ Rule of 1221. Cap. xxi. *Epistola I*. (passim.)

whom he constituted Advocate of his Order,* by his devotion to the angels and the saints,† by his insistent command of auricular confession,‡ and by his overpowering love and veneration of the Blessed Sacrament. "And these most holy mysteries I would honor and venerate above all things."§ In conclusion it is instructive to note how emphatically *Roman* is the Catholicism of the Poor Man of Assisi. St. Bonaventure in his golden legend, writes: "He taught them (the friars) to praise God in all things and through all things, to honor priests with special reverence, and firmly to believe and simply to confess the truth of the Faith held and taught by the Holy *Roman* Church."|| And hear Celano's sure and certain voice: "*Above all things* he considered it necessary to hold fast, to venerate, and to follow the Faith of the Holy *Roman* Church, in which alone is placed the salvation of those who are to be saved."¶

This brief paper may seem to some not to bear out the purely constructive promise of its title, to be controversial rather than serenely expository. But what need is there to prove to Catholics that a saint, whose life and doctrine have passed through the searching crucible which precedes canonization, was in deed and in truth a Catholic? If we lay any public emphasis on the fact at all, it is because certain modern admirers of the saint, contrary to all the known sources of information, seek to reclaim him from the "arbitrary confiscation" of the Catholic Church and proclaim him—who knows what? Better far that they should reckon him a benighted bigot, than that they should succeed for a moment in depriving him in the eyes of one human being of good will, of his chief and most luminous characteristic, that of being a loyal son of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, whose divinely appointed Head, in good report and evil, was to him the Vicegerent of God upon earth.

* II. Cel. 2. 150 (d'Alençon); 3. 127 (Amoni): "Matrem Jesu indicibili complectabatur amore, eo quod Dominum majestatis fratrem nobis effecerit."

† II. Cel. 2. 149 (d'Alençon); 3. 126 (Amoni).

‡ Rule of 1221. Cap. xx. *Epistola I.* and (emphatically) *Epistola III.* See also I. Cel. 17 (Boll., §46), in which is recounted the touching episode of how St. Francis and the first friars continued confession to a priest, although they knew him to be a man of bad life.


§ *Testament.* And see *Epistles I.* and *V.*

|| St. Bonaventure. Cap. iv., §3 (Bollandist, §42).

¶ I. Cel. 22 (Bollandists., §63).

ST. FRANCIS AND MODERN SOCIETY.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

UCH as the world admires St. Francis, there is yet a tendency, even with some of his admirers, to regard him as a pure idealist and to miss the eminently practical note of his teaching. "St. Francis," says one, "is a fascinating figure to gaze upon, but he belongs to an order of existence far removed from the ordinary work-a-day world. What can such a man as he have to say to a world where money is a necessity of existence, and where one is obliged to maintain a certain social exclusiveness and exercise some measure, at least, of worldly prudence? The *Fioretti* is an idyll refreshing to the jaded sense of a hustling, commercial age, but as a standard of actual life, who can accept it, save perhaps a few enthusiasts whose interests are apart from the world's main stream?"

In this paper we shall endeavor to show that St. Francis, idealist though he undoubtedly was, is of the order of those whose ideals have a relation to man's common life. And indeed one might well ask, in reply to the sort of criticism first instanced, "St. Francis was the unpractical dreamer some take him to be," how came it that the religious movement he initiated had such deep and widespread effects in the history of the Church and the nations? It has been said of him, by competent students of history, that he gave the death-blow to the feudal system of the Middle Ages, and averted for three centuries the schisms of the sixteenth century; that he consecrated with religious sanction the democratic awakening of his time, and anticipated by six centuries the aspiration for social justice which we are apt to regard as a special attribute of our own age; that to his personality is largely due the creative art of the fourteenth century; and that to him and his friars we are, in no small degree, indebted for the impulse which created the national literatures of modern Europe. Surely such a man, whose life has had such practical results, cannot be lightly dismissed as a mere idyllic songster or figure of romance.

Of the further influence of St. Francis' teaching, in the details of individual and social life, we shall not be able to speak within the limits of this paper. All we can attempt is to expound the fundamental principles upon which his life and message were based.

But first I would remark that St. Francis belongs to the order of those who bear witness to large ideals; he must not be taken as a propounder of small regulations. He was a prophet pointing the way of life, rather than an official regulating the traffic. He was not, strictly speaking, an administrator, nor was he a logician. He was a man born to live rather than to rule. He was an apostle rather than a director of souls in the modern sense of that word. Hence we do not come to him for petty rules of daily life, but for those high principles which underlie exterior action and passing circumstance. The Poverello's teaching has this in common with that of his Divine Master, that it deals with the more elemental motives and forms of conduct, rather than with the mere problems of the hour. He was neither theologian nor lawyer, but a prophet setting forth fundamental truths which endure under all changes of time. It is the duty of lawyers and theologians to apply great principles to the needs of the moment, and to clothe truths in the language of the hour; but the prophet has the higher task of witnessing to the elemental truth itself and of appealing to the deeper humanity which abides.

I.

The message of St. Francis is commonly summed up in the phrase *Holy Poverty*—and if one must have a good word-sign for the saint's teaching, undoubtedly no better can be found than this; for St. Francis himself often spoke of "Most High Poverty"—"*Altissima Paupertas*"—as the sum of his ambition and the object of his deepest affection. As St. Bonaventure puts it: "None was ever so greedy of gold as he was of poverty, nor did any man ever guard treasure more anxiously than he this Gospel pearl." (*Legenda Major*, vii.) And yet it is easy to misunderstand the word and to take it in a significance alien to St. Francis' mind. Poverty was, in truth, the rule of his life, but "Most High Poverty" meant for him

good deal more than the absence of material comfort or lack of this world's goods. Poverty—the state of the poor—was to him a sacramental sign of an abundant spiritual life.*

He loved poverty, not because of its absence of life's joys, but because it stood in his thoughts for the condition of a subtler joy and a more generous spiritual experience. In his early years he had known what wealth can do for a man, how it opens out to him the road to pleasure and ambition, and is apt to ensnare him in worldliness and centre his mind on the present life, to the exclusion of the eternal things of the soul. He had been brought up in a world where commercial ambitions and love of power were the predominant factors in a man's life, and he had learned from his own experience, and his knowledge of his class, how such a life tends to blunt the spiritual affections and make a man "of the earth earthy." Hence, after his conversion from the world, he came to regard wealth as a temptation and a snare, and money as a symbol of the worldliness from which he had escaped. At times he spoke as though the possession of property and the very handling of money were an evil in itself; as in the saying recorded by St. Bonaventure (*Legenda Major*, vii.): "Money, O brother, is unto the servants of God naught else than the devil and a venomous serpent."

And St. Francis' words must always be taken in a sense relative to the occasion which calls them forth. He was speaking on this occasion to a friar who, like himself, had already renounced earthly possessions, but in whom there was evidently still some slight hankering after the joy of possession, even though it were but the joy of possessing in order to give to others. And St. Francis spoke as a warning to "the servants of God," meaning those who had embraced with him the life of absolute poverty. That he had no fanatical ideas about the inherent evil of money, as some of the heretics of his time had, is quite evident from his attitude towards those who were not called by a divine vocation to embrace the Franciscan life. He never upbraided the rich simply because they retained their riches, and in his Rule he strictly forbade the brethren to judge them. No; money and possession was a temptation and a danger, the cause of incalculable mischief in the world, as he actually saw it, and at the best it fettered a man's soul,

* See *The Friars and How They Came to England*. Introductory Essay, page 21.

bringing with it worldly responsibilities and cares from which the devoted follower of Christ is best free.

So, on the other hand, poverty is to be blessed and cherished because it sets a man free from the temptations and cares of wealth to devote himself the more unreservedly to the service of Jesus Christ. But the poverty which sets the soul free is not the unwilling poverty one too frequently meets with in this world's highways and byways. There, indeed, is an absence of this world's goods and comforts; and in their stead is squalor or discontent, or the wearing anxiety for the next day's bread. This is the poverty which has not, yet would have, if it could—the poverty of the man who, by choice or circumstances, lives for the world which treats him badly. That, of course, is not the "Most High Poverty" of St. Francis, but, as he himself might have expressed it, her unspiritual sister. If one might venture to put the answer to the question of poverty into the saint's mouth, it would probably be somewhat as follows: "It is sad and pitiable that they who live for the world should be deprived of the world's comforts; but it is better not to live for the world, for so a man will not be overcome by the world's discomforts"

Upon this principle St. Francis, ever the most large-hearted of men, whilst himself indifferent to material comforts, was yet grieved when he saw others suffering because of poverty. They had not the secret which made poverty a joy to him; so he pitied them in their necessity, and would relieve them when he could. In itself poverty might contribute either to spirituality or unspirituality, to sorrow or to joy, just as the bread which is one man's food, can be another man's poison. And St. Francis had seen how multitudes of men are demoralized in the poverty which is their lot. But this unhappy fact did not prevent him from seeing the spiritual possibilities which poverty opens out to the "men of good will" who aspire to a more perfect Christian life.

Rightly then to understand Franciscan poverty we must take it, not as an economic factor in the world's life, but as a principle in the discipline of the soul. The renouncement of possessions was with St. Francis the first step towards the realization of the perfect Christian life; apart from this ultimate ambition, and the entire discipline it implied, Franciscan poverty has neither meaning nor virtue.

We ask, then, what is this life and discipline for which holy poverty became the word-sign in the days of St. Francis?

It is nothing else than the endeavor to reproduce in oneself, as literally as one can, the life of the Gospel as set forth in the words and deeds of our Divine Savior and the first disciples.

It may be said that, after all, this is only what all Christians are supposed to attempt. Yes; and St. Francis himself would be the first to admit this. So convinced was he of it, that he constantly asserted that his vocation was but to walk in the path of the Gospel and fulfil the perfect Christian life. That was his simple ambition. But though this might be the common profession of Christians, yet in actual life religion, as St. Francis found it, was very much a compromise between the Gospel precepts and the wisdom of the world. Secularism had invaded the sanctuary, and by all manner of pretexts justified its presence there; the Gospel was accepted as the rule of life, but with the interpretations put upon it by a worldly spirit. Religion, with the multitude, was in fact an endeavor to make the best both of this world and the next, as far as that could be done. And, in truth, is not that very much the character of the religion of the multitude at any time?

The worst feature of it all was that the Christian world at large seemed unaware that this was not pure religion. Secularism in religion was justified as a holy alliance between the Gospel and the world. Men had grown so accustomed to the argument that the world belonged to Christ and the Church, that insensibly they lost sight of the essential antagonism between the spirit of the Gospel and the world's spirit. The result was, as might be expected, that for the Christian multitude—both learned and ignorant, high-born and low-born—Christianity meant little more than a secular theocracy, in which the eternal was dominated by the temporal, rather than contrariwise. The sublime unworldliness of the Gospel was lost sight of and explained away. Christ's Kingdom had become very much of this world.

Even in the monastic state the taint was perceptible. The spiritual was made subservient in practice to the temporal; the influence of the Abbey in the politics of the State was of more concern than the saving of a soul; at least the saving of souls was regarded with a view to the effect on the temporal su-

premacv. It was not that the spiritual concerns of souls were left out of count, but that, in an insidious fashion, they were too much connected with, and often unconsciously to the people themselves made subservient to, merely temporal concerns. To put it vulgarly, religion had become an asset in the running of the State, and in the pursuit of one's worldly interests; not by any conscious hypocrisy, but because the point of view was for all immediate and practical purposes limited to this world. Men believed intensely in heaven and hell, as the reward or punishment of life on earth, but that did not prevent them regarding this world as the lawful possession of the faithful while they were on earth. True it is, and one must not lose sight of the fact, that a spiritual Israel existed in the Church even in its most secularized periods, numerous holy souls to whom the Gospel of eternal life appealed, and who separated themselves entirely from the secularist views of the multitude. But it was reserved to St. Francis to bring the Christian society at large to the judgment seat, and compel the multitudes to listen again to the simple teaching of the Gospel.

The first principle in St. Francis' life was to take the Gospel in its literal sense whenever it was possible so to do. Just as in after life he declared that his Rule was to be taken "*sine glossa*," without subtle interpretation, so from the beginning he was accustomed to take the Gospels in their plain and evident meaning. When, therefore, as he listened one day to a priest reading the Gospel at Mass, and heard our Lord's command to the Apostles that they should go forth and preach, taking neither silver nor gold in their purses, nor scrip nor two coats nor shoes nor staff,* Francis, conscious of his own apostolic vocation, took these words as a command to himself, and at once cast aside his scrip and staff and shoes, and henceforth went barefoot.

In like manner, when his first companions joined him, he took them to the church and asked a priest to open the book of the Gospels and read to them the words of the open page, and hearing in this fashion the evangelical command: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give it to the poor," he straightway bade his new companions distribute their goods to the poor.

When, on another occasion, a certain applicant for the

* Matthew x. 9, 10.

habit, instead of giving his goods to the poor, distributed them amongst his relatives, St. Francis refused to receive him, since he had failed to comply with the Gospel precept. In like manner he took literally the precept of evangelical meekness; regarding which the *Fioretti* has preserved such a charming illustration in the seventh chapter entitled: "How St. Francis showed to Brother Leo in what things consists perfect joy."

Again his determination to allow of no fixed revenues in his Order, and his command that his disciples should depend simply upon their labor or the alms of the faithful for their sustenance, was but his application of the conclusion of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew: "Be not solicitous for your life what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat? etc."

Thus, in all things, he endeavored to take the simple word of the Gospel as his rule of life, nor was he at all patient of what he regarded as man's interpretations designed to accommodate Christ's teaching to the dictates of worldly wisdom.

In the life of one less Catholic-minded than St. Francis, this very attempt to take the Gospel literally, would easily have ended in heresy and schism, as in fact it had already done in the case of the Waldenses and kindred sects. It may be truly said that the only literal interpretation of any spoken word can come from the mind which utters it. No man has ever yet been able to give the exact equivalent of another man's thought; and hence interpretations easily go astray, unless checked by the original speaker. The heretics professing, like St. Francis, to take literally the words of the Gospel, applied Christ's teaching in a narrow legalistic sense, utterly alien to the spirit of Christ.

Francis was saved from this disaster by his Catholic instinct, which kept him ever in union with the heart of the Church, in which dwells the mind of Christ. With him the mere words of the Gospel were not the all-in-all of the Gospel; they were but the indications of the mind of Christ, of that intangible truth which no words can adequately express. He took the Gospel as literally as he could, but he went beyond the words and imbibed their spirit. His complaint against the worldly interpretations, which departed from the letter of the Gospel, was that they were in opposition to the spirit behind

the letter; but no one felt more keenly than he, how the professed literalness of the heretics was also in opposition to the spirit of Christ. The whole difference between St. Francis and the heretics was that with him the letter of the Gospel was but a means of realizing in actual life the larger truth and the larger life which Christ came to give us, and which he gives us through the Catholic Church.

Francis accepted this Catholic truth and life with simple and unhesitating faith, just as he accepted the words of the Gospel in simple and unhesitating faith. In fact, Francis accepted in the primitive Christian type all its later genuine development in the life of the Church; he rejected only the corruptions which had gathered around this development; and he was able to distinguish the true life from its corruption, because he himself was so wholly Catholic, and instinctively divined what belonged by right to Catholic life, and what was but a parasitic growth. If, in certain instances, Francis seems to insist too emphatically upon the letter of the Gospel, and to ignore the wider problem, it is simply because, in the circumstance, the immediate need was to insist upon the obvious meaning of the letter against unspiritual interpretations of it; but his life bears witness to the larger truth which lies behind the letter. Thus he himself would, like Christ, possess nothing of this world's goods; he took literally the precept: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give it to the poor," and this rule he imposed upon his friars.

Yet in dealing with the multitude of Christians, even indeed with those of his disciples who lived in the world—the members of his Third Order—he never sought to impose this precept in all its literalness. He set before them the ideal of evangelical poverty, as a counsel of perfection and as a discipline of the Christian life; yet recognized that amidst the actual circumstances of the world many must live by the spirit of the precept rather than by its letter. Yet he would have them keep the precept ever in mind as a corrective to worldly wisdom, and, as far as they could, live according to it. Thus when a certain parish priest came and begged of him a rule of life, St. Francis bade him, amongst other things, to distribute to the poor at the end of each year whatever superfluity of goods remained to him out of his yearly income. Similar to this seems to have been his injunction to the first Tertiaries, so

many of whom on receiving the habit gave to the poor whatever they did not need for their own modest sustenance. In a word, if they could not renounce all possessions and live in the poverty of Christ, they were to hold their property as though it were not theirs, regarding what they held as a trust for the needs of their neighbors, as well as for their own frugal maintenance. There was in all this none of the narrow fanaticism of the heretics, but the "sweet reasonableness" of the Catholic mind which makes the external act always subservient to the spiritual purpose. The essential note of Christ's poverty was an *indifference* to earthly possessions, rather than passion for non-possession, which might be as disturbing to the spirit as a desire for possession, and notwithstanding certain sayings which, taken by themselves, might have a fanatical flavor, it is evident from the general tenor of his life that this same note of indifference was at the root of St. Francis' teaching about poverty.

Thus the fundamental idea of St. Francis was to take the Gospel in all simplicity, rejecting that "wisdom of the flesh" with which the Gospel teaching is so generally diluted in the lives even of "good Christians." But this return to the Gospel was to be on Catholic lines, was to be regulated indeed by the letter of the Gospels, but also and even more by that Catholic wisdom, which comes from the mind of Christ, and to which the letter of the Gospels is but a witness.

Appealing then for his authority, not merely to the words of the written Gospel, but to the Divine Mind in the Church, St. Francis taught that the first condition of a truly Christian life—not, be it remembered, of a monk's life, but of a Christian life—is indifference to earthly possessions. From the point of view of Christian perfection, it is well for a man if, like our Divine Lord himself, he can renounce all ownership and be freed from the cares of wealth. But this is the privilege of the few who are set apart for special service in Christ's kingdom on earth. Yet no man can hope to attain to Christian perfection as long as his heart is set upon earthly possession. It may be that his duty to his family, or the State, or other circumstance compels him to acquire and retain this world's goods; and in this case the perfect Christian will consider his ownership a trust of which an account must be rendered to Christ; a trust to be used not for self-indulgence but for

good, and especially for the relieving of those in want. The giving of one's goods *to the poor* was, indeed, an integral part of this evangelical poverty. To enrich one's family is in some measure to enrich oneself, is to retain for oneself at least the prestige of wealth, and this was opposed to the indifference and detachment of Christ. Therefore, St. Francis would have all superfluous goods distributed to the poor; since he held that those in need had a prior right; the alms given to the poor being, in fact, their inheritance under the Gospel. For so St. Francis understood Christ's adoption of the poor in Matthew xxv. 34-45. To give to the poor is to give to Christ himself, to whom whatsoever we have belongs by the highest right; it is to acknowledge that all ownership amongst men is but a trust committed to man by Christ, and therefore before God not an absolute possession; for "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

But this evangelical poverty, as St. Francis understood it, went beyond indifference to material possession. The poor of the Gospel not only do not seek wealth; they are equally indifferent to the dignities and honors of the world and to worldly position. For so Christ taught his disciples when he bade them remember that his Kingdom is not of this world. Again, as with regard to material possessions, it may be that a man must occupy a position in society which places him above his fellowmen. Francis was not of those who would destroy society and the conditions necessary for its maintenance; but in this case, as in that of ownership, he held that social position and authority are trusts for the common welfare; that the honor conferred by the position belongs to the position, rather than to the man, and, therefore, that no man could rightly esteem himself a better man than his fellows because of his position. He would have superiors and those who occupy places of honor remember that, in themselves, they are but the brethren of the lowest in the social scale, and that the power they wield is not for the assertion of themselves but for the good of the community.

Social position in the eyes of St. Francis meant, for a Christian, responsible service, an account of which must be rendered to Christ on the judgment day. Hence an arbitrary exercise of power by those in authority is a betrayal of trust, a perversion to the worship of self of that authority given to a man

by Christ for the good of one's fellowmen. For this reason, St. Francis would not allow the superiors of his own Order to assume titles which might be taken to admit a personal (as apart from official) preëminence amongst the friars. The Superiors must be styled Ministers, or Guardians; they were especially forbidden to assume the title of Prior,* "since they are to remember that they are all brethren." For they were not to be as the princes of the Gentiles referred to in the Gospel, "but whosoever is the greater among them, let him be their minister and servant, and he that is the greater among them let him be as is the younger, and he who is the first let him be as the last."†

Such was St. Francis' teaching regarding those who held positions of authority or honor amongst men, and he was fond of quoting the example of our Lord at the Last Supper, when he washed his disciples' feet, as the rule by which superiors should be guided in their dealings with their inferiors.

But just as he recommended the renouncement of all property to those who were free to make it for the Gospel's sake, so he held that the man desirous of Christian perfection should not seek positions of honor or power, since the innate tendency of man's nature makes these positions a danger to the soul, and at best they are full of cares which distract a man's thoughts from the life of the spirit. To seek honors and power is a sign of a spirit alien to the spirit of Christ. Only when constrained by duty to others should a man accept them, and then he must hold them as a trust committed to him by Christ for the fostering of God's kingdom on earth. But in himself, whether he occupy a preëminent place in society, or not, St. Francis would have every one regard himself as a servant of his fellows, after the example of Christ, who came to minister unto others and not to be himself ministered unto.‡

It was thus that St. Francis taught the doctrine of universal obedience in opposition to the pride and arrogance of which the world in his day gave such a lamentable example. For the love of dominance and power, he would substitute the service and obedience of Christ; against the thirst for worldly honor, of which he himself had had experience in his own youth, he would bring the humility, the love of being hidden, which the Gospel taught.

* See First Rule, Cap. 6.

† First Rule, Cap. 5.—Matthew xx. 25.

‡ Matthew xx. 28.

Poverty and obedience—detachment from earthly possessions and the disposition to serve rather than to rule—these are the essential notes of the evangelical discipline, according to St. Francis, the necessary conditions for entering into the new life of the spirit which the Gospel offers to its faithful disciples. This evangelical discipline is not the life itself, but the condition for entering into the life. What the life itself is we shall now consider.

II.

This life, to which poverty and obedience were the outer gates, was none other than that which is revealed in the Gospels, and was so brilliantly revealed in the primitive Church—the life in and for Christ. To St. Francis, as to the first Christians and all true Christians, Jesus Christ was the Lord of all life; for him the ultimate wisdom and joy would be attained when all created existence was brought into immediate relationship and communion with its Lord.

This, of course, is but the Catholic conception of “the new earth” which the prophets and the Gospel proclaim. To the Catholic mind Christ, as the Incarnate Word, is the king of all creation, the centre of all finite existence. The first amongst men, the exemplar and crown of all human life. To him all created things, when they live rightly, bear witness; and to bear witness to the life of the Incarnate Word in one’s own life, to manifest his perfection, is the creature’s own perfection.

Hence religion under the Gospel might be defined as conscious union with Christ, or again as the fulfilment of the mind of Christ, or submission to the reign of Christ. But, whichever way one describes it, the essential note must be dependence upon and union with Jesus Christ. The Gospel is not primarily a code of morals, nor a syllabus of intellectual truths; it is in its essence the binding up of all created life with God through the Incarnate Word. From this intimate inter-communion result both a moral code and a dogmatic creed; but the *raison d’être* of Christian morality and dogma is the “life in Christ.” St. Francis realized this truth with peculiar vividness, and his life was its exemplification. He realized it not only in his personal consciousness, but he also impressed it, with peculiar vividness, upon the mind of his own

and succeeding ages. It is not a truth of which the multitude can easily keep hold. The tendency to reduce religion to external codes is always strong; and it works mischief to the spiritual life when it leads men to receive these external codes apart from the spiritual life whence they issue. They then become either a mere conventional formalism, or result in an unspiritual legalism. This danger is always present in religion and always will be till the earth is peopled by the saints.

It is easier to be moral than to be spiritual, easier to assent to a creed than to realize its living content. The living of a spiritual life is, for the not yet wholly regenerate, an incessant effort and striving towards a goal ever beyond our present achievement, a goal surrounded by mystery; it is the climbing of mountain heights by men who naturally seek the plains; and it tolerates no easy compromise. But a man can be moral, and yet live much in the things of sense; he can give an assent to a creed, and yet make his religion but a department in his life rather than its informing principle.

St. Francis' life was superlatively a protest against this easy-going externalism. He made the people of his day realize, as they had never realized before, that religion is a whole-hearted devotion to Jesus Christ, a surrendering of oneself to him; taking his view of life, having no love into which he does not enter, pursuing no purpose which he does not bless. St. Francis made men recognize that true religion is to walk in the company of the living Christ, and to act under his sovereignty.

When listening to St. Francis, St. Clare, the Blessed Bernard da Quintavalle, and the host of others who came to him, felt that they were brought into the very presence of Christ, and that they had passed through the portals of the law into the liberty of the children of God.

But here, again, we must distinguish St. Francis' action and method from that of some heretics. These were constantly appealing from the prevalent externalism of the times to the spiritual presence of Christ. But, whereas they were forever denouncing external rites and symbols, even the Sacraments, St. Francis went by a different method, and was actuated by a different principle. So entirely alien was the Catholic mind of the saint from the heretical spirit that, whilst they poured contempt upon even the most sacred rites and laws of the Church, St. Francis had for these same laws and rites the utmost ven-

eration. In exactly the same way, the heretics had no reverence for the visible, material world which they held to be a manifestation of evil, whilst St. Francis saw in the visible creation a sort of sacramental manifestation of the life of God.

The saint's method, in keeping with his veneration for external nature, was not to denounce or destroy, but to point to the spiritual realities behind the laws and the creed. He had, indeed, little regard for the petty and numberless rites and forms with which smaller souls love to ticket off their service, and which to him would have been a source of distraction and a wearying of the spirit; but for the larger rites and essential forms of religion, sanctioned by the Church, and for all laws and symbols which had a direct relation to spiritual realities, he had the most intense devotion. And in truth nobody, who knows anything of St. Francis and his joyous delight in the visible world, would expect otherwise. To him the Church was indubitably Christ's kingdom on earth, and the Pope Christ's vicar; the Sacraments were Christ's own operation in this kingdom; the laws of the Church were Christ's will. But—and this is where his reforming influence was felt—he saw Christ in the Church. The Church was not to him merely an earthly institution, with a mandate from its Divine Founder; it was to him consciously the mystical body of Christ—"Christ's other self." Unworthy members might defile that Sacred Body, as the Roman soldiers defiled it in Herod's house and on Calvary; still, as a corporate body, it was yet one with Christ. Whatever spiritual life was in it, was Christ's life working upon the ages till the world's end.

So, too, in the Sacraments it was Christ working upon men and drawing them ever into communion with him; not merely symbols of his presence, but his actual presence in the appointed operation of his ministers. Even in the common doings of ordinary human life, so long as these things were not the working out of a man's selfishness or sinful arrogance, he beheld an intimate relation with Christ, the Worker, the Director, and Lord of Life. He had, for example, a peculiar reverence for written words, so much so that he would never correct what he had written. The written word conveyed an eternal truth and, therefore, must be respected, and when the word written was the name of God, he would preserve it almost as though it were Christ's Sacramental Presence.

In like manner, he could not bear to see men destroy any living thing; for every living thing manifested the creative power of God, and belonged to God. And so it came about that, whilst he raised his disciples' thoughts above the world, he yet gave them a most intense reverence for the world; the very visible creation itself became to them an open Bible. So it was again that, in convincing his generation of the essential mysticism of true religion, St. Francis at the same time convinced them of the sacramental efficacy of the Church, and brought about a more sincere and intimate regard for the Church as the manifestation on earth of Christ's abiding Presence. In this way, whilst the heretics would have destroyed the Church to make way for a so-called religion of the spirit, St. Francis built up the Church upon a deeper foundation of spirituality, and effected in very deed a worship of God in spirit and in truth.

I have but little space left to point out the moral of all this to the life of the present age. Yet, if I may attempt briefly to answer the question: "What has St. Francis to teach the world of to-day?" I will put it thus: The radical mischief with our religious life at the moment is, without doubt, an unspiritual externalism. Religion has become too much of a convention and form, and the multitude who come to religion at all, rely too much upon the performance of external acts and cultivate too little the spiritual sense. It is with us as with the multitude in St. Francis' day. Men are too easily content with the externals; and religion is too much a matter of buying an easy conscience with the coin of certain external acts of worship, or service, without feeding their souls upon the hidden realities—the great mysteries of the Christian life. It is the body of religion without its soul; that is the canker at the root of modern Christendom, to which in no small measure is due the growing atheism or religious indifference of the young generation.

What our religion most needs to-day is just that element which St. Francis revived so marvelously in his own day—the sense of the living Christ as the Lord of all life, the sense of his operation in the visible Church, the sense of our immediate relationship with him. To the multitude Christ is the Christ who lived and died; hardly the Christ who lives. We need to knit all our religious exercises and forms more closely

with the consciousness of his presence amongst us, whether in the sacramental life of the Church or in the ordinary life of the world; for "the earth is his and the fullness thereof."

The sense of discipleship—of our immediate dependence upon him—needs to be more cultivated. And this dependence must be one not only or chiefly of external acts, but a dependence of spirit—the informing of our spirit with the spirit of Christ. Whatever conduct flows from this informing of a man's spirit with the spirit of his Lord is Christian conduct; unless informed by Christ's spirit our deeds may bear a resemblance to Christian conduct, but they lack the living force, they are not the real thing, and serve but to delude the unspiritual. To bring to an unspiritual generation the "life in Christ," to make Christ live as the informing principle in the individual and in society—that is the Franciscan mission.

And the way to this is by the Gospel of Holy Poverty, by that indifference to and detachment from material possessions—that poverty of the senses—which Christ taught so unmistakably in his life and words, and by that meekness and humility—that poverty of the will—in which Christ came to his own creatures, "making himself the servant of all."

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.



ES, Madame; yes, Mademoiselle," said Jeanneton, standing with her broad hands on her massive hips, and the flaps of her cap boldly erect, "it is as I tell you. That miserable Pedro must come over the mountain to be a Moor. *Nom de Dieu!* When there were plenty of honest lads here to make an army without *him*. But he must always be making mischief; and if Nicolette *did* use to coquet a little with him, is *that* a reason? For she is really a good girl—well raised, too, by those dear nuns, and all her heart is devoted now to Etienne. But that *lâche* obtained, who can say how"—with a shrug—"the bunch of bluets which Mademoiselle left in the vase; and when Nicolette came for them they were gone. Etienne, to whom they were promised, as you know, sees them in Pedro's turban—thinks Nicolette has given them to him—rushes to snatch them out—they fight with fury, as you saw, and when that dog of a Pedro," waxing warm, "finds he cannot overcome—what does he do but out with a dagger, *ma foi!* and sticks it in the poor lad's shoulder, who has to be carried home. And what will be the end?" lowering her voice with true French enjoyment of a little bit of tragedy. "Why, if Etienne dies of his wound, Nicolette will die of a broken heart, and they will guillotine Pedro, and—"

"But, Jeanneton," cried Will, interrupting these cheerful prognostications, "the thing is impossible! For though the fight may have occurred—and we saw something that looked very like it—would Nicolette have stayed looking on to the last if Etienne had been taken home hurt?"

"Ah, *la pauvre fillette!*" said Jeanneton, "it was the bunch of bluets which was to distinguish Etienne; for they all look much alike, those *militaires*, with the black saucepans on their

heads, you know. And what with the crowd of them galloping like mad—so they tell me—and the noise, she did not notice their fight, and heard nothing about it until afterwards.

"That is likely enough," asserted Philip, "but why should a bunch of corn-flowers distinguish any one? Are they not very common about here?"

"Ours are a particular shade of blue," said Marjorie. "They call it the bluet de Rochefort. That is why Nicolette wanted them so much. But how in the world did Pedro manage to get them? Why, Jack, how guilty you look! Surely you did not give them to him!"

"Well, upon my honor, Marjorie," completely subdued for once, "I did not mean the least harm. I thought it would be a good joke for Nicolette not to find them when she came, and then Pedro joined me when I was riding to church and asked me for the flowers, and I gave them to him; and suppose he told Etienne a lot of lies about them."

"No doubt; and *I* suppose," with extreme severity, "that you would have thought it a capital joke if he had *killed* Etienne."

"Well, I am not quite a cannibal, yet," he muttered, somewhat nettled, "but you know, Marjorie," with a return of penitence, "if I can help you fix things straight, I will."

Here Pierre's shock head was put inside the door, while he announced that "Nicolette was outside and desired to see Mademoiselle"; and he likewise volunteered the information that she was "crying quarts!"

"Bring her in here," said Marjorie. "No, stay, there are too many. I will go to her."

Near the fountain in the courtyard stood Nicolette, and though she was by no means weeping with the abandonment ascribed to her by the sensational Pierre, her face bore signs of real and recent grief.

"Why, Nicolette," said Marjorie, hurrying to her, "what is it? Is Etienne badly hurt?"

"No, Mademoiselle; it is not that, though it grieves my heart that he should be hurt at all. The wound is but slight, as *Monsieur le médecin* says that the dagger glanced off from the bone, and he is only weak from loss of blood. But, oh Mademoiselle!" said the poor girl piteously, her eyes filling with tears, "he blames me for it all; and says that even if

did not give the flowers, I must have seen Pedro somewhere lately or let him visit me, for that he boasted while they were fighting that I liked him best and only pretended to care for Etienne. And when I went to ask for Etienne this morning, his mother scolded me, and even shut the door in my face. And"—with a great sob—"he *let* her, for I saw his head at the window."

"It was too bad," declared Marjorie indignantly, and thought in her secret soul how she would treat Etienne if she were Nicolette.

"And you know, Mademoiselle," went on Nicolette, "that *now* it is Etienne and his mother who are angry; but if *my* father should hear of the way they have done—I am his all, and he is very obstinate—he would not even let me *speak* to Etienne again."

Marjorie thought this very likely, as she knew Maître Sébastien at the mill, and had had some little experience of his ways. "I suppose," she said musingly, "that you *could* not like Pedro? No"; hastily, seeing the look of amazement in Nicolette's eyes fixed on her, "of course not, what was I thinking of? Well, Nicolette, I will go down to Etienne this morning, and see what I can do. And my cousin Jack will tell him about the corn-flowers; and to-morrow, who knows," cheerily, "he will be begging your pardon for the way he has treated you."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you are so good!" exclaimed Nicolette, brightening up a little, and she went off presently comparatively happy.

"What cheer, boys?" inquired Jack as Marjorie returned to them.

"Pretty bad. Etienne's wound amounts to little; but he is angry with Nicolette, and we must try to make it up. I am going down now to see him," busily tying on her wide garden hat.

"I must go too," said Jack with decision, "as I was partly the cause of this anguish."

"And Marjorie," urged Will, "you had better take me, for the expression of my countenance is so mild and benignant and persuasive that you will find me of immense assistance as a peacemaker."

"Miss Fleming, I am sure you will need me to—to carry your parasol."

"Three escorts would be an embarrassment of riches," said Marjorie. "So, Will, as I do not find your reason for going as convincing as Mr. Carhart's, we will leave you to your dear Thackeray."

"Very well," resignedly throwing himself into the sunny window-seat. "I pity your taste, but my fate has its alleviations," taking up his book. "And, Philip, you will think so too, when you come home footsore and weary after being dragged to see the lame and the halt and the blind for miles around."

"I think I can endure it in Miss Fleming's company," handing her down the steps.

The way to Etienne's, or rather his father's pottery, lay downward across the fields, all rich now with the gay little flowers of spring. The sun was well up in the heavens and made dazzling the old white walls on the hillsides and the cottages scattered here and there along the different roads to town, and down below the flowing river sparkled as if it were made up entirely of thousands of flashing jewels. "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*," whistled Jack ahead, switching off the tops of the clover and the daisies as he went.

"It was fitting," said Philip, "to call this 'fair France,' and one is not surprised at Mary Stuart's regret in losing it."

"Yes," sighed Marjorie, "I already dread the thought of leaving it."

But now the air grew murkier and the sun obscured, and they were fairly within the potters' smoky precincts.

"It is as much as one's dress is worth to venture here," said Marjorie, "except on Sundays, or *jours de fête*."

They passed the enclosure where the potter's men were busied with the furnaces, and went round to the front of the house. Jack tapped at a door, which was opened by Etienne's mother, a stout, comely woman, who smiled on seeing *la petite demoiselle*, and asked them in. Philip preferred to loiter outside and gaze curiously around; but Marjorie and Jack went in to Etienne. They found him sitting up and dressed, though very pale and with a coat thrown over the bandaged shoulder.

"We were so sorry, Etienne," said Marjorie, gently—"no, don't rise—to hear of your accident. How is the shoulder now?"

"The shoulder does well enough. But, well or ill, it is al-

ways a pleasure to see *la belle demoiselle*," replied Etienne, gallantly. "*Monsieur le médecin* says I will be all right in a day or two. But if it had been a pin-prick," fiercely, "it would have been too much to bear from that *bourreau*—that assassin!" And he began to tremble all over his stalwart frame with passion. "To think that he should dare to come and boast to my face that she liked him!"

"But you did not believe that, Etienne?"

"And you know, Etienne," broke in Jack, "that it was I who gave him the bluets, and that Nicolette was disappointed not to find them at the château for you."

"Yes, I know," said Etienne indifferently, "and that was a pity. But he would not have presumed to say he had been to see her several times lately if it were not true."

"Oh, Etienne," began Marjorie, but his mother came to the door and made signs that he had talked enough in his feverish condition.

"Well, all I can say is," said Jack rising, "that if he has told you as many lies as he has me, I am astonished you believe one word that he says. Why, did he not tell me yesterday that he had been at Toulouse all last month buying goods, that he was only here for one day, and that he meant to go to St. Gaudens to-morrow and look at the place of that rich seed-merchant there, with an idea of marrying his daughter—all of which I knew was false."

"He is a liar all through," agreed Etienne, looking half-convinced. "You know, Mademoiselle, it was hard to have this happen just now, for old Sébastien had promised that the wedding should take place at the St. John's feast; and I had meant to try for a prize for my tiles at the Exposition to give Nicolette for a wedding gift."

"And why should you not yet?" cried Marjorie. "I would not let *fifty* Pedros make me give up a girl so sweet and pretty and good as Nicolette."

Artful Marjorie watched Etienne's eyes brighten at his sweetheart's praises; and now, judiciously leaving the subject, she called Philip in and asked to look at the wonderful tiles if they were not yet packed up. Etienne would have them brought to him that he might explain them to Mademoiselle and the gentlemen.

"This, you see, is our Lady of Lourdes as she appeared to

Bernadette; and this is St. Vidian at the fountain; here is the market girl who counted her chickens before they were hatched; and here are cows in the pasture field; this is the brave Roland fighting a dragon"; and so on through a great variety of subjects.

"They are wonderfully pretty," said Marjorie.

"These fruit and flower pieces," declared Philip with truth, examining some of them closely, "show great artistic feeling and skill. Did you design them all yourself?"

"Every bit, Monsieur," said Etienne proudly; and his heart was so softened that when the visitors with kind wishes for his recovery prepared to leave, he called Marjorie back to whisper sheepishly: "Mademoiselle, if you would be so good, you might say to Nicolette that if she would come and see me I should be glad."

"How can I do that, Etienne," with great apparent gravity and secret joy, "when she was treated so badly here this morning?"

"Oh, well, if"—with increased embarrassment—"if Mademoiselle would have the kindness to say that I was sorry—that I did not then know that—that—"

"We will see about it," said Marjorie oracularly, as she went out of the door.

Jack strolled off with his hands in his pockets to look at the furnaces, remarking courteously that they might take care of themselves.

"He means, I suppose, that I may take care of you, which I will certainly try to do," said Philip to his companion.

"Is it not delightful," she cried, lifting her fresh, young face to look at him, "to think that we have been successful in our mission?"

"It is certainly generous of you to call it 'we,'" he answered, laughing.

"Now," she went on, "we must go and tell Nicolette; and find out what Maître Sébastien thinks about it all."

"Whither thou goest will I go," responded Philip, with that look and manner which always seemed to mean so much more than he really felt.

Across the fields again now, but quite away from the potteries, and out of their dim atmosphere, down to the river banks. A turn to the right and a few minutes' walk along a

picturesque path, with the Garonne flowing swiftly close at their side, and they came in sight of the old mill. Its great wheel moved slowly round, lifting the foamy water high in sunshine, then dashing it down again as if in scorn. A big dog ran out and barked at them, then retreated slowly, seeing honesty apparently written on their faces. In the storehouse stood the miller among his bags of grain. He came out at once to meet them, with the flour dust all over his gray suit and stockings and cap and in his hair and eyes.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he called heartily, "you look like a spring daisy yourself this morning"; for Marjorie was a prime favorite with him. On this, Nicolette peeped out from an upper window, then ran lightly down to question Marjorie with her looks.

"We have been to see that poor Etienne, Maître Sébastien," said the young lady. "Was not that a villainous trick of Pedro's?"

"It was, indeed," said the miller.. "*Nom de Dieu!* if I could but get my hands on him!" holding out a brawny fist for every one's inspection.

"I fancy that Etienne does not mind the wound so much," continued Marjorie craftily; "it is the delay with his tiles. For, you know, he meant to have a prize as Nicolette's wedding gift."

Is was quite a treat to see Nicolette's eyes shine at this.

"Hum, yes"; said the miller, "and my silly girl has been fretting all to-day as if Etienne were killed." Quite unconscious, good man, that his daughter had had any trouble but her lover's hurt.

"If you could make a little time to see him this afternoon, Maître Sébastien," suggested Marjorie, "I am sure he would take it kindly. He is quite pining to see some of you," with an expressive look at Nicolette.

"I will inquire for the boy," said the miller; and then they took their leave, Marjorie whispering Etienne's message to Nicolette, but advising her to defer the visit for a day, that he might be properly eager.

"They should make you diplomat at one of the courts," said Philip with gravity, when they were again on the road. "It is a shame that such talents should be hidden in a private sphere."

"I agree with you," answered she laughing, "I think I have done beautifully to day. But"—with sudden politeness—"you have helped too."

"Immensely; I know it," with imperturbable calmness. "I have stood and looked on. I have always thought my strong point, like Mr. Turveydrop's, was 'Deportment.'"

"And"—saucily—"are you like him 'using your little arts' to polish—me? Ah, here comes Monsieur le Curé," as a benevolent-looking elderly man in a soutane, reading a small book, nearly fell over them. "Pardon, *ma fille*," said he, closing the book; and "*Bon jour, mon père*," she answered, and introduced Philip—"A stranger and wishing to see ruins and relics of the Roman and of the feudal times."

The good curé was interested at once. "You should take him, *ma fille*, to St. Martory and to that Roman villa which is but five miles from here. But, *hélas*, all the bronzes have been sent to Toulouse. However, here among us are still Moorish ruins and remains of the Robber-Knights. Oh, yes; Martres is rich in all that." Then raising his *bonnet carré*, with a courteous invitation to Philip to come and visit him, he passed on to resume the reading of his office.

"Now," said Marjorie, "come, let us hurry. Auntie will think we are lost, and they must be waiting dinner for us."

They climbed quickly up their hill again, and was not its steepness a reason for taking her hand in his and holding it all the way? "A mere passing politeness," he thought coolly.

When they reached the brow of the declivity they turned. Down beneath a wondrous panorama was spread out before them. The gorgeous background of high mountain peaks shining crystalline; the smiling valley and clear flowing river; the sunny air and green, terraced hills; all seemed to say that a man might well rest contented in such a spot, take some sweet woman to his heart, and give up all else for their common good, "counting the world well lost." If he should speak thus to this slim maiden at his side, in summer raiment, with her flushed cheeks and pure soul shining in her soft brown eyes! Bah, in another instant he could have laughed contemptuously at the momentary poetic folly. As if, when his reason resumed the even, selfish tenor of its way, such nonsense could count against a man's ambition, his advancement, his career!

"It is, as you said, Miss Fleming, very late," gently; but

what spell there was, was broken by his voice, and they were soon at the château.

"Upon my word," complained Will, "you might have been on a voyage to the moon from the time you stayed."

"And what have you done with Jack?" asked Mrs. Fleming; "and how has your peace-making ended, my dear?"

"I hope," responded Marjorie blithely, "that it will end in a peal of wedding bells."

CHAPTER V.

"'When you go to France,
You'd better learn the lingo;
If you don't—like me,
You will repent, by jingo!'"

or words to that effect," cried Jack, desperately.

"What's the matter, now?" inquired his brother. "Has Pierre brought you the toasting-fork instead of the boot-jack; or have you been pommelled by some youthful villager who has misunderstood your French of Stratford-atte-Bowe?"

"Worse," said Jack emphatically. "I cannot make that stupid driver comprehend that we have hired his vehicle for the day, and not himself. I have told him that we do not desire his company; should prefer him to leave; don't want him at any price, in fact; but to all my remarks he returns something that sounds like: '*Whee, Moshoo*,' and sits there, immovable. I fancy if I pitch him off, he might feel some delicacy in letting us have his old rattletrap at all, eh?"

"Dear me," said Marjorie, "we cannot have *him*. There is no room, and we do not want him, anyhow. Does he speak a worse *patois* than most? Let Jeanneton try him."

The effect of this measure was soon seen, for, after an animated colloquy of a few minutes, the man tumbled down heavily from his perch; and after delivering some solemn counsel to Will on the care of the two skinny horses, not one word of which was understood, he took himself off.

"He comes from Béziers, and they do not speak well there," explained Jeanneton, with an air of superiority.

Mrs. Fleming, upon a survey of the vehicle, announced her

intention of remaining "safely" at home. "Now, Mrs. Fleming!" and "Oh, Auntie!" and even Will's "Come, Mother," and Jack's patronizing "*I* will be responsible for bringing you back whole," produced no effect, unless, as she said, the last confirmed her resolution, for she "knew Jack's tender mercies of old."

"Madame is right," approved Jeanneton, with an emphatic nod, which set her cap fluttering, "and I will take care of her at home. It is for foolish youth to go climbing mountains and falling into rivers and breaking every bone in their bodies—and calling it pleasure!"

"Dame! That is a cheerful picture!" cried Jack, bursting into laughter. "Then, why do not *you* go with us, Jeanneton, you gay young thing?" pulling at her cap strings.

"*Mauvais sujet*," she muttered, breaking away from him in wrath pretended, for the teasing boy was her delight.

"Now, Mr. Carhart," called Marjorie in her clear voice, "come. This is *your* day, you know. It is for you we are going to hunt up these Roman antiquities, so you must have first choice in everything. Where will you sit?"

"If I may choose, I will take the back seat, and—will you allow me?" handing her up to the place beside his own.

"This is equal to a performance on the trapeze," commented Jack, scrambling into his seat. "Why, I declare, it is higher than any dog-cart I have ever been in. Marjorie, if I should fall from this height sublime into one of these crockery lanes and sever my jugular vein, will you write me a pretty obituary? That's a good girl, Jeanneton, put in plenty of sandwiches. Roman antiquities are all well and good, but sandwiches and claret are better. Now, a red-hot poker to touch up our spirited steeds and we shall be all right."

"Ready," said Will, gathering up the reins, and they were off, with a pretence of parting tears from Jack and wild kisses thrown to his mother, to Jeanneton, and even to Pierre standing open-mouthed at the gate.

"Why could not Nicolette go with us to-day, Marjorie?" asked Will, "she can tell so many pretty stories about every place around here."

"Well, I think it was because Etienne could not come; for, though his shoulder is nearly quite well since last week, it would not bear jolting over these roads."

"I could tell you some prime stories, myself," observed Jack with complacency, "though not about Martres, perhaps. Mr. Carhart, did you ever hear the story of Zin Zindorf? or that one about the man in the theatre, who thought he recognized another man, and asked a third man to poke the second man, and when the second man turned, the first man found it wasn't the man he thought it was and pretended he didn't see him; and when the third man asked in a fury: 'What did you make me poke that man for?' the first man said very sweetly: 'I just wanted to see if you *would* poke him'?"

"Yes," said Philip calmly, "and I have heard of a youth whom his friends took with them on an excursion, and found it necessary, for reasons of their own, to chloroform him; and he was brought home"—impressively—"in the empty luncheon basket."

"I hope he ate all the sandwiches first," said Jack flip-pantly.

Now the influence of their high spirits, or the scenery, or the bright sunshine, or all together entered into their bony steeds, and they came out amazingly, going along at a rattling pace, under Will's persuasion, over the road to St. Martory.

"You may steady yourself by my coat-tail, Marjorie," Jack told her; "but gently, you know."

"Best take my arm, Miss Fleming," suggested Philip "There, see—you will go over that wheel."

She hesitated, but ended by doing it; for, as Will began to notice with a pang, she almost always did do what Philip asked her.

Country people kept passing them in their ox and mule carts, with greetings polite and pleasant, if sometimes a little unintelligible. Here and there by the roadside stood a cross or little shrine of the Blessed Virgin, with flowers placed and generally one or two kneeling figures staying for a moment's devotion before going on their way. A winding turn brought them in sight of the towers of St. Martory.

"Do not look down now," recommended Will, "until we reach the top of the hill where we get out; then we will have the whole view at once."

The wisdom of this was apparent when at length they reached the high plateau and had tumbled from their perch. "Oh, it

is heavenly!" sighed Marjorie in a rapture. Far off stood the mountains that enclose the lovely valley of Aure and Campan; still farther, the tops of the *Pic du Midi* and the whole of the mighty chain stretching across the continent from sea to sea. Down below was an immense plain, verdant and smiling, said to be the bed of the lake where the waters of the Neste and the Garonne once mingled together. On the other side stood the remains of a feudal tower and a village dating from the fourth century, called Valentine after Valentinian II., assassinated here in Gaul in 392. And on that side the valley was so exquisite, with its clear mountain streams and harmonious outlines, that the very mountain-tops seemed clustered together here to gaze down at it and admire its freshness and beauty.

"The most interesting ruins are on this side," said Will, "but before we can go exploring, these beasts must be taken out of the—the *voiture*, by courtesy, and given a feed. Come and help me, Jack."

"I perceive," said Marjorie, turning with a smile, to encounter Philip's admiring gaze, "that *you* are not making frantic offers of help."

"Why should I, when the alternative is to stay with you? Could not you and I"—persuasively—"go off and find that villa for ourselves?"

"And"—hesitantly—"leave the boys here doing the work? Oh, no"; summoning resolution, "that would be too selfish." Then blushed hotly, as seeing what this implied. A little breeze came and lifted the soft rings of hair from her cheeks and forehead.

"Oh, gentle wind," said Philip:

"Oh, gentle wind that bloweth south,
To where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss to her dear mouth,
And tell me how she fareth."

"That is pretty enough," said Marjorie quietly, "to sound very much like the old *Provençaux*."

"Come on," cried Will, now leading the way, "we can come back here to lunch, and in the meantime the horses will be happy, for I am sure from their looks they have never seen that much hay at one time in all their lives before."

They trod a little foot-path, overgrown with weeds in many places, and in a few moments stood before the broken pillars and ruins of what must have been in long ages past a magnificent villa.

"There ought to be a door somewhere leading down to a lower story," said Will, passing around to one side. "Ah, here," pushing it open, "take care, Marjorie, there are several steps. Now this place," he continued, his voice sounding hollow so far down, "was discovered only lately and accidentally by a man digging in the field. At least, so the curé told me one day we came here together. Below here there were sumptuous apartments paved with mosaics, and remains of statues and bas-reliefs; superb bathing rooms with furnaces and earthen pipes, and every convenience that Roman luxury could devise. But, *tant pis*, said the curé, they have sent off everything valuable to the museum at Toulouse. Over forty busts of Roman emperors and empresses; a marble naiad; the head of Venus; medallions of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Cybele, and Atys; several bas-reliefs and bronzes, and lots of other things."

"Well, I don't like it down here," declared Marjorie. "It is damp and—and earthy, and I am going."

"Stay, my child," declaimed Jack in irreverent burlesque. "Stay"—pompously—"I have valuable stores of information yet to impart."

"Well, impart them in the open air, then," continuing her ascent, while he followed her, explaining that in former times these damp rooms were well aired and lighted, and that the Romans liked their handsomest apartments underground—"for coolness, you know, in the summer months."

Philip and Will lingered to try and decipher in the dimness some inscriptions on the bits of broken marble yet remaining, and to admire the perfect division of the rooms as regarded taste and comfort.

"Now we will go and see the old church, Marjorie, that will interest you more," said Will, when they joined her outside.

"Oh, I *am* interested, Will," said the girl quite earnestly. "I have been wondering and wondering, while I have been standing here, to whom this villa used to belong, and what kind of a man he was, and if he was married and if they were happy together in those days so long ago."

"Why, tenderheart," said Will, with a wonderfully kind laugh, "would it trouble you to know that they were unhappy?"

"Yes"; slowly, "I believe it would."

"Then set your mind at rest, for I will show you evidence to the contrary."

"Have you ever observed, Will," asked Philip, as they strolled on, "how hard it is to interest a woman in a matter from a historical or archæological point of view; yet, how she is *all* sympathy where sentiment is concerned?"

"It is not that," said Marjorie with some little heat; "it is that we do not care for the gaunt skeleton of facts of which you are all so fond; we want them dressed in flesh and color and raiment, warm and lifelike."

"We must have the skeleton to build on," said he; but she pretended not to hear him.

The church was situated close to the border of what had probably been the confines of the pleasure-grounds belonging to the villa, but in a hollow. There had been an attempt made at keeping it in preservation, as it was still used as a chapel by the inhabitants of the neighboring valleys; but great gaps showed everywhere between the dark stones of the walls, partly covered with overhanging masses of ivy and moss; and the little birds had built their nests in the crevices and now flew in and out, twittering at being disturbed.

"See, Marjorie," said Will, showing her the sculptured head of a Roman senator standing on a broken pedestal near the corner of the church, and beside it a marble urn, quite empty now. "Let us go inside and find some account of him, this man who lived in the villa long ago." They crossed the damp and slimy pavement of the church, over to where rays of light streamed from a window on a marble tablet set in the wall, with a date of the fourth century. "Translate, Philip," said Will, and Philip read aloud:

"Nymphius, whose limbs are cold and stiff in eternal sleep, reposes here. His soul is in heaven. It contemplates the stars, while his body is left to the repose of the tomb. His faith dispelled the darkness that seemed to envelop it. Oh, Nymphius, the renown of thy virtues raised thee to the very stars and placed thee in the zenith. Thou art immortal and thy glory will be perpetuated in ages to come. The province honors thee as its father. The entire population made vows

for the preservation of thy life. At the celebration of the games due to thy munificence, the spectators on the gradations of the arena testified their joy by acclamation. Once thy beloved country, at thy command, assembled its magistrates and spoke worthily by thy lips. Now our cities, deprived of thee, are plunged in mourning and the senators in consternation are incapable of action. They are like the human body, that, deprived of its head, falls lifeless and inert; or a flock without its shepherd that knows not which way to direct its steps. Serena, thy spouse, abandoned to grief, erects this monument to thee, and finds in this pious duty a slight solace to her pain. Thy companion for eight lustres, she only thought and acted by thee. At thy side life seemed sweet. Now, abandoned to her sorrow, she sighs for the eternal life, hoping that which she now possesses may be brief."

Marjorie had listened to this with lashes lying low on her cheek; and only raised them now to show her eyes darker from feeling, and to say almost in a whisper: "It was a beautiful life. Virtuous, honored by friends and companions, his loss deplored, and, above all, Serena to love him in life and mourn him after death."

"I am not sure," said Philip lightly, "that the last was a necessary ingredient in his cup. What does a man want with roses when he may wear a laurel wreath! A too affectionate Serena might prove a bore."

"I agree with you, Marjorie," said Will, "Serena was best of all."

"Fourteen hundred years ago!" cried Jack's boyish voice breaking in on them. "Well, Nymphius, I mean you no disrespect, but I should con—sid—e—ra—bly rather be a live—ahem!—canine quadruped, than a dead lion. Marjorie," with gravity, "I fancy Serena was my ideal woman, very tall and dark and magnificent you know."

"Bah!" said she, with a laugh, "Have babies ideals?"

"Madam, I would have you to know," bellowed Jack threateningly, then sinking his voice to softest caressing, "that there is lunch awaiting us somewhere and that I am faint with hunger," and marched her resolutely off.

Sandwiches and merry talk, and sunshine and claret cup, and green trees waving overhead, and wondrous effects of light and shadow playing over the landscape, and gladsome songs

and more gladsome laughter—surely these will banish, for a while at least, the vague unrest of youth's first love, or even pangs of awakened jealousy nobly resisted.

"Let us drink to the memory of the dead Serena," cried Jack, waving his glass. "And do not forget the very much alive Jeanneton," attacking the sandwiches with renewed fury.

"Now would be the time for Nicolette's legends," continued he. "I know a sort of a one, myself"—modestly—"about St. Martory and a leper."

"I will not listen," said his brother firmly, "to any more local miracles. The people here tell nothing else."

"Very well then"—resignedly—"make your own traditions, my son."

"I can see whole hosts of stories, beautiful stories in Marjorie's—Miss Fleming's—eyes," said Philip; and was rewarded for the apparently accidental slip by seeing her pretty color rise.

"I can *make* you one," she said, leaning back against the trunk of a tree, the shadows of its leaves playing over her upturned face and summer robe. "Let me see"—musingly—"oh, yes; it is about a knight—two knights—and a lady. She was the fair Beatrix and she was betrothed to Count Louis, who lived in that turreted castle over yonder among the hills. But Raimond de Toulouse had organized another crusade, and her lover had gone away with him to fight the heathen. Well, the weary days and nights rolled on, and she thought she would make a pilgrimage for Count Louis' safety to the shrine of Notre Dame du Bout du Puys. But when she was riding on her return through the narrow defile, at the foot of the height where her lover's castle was built, down came a band of rufians and seized herself and her retinue and carried them into the tower, prisoners. It was the robber-knight Raimounet de l'Épée, who had taken possession of Count Louis' house in his absence. 'What would you have, Raimounet de l'Épée?' 'Madam, your hand,' he replied boldly. 'Nay; that cannot be, for you know well it is promised to Count Louis; but, if treasure and jewels may content you, they shall be yours.' 'Fair women are enchanting; but there is greater witchery in gold,' avowed the free lance. So she sent to her castle for the ransom; and when it came he laughed in her face and told her he meant to keep both lady and treasure. Then the

blood of heroic ancestors stirred within her, and snatching up a weapon at hand she killed him. Just then in strode Count Louis and his followers from the Holy Land, travel-worn and weary. 'What is this, Beatrix?' looking at the robber-knight's dead body. 'Our farewell, Louis, for I can never give you a hand with the stain of blood upon it.' And deaf to all entreaties, she went to a convent and prayed away her life; and Count Louis went back to the wars and was killed fighting for the Holy Sepulchre."

"I don't call that much of a story," pronounced Jack politely; "I know a better one myself about a Countess Pétro-nille somewhere near here, who used to make a pilgrimage to some shrine every time she lost one husband in order to pray for another. And she got six in that way, I tell you"—impressively—"six, six!"

"Dear me," laughed Marjorie, "I wonder what shrine that was? I should like to try it."

"*Adé, adé,*" sang Will and Philip, as they drove homeward through the evening air, uniting their voices in an old student song; "*Adé*, oh wondrous valley, where my love and I have spent the golden hours. Parting cometh with the stars, *adé*"; and Marjorie listened in thrilled silence by Philip's side.

"The day's events," Jack told his mother, "may be summed up in these few words: "Mr. Carhart was cool and calm and collected; Will talked like an old chronicle; Marjorie lost her heart to a dead stick of a Roman senator; and I was the delight of every one—eh, Will?"

But Will was thinking of the look he had seen in Marjorie's eyes when she bade Philip "good-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOVE AND HUMILITY OF ST. FRANCIS.

BY COUNTESS DE LA WARR.



WHAT a halo of light burst over the far-famed Hill City of Assisi when in 1182, in one of its many palazzos, the most glorious of saints, St. Francis, first saw the light. His parents were of good birth, very wealthy, and gave their son the best of education. In his early youth he gave no promise of the glory of his future, for up to the age of twenty-four his life was one of such wildness and dissipation that laments for his birth would have been more fitting than rejoicing. He frequented the worst and the most riotous entertainments, and his companions were the most reckless in the town. It could not have been believed that the words he said one day in a moment of hilarity: "You will see that one day I shall be adored by the whole world," would have come true; though in a far different way than he meant, Francis then referring to worldly admiration and fame; no idea of religion having entered his mind.

In 1204 a grievous illness brought him to the brink of the grave. As he slowly recovered, a great desire came upon him to wander about the environs of Assisi and study nature quietly. One day when, with the help of his stick, he had made his way to the Porta Nuova, one of the principal entrances to the city, the glorious view from it, although he had often seen it before, suddenly enthralled him. The distant view of Mount Sabinus, the lower hills with their slopes covered with oaks, pines, olives, and orange trees, the shining white villages dotted about among them in all directions, the fertile plains at his feet, the distant lake in whose calm surface beautiful reflections gave enchantment to the view, the white fleecy clouds casting shadows over the purple hills, caused sensations that he had never before experienced to rise in his breast. The utter smallness of human life, and its insignificance when com-

red with the wonderful works of nature, came vividly before him. He who was contemplating a return to his old ways, suddenly felt a disgust with himself and his past life; and with tears in his eyes and bitterness in his heart he slowly turned homewards with the weight of intense moral suffering added now to his bodily ones. Religion could not yet claim him for herself, as Francis went through many struggles before separating himself from all in which he had so revelled. The true friend he possessed, who had always tried to draw him into the right path. This was Bombarino di Beriglia, who ultimately became known as Father Elias, and was one of the most faithful followers of the Order. He watched with joy the first signs of the change in Francis. During the latter's convalescence, Bombarino was his daily companion in his walks and rambles, and he entered fully into the weakness of Francis' mind. Little by little he induced Francis to separate himself from bad companions, and to bear in silence their scoffs and laughter, with which they overwhelmed him when they saw he was becoming lost to them. Francis replaced them by the truer friends he found among the sick and poor, whom he began to visit. But two years more elapsed before his conversion really took place, and the cause that accomplished it occurred in Rome, where Francis had gone on a pilgrimage.

One day during his stay there he found himself face to face with a leper, who stretched out his arm to him and prayed for help. Francis, though he was accustomed to misery and weakness, and was really trying to obey Christ's command: "Follow thou me," felt, at the sight of the leper, such a repulsion against him that he turned away ready to give up his new life. Suddenly the thought of what a coward he was, and how unworthy to call himself a disciple of Christ, came over him. A voice seemed to chide him for his weakness, and an unseen hand drew him back to the leper, to whom he gave all the money he had with him, knelt down and kissed his hand. Francis took him to the Lepers' Hospital and announced his intention of waiting on the poor patients himself. From that time Francis' heart was quite changed, and he devoted his whole life, body and soul, to the worship and work of Christ. Turning to Assisi from Rome his home was no longer his,

for his parents cast him from them. He lodged among the poor, wherever he could find a bed, he gave away all his fine clothes, donned the habit of a friar, and amid the jests and mockings of his former companions, walked up and down the narrow streets of Assisi calling on the people to repent of their sins and to begin a new life. Many thought he had gone mad. Children threw stones at him calling out "*Pazzo, Pazzo!*" "Fool, Fool!" He at last found a temporary shelter in the small hermitage of St. Domenico, a chapel in the suburbs of Assisi. It was but a poor place, in a secluded and wild spot, hidden among olive trees and redolent with the scent of lavender, rosemary, wild thyme, and orange and lemon trees. A very poor priest lived there then and served the chapel, which was falling into decay. Poor as he was, the priest joyfully received Francis and shared with him his frugal fare. Francis at once formed the determination to devote his time and energy to collect money for the restoration of St. Domenico, and also of the other sanctuaries round Assisi, that had fallen into decay. Among them was that of St. Peter and Sta. Maria of Porziuncola, called Sta. Maria degli Angeli. It was one of those lovely spots rarely found in the world, of which it can be said sky connects earth with heaven.

It is at Sta. Maria degli Angeli, far more than at Assisi itself, where the traditions of St. Francis' life appeal to one the most forcibly. The spot is impregnated with his holy presence. Go and sit there in the twilight hour and close your eyes, drinking in the sweet scent of the mystic roses which grow in the cloister, and whose leaves still bear the stain of blood which first appeared on them when the saint lived there; sit there in peaceful solitude, and you will feel a spell being cast on you, and you will hear the gentle footsteps of the saint's sweet spirit near you. Then go and pray fervently before the altar which he so loved and cherished. When Francis first determined to settle at Sta. Maria, no thought of founding an Order had entered into his soul; but as time went by he felt a longing for a more extended life, and a desire to do more active work in the Church.

The call came to him one day when he was assisting at Mass in Sta. Maria, and he heard the words of Jesus: "Go ye and preach to all nations, the Kingdom of God is at hand.

freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither scrip nor gold nor brass in your purses, nor two coats nor staves nor staff; for the laborer is worthy of his hire." Francis answered: "This is what I want; this is what I am seeking. From this day forth, I shall set myself with all my strength to put it into practice."

At once he proceeded to act on the decision. He gave away all the money he possessed and, casting aside his scrip, shoes, and staff, wore but a long brown tunic, with a girdle around his waist. He determined to carry out Christ's commands to the letter, and from that day he began his wanderings through the country. One by one others joined him, Father Bernard, Father Leo, and Father Elias being most devoted and most faithful to him. Week by week, month by month, and year by year, the Order increased in number, and Francis sent its members to every part of the known world to preach the Gospel and collect alms for the poor. His rules for the Order were few and simple—to give up all to others, to possess nothing themselves, to love all their fellow-creatures, and to be themselves full of charity and humility, ever looking on themselves as the servants of all. "Our life in the midst of the world," he said, "ought to be such that on hearing or seeing us, any one should feel constrained to praise our heavenly Father. You proclaim peace, have it in your heart. It is not an occasion of wrath or scandal to any one, but by our gentleness may all be led to peace, concord, and good work."

St. Francis loved all animals and birds, and they all understood him. Simply by the charm of his voice he tamed some wolves who were terrifying a hill-village. "Brother Wolves," he called them, beseeching them to cease their depredations, and they obeyed him. Among birds he specially loved larks, and he said of them: "Sister Lark has a hood like a religious, and is a humble bird, who goes by the way seeking a few grains, and when she has found them, even amongst the dirt, she picks them up and eats them." He often preached to birds, and so would collect round him and even sit upon his shoulders. "My little sisters," he called them. At the time of his death great numbers of birds collected on the roof of the house where he lay, singing softly and praising the Lord.

Water and stones, wood and flowers, all had his love; also the sun, moon, and stars. If wood had to be cut down, Francis always prayed the sawyer not to cut more than was necessary, and not to injure the tree "for the love of Jesus who hung on the cross." He begged the gardener in planting a garden always to reserve a portion of it for sweet-scented flowers, such as roses, lilies of the valley, "so that these lovely flowers, in the time of their blooming, might invite all men to praise him who made all herbs and flowers." For every creature cries aloud: "God has made me for thee, oh, man."

The poor and sick ever flocked to him, and he often denuded himself even of his tunic if he saw any one in need of clothing; little children he loved and cherished as God's angels. The keynote of his life was love, and no one who came in contact with him could resist his sweetness and charm. Alas! his career was but a short one, for four years after his holy life had begun, grave illness came on him, and it was with difficulty that the Brothers brought him to his beloved Sta. Maria, where he desired to die. The multitude who flocked to the neighborhood bore testimony to the love he had inspired, and great wailing and moaning burst forth when, on Sunday, July 26, 1228, the beloved spirit of the blessed saint flew back to the God he so loved.

Thus closed the earthly life of the holy man, but his influence on the human race has been unending, and there are more Franciscans working for the honor and glory of God in all parts of the world than of any other order, and the mottoes of their life are Love, Poverty, and Humility.

Thyself, dear Christ, hath borne great wounds of love.
Love made thee leave thy precious throne above,
And from a lowly maiden take thy birth,
And like a weary pilgrim tread this earth.
Urged on by love thou didst descend so low,
As through the world condemned by all to go.

In all thy work sweet love was ever shown,
It seemed as though thyself and love were one.
Within the temple thou, O Lord! didst cry,
Let every one who yearns for love draw nigh;

Let all who love their burning thirst to slake,
Draw near to me and their refreshment take.
Into their hearts I'll pour love's waves so bright,
A boundless love shall seize them with delight.

What made thee heavy to the bitter wood?
What made thee long to save us by thy blood?
At Pilate's throne what made thee silence keep?
What plunges thy soul in sorrow, oh, so deep?
'Twas love alone, oh, gentle, silent dove,
That e'en didst die upon a cross of love!

Oh, Jesus, Lord, thy wisdom was concealed,
Thy boundless love alone itself revealed.
Thy power divine was hidden out of sight,
For love, not strength, was summoned to the fight.
And while thy body hung upon the tree,
With fondest love man was caressed by thee.

—*By St. Francis.*

THE FRANCISCAN CENTENARY.

BY PASCHAL ROBINSON, O.F.M.



At a time when almost all manner of men are singularly interested in the life-work and character of St. Francis of Assisi, it is not surprising to learn that widespread preparations are afoot abroad to celebrate in a befitting manner the seventh centenary of the Saint's conversion, which occurs during the latter half of the present year. The International Committee formed to take charge of these celebrations has deemed it most opportune to make an urgent appeal for the restoration of social peace and the reign of Christian charity among men and nations which St. Francis preached so successfully. To this end a Peace Congress is to be held at Bologna, under the presidency of Cardinal Svampa, and with the special blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X. Spain has united in the movement by appointing a National Commission, headed by Cardinal Vives y Tuto, and in other countries steps are being taken to celebrate the centenary in an appropriate manner.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to deal with these celebrations; that must be left to another chronicler. It has to do rather with the event which they are intended to commemorate. Conformably to the invitation of the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I venture to describe, in briefest outline, the circumstances attending the conversion of St. Francis of Assisi, as they are recorded in the writings of those who walked with him in the days of his flesh.

It might be well, perhaps, at the outset to recall that conversion may mean different things to different persons. It does not necessarily import the turning away from a life of open sin. It may indeed mean that, and it often does, but it also, and no less frequently, implies a turning towards a more perfect state of life. In the case of St. Francis, the biographers are wont to speak of the time at which he turned to God by a total abdication of the world as the time of his conversion. That was in the year 1206. However, there are stages in the

way of good as in the way of evil. So in the conversion of St. Francis we may distinguish several well-defined periods. But because the work of conversion is, after all, largely a hidden process, it follows that the history of any conversion can at best be but dimly traced.

Premising this, it is no doubt true, as a recent writer* has remarked, that there seems to be a time in the life of every serious soul when there is a special turning to God; "when the soul realizes and grasps the beauty of religion, the greatness of goodness, the unsatisfying character of passing things, and when God and eternity become to it the governing realities." This turning-point, if I may so call it, appears, in the case of Francis, to have been reached in or about his twenty-second year.† With his life before that period I have, therefore, nothing whatever to say.

Suffice it to recall that, in 1202, Assisi was involved in war with Perugia.‡ It was one of those bitter communal feuds which had so often made a desolate waste of the fair Umbrian plain that lies between the two cities. Perugia had long sought to place her hated rival under her griffin's claw. Now, at the apogee of her power, she vanquished the Assisians. Although details of the encounter are wanting, we know that Francis, who had gone out to battle with his townsmen, was taken captive, and that he was confined in prison for a whole year. A severe attack of fever, which followed upon his return to Assisi in November, 1203, appears to have first turned his thoughts from the things of time to those of eternity. Witness this precious incident of Francis' convalescence which his earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano, has preserved for us: "Being somewhat stronger and able to walk about the house leaning on a stick, in order to complete his restoration to health, he one day went forth and with unusual eagerness gazed at the vast extent of country which lay before him; yet neither the

* Canon Knox Little: *St. Francis of Assisi*. London: Isbister, 1904. Page 93.

† St. Francis was born in 1181 or 1182, and died on October 3, 1226, in the forty-fifth year of his age. On the chronology of his life see the splendid studies of P. Leo Patrem, O.F.M., in the *Oriente Serafico*. Assisi, 1895. Vol. VII. Nos. 4 to 12. They have been reprinted in the *Miscellanea Francescana*. Foligno. Vol. IX. Pp. 76-104. See also P. Panfilo da Magliano, O.F.M., *Storia Compendiosa di S. Francesco e dei Francescani*. Rome, 1874. Vol. I. C. 1. N. 4-12.

‡ On the circumstances leading up to this conflict see Antonio Cristofani, *Delle Storie d'Assisi libri sei*. Assisi, 1875. Vol. I. Pp. 83-85; and Luigi Bonazzi, *Storia di Perugia*. Perugia, 1875-79. Vol. I. Pp. 257-322.

charm of the vineyards, or of aught that is pleasant to look on, was of any consolation to him."* Tradition points to the Porta Nuova as the spot whence Francis looked out upon the Umbrian country. Before him, in the valley, lay the winding white road that leads past low-lying Foligno to Trevi on its hilltop until, beyond Spoleto, it is lost amid the mountain gorge; on his left the bare shoulders of Mount Subasio rose above the verdant slopes where the oak and the cedar mingle with the olive and the vine; on his right in the plain the yellow corn was ripening, hard by the walls of the old brown roofed towns, and the children had come forth to gather the fragrant narcissus.†

Only those who have been privileged to stand where Francis stood in the limpid morning air, and to gaze upon that same Umbrian landscape, with the grand spirit of old history brooding over it all, may know how the spectator is taken in the nets of a beauty which words cannot tell. Yet this scene, which had meant so much to Francis in the heyday of his selfish strength, no longer awoke a responsive echo in his heart. On that spring morning, in 1204, the emptiness of the life he had heretofore been leading came home to him.‡ This sudden inward change marks, so to say, the first step towards his conversion.

But conversion, however sudden it may sometimes appear, is in reality, as a rule, a slow and lengthy process. So, at least, it appears to have been with Francis. His heart, in spite of his illness and consequent disillusion, was still divided; he had not yet learned to say *Deus Meus et Omnia*. Certain it is that his former yearning for worldly glory reawakened with returning health. Circumstances, moreover, seemed to favor his aspirations. A knight of Assisi was about to set out to join the army of Walter de Brienne—the "gentle count" as he was called—who was just then fighting on the side of the Papacy in Southern Italy. Francis resolved to accompany him, and made preparations for the expedition with ostentatious magnificence. But on the very eve of departure he saw in a

* Thomas de Celano, *Legenda Prima*. Cap. 2. N. 4. See the new and definitive edition of Celano by Fr. Edouard d'Alençon, O.F.M.Cap. Rome: Desclée, 1906. Page 8.

† See *The Story of Assise*. By Lina Duff Gordon. London: Dent, 1901. P. 44.

‡ "Le vide lamentable de sa vie lui était tout à coup apparu; il était effrayé de cette solitude d'une grande âme, dans la quelle il n'y a point d'autel." Sabatier, *Vie de S. François d'Assise*. Paris, 1894. P. 17.‡

vision a stately palace filled with splendid shields and arms and banners, all marked with the red cross and, as marveling at the sight, he asked to whom these belonged, a voice answered: "They are for thee and thy soldiers."

"I know that I shall be a great prince," Francis boasted exultingly next morning as, amid the plaudits of his fellow-citizens, he passed out of the city gate in the direction of Apulia. His march, however, was not a long one. At Spoleto he was overtaken by a second attack of fever. Then was the time when the same voice said to him: "Francis, who can do thee more good, the master or the servant?" "The master," answered Francis without hesitation. "Why, then," the voice rejoined, "dost thou leave the master for the servant, and the prince for the retainer?" "Lord," exclaimed Francis, like Saul on the road to Damascus, "what wilt thou have me to do?" "Return to thine own country," replied the voice, "there shalt thou be told what to do, for thou hast wrongly interpreted the vision thou hast seen."*

Francis received this command with childlike faith and, with the first glimpse of dawn, retraced his steps in haste to Assisi, heedless of the chagrin of his parents and the gibes of his companions. In this simple act of loving obedience the saint's biographers discern what may be called the second step in his conversion. Withal many months were still to elapse before the full meaning of that vision came to him. For the saints, unlike the poets, are not born, but made, and Celano puts no gloss on the many difficulties Francis had yet to overcome before his conversion to the better life was complete.

Returning then to Assisi the tenor of Francis' life lay in the ancient ways, at least to outward seeming, but inwardly a change had come over him. He indeed sometimes joined in the noisy revels of his old associates, but his manner told plainly enough that his heart was no longer with them. Struck by his altered mien at a banquet he had given for them, his friends taunted him: "Perhaps," said one of them, "he is thinking of taking a wife." "Yes"; replied Francis with a strange smile, "I am thinking of taking a wife, nobler, richer, and fairer than you can imagine."

By this reply Francis cut the last link that bound him to

*See *Legenda Trium Sociorum*. Ed. Faloci. Foligno, 1898. Cap. 2. English translation by E. G. Salter, *The Legend of the Three Companions*. London: Dent, 1902.

the world. Needless to say, it was of no earthly wife he spoke. Rather was he thinking of that mystical spouse so long despised by the world. Already was he enamored of that Lady Poverty whom Dante no less than Giotto has wedded to his name.*

Fearing, however, lest in his enthusiastic love of poverty for Christ's sake he might be acting beyond his strength, Francis made a pilgrimage to Rome to visit the tomb of the Apostles. Pained to see how small were the offerings of the pilgrims for the completion of St. Peter's, he emptied his purse on the marble tomb of the Fisherman. Then, going forth, he met a horde of beggars on the steps of the basilica. This sight prompted an experiment. Exchanging his clothes with the poorest of the lot, he stood among them the entire day asking alms of the passersby. This was in the autumn of 1205.

On his return to Assisi, Francis, wishing to try himself still further, devoted his time to the service of the lepers. Any one at all familiar with mediæval history does not require to be told how terrible and widespread a malady leprosy was at this time. Lazar houses were provided for the poor wretches afflicted with his plague without most Italian cities,† and a solemn and terrible service was prescribed for their banishment from society.‡ "Like living corpses, in a gray gown reaching down to the feet, and with the hood brought over their face, they went about, carrying in their hands an enormous rattle called St. Lazarus' rattle, with which they gave notice of their approach, that every one might have time to get out of their way."

Now leprosy had ever been to Francis' fastidious nature an object of peculiar aversion; when, therefore, about this time, he found himself all at once face to face with a leper, Francis, unable to control a movement of repulsion, instinctively turned his horse—for he was riding—in another direction. Hardly had he done so than he was seized with remorse, and quickly retracing his steps, and springing from the saddle, he not only

* The poet for his vivid allusion to their mystical marriage in Canto xi. of his *Paradiso*, no less than the painter for his unfading fresco at S. Francesco, drew his inspiration from the *Sacrum commercium beati Francisci cum Domina Paupertate*, in which Francis' own tale of the Lady Poverty has been expanded by one of his early followers. This most exquisite of mediæval idylls has been translated in a manner worthy of the original by Montgomery Carmichael: *The Lady Poverty*. New York: Tennant & Ward, 1902.

† See Muratori, *Antiquitates Italicae*. I., 907.

‡ See Martene, *De Antiq. Eccl. Ritibus*. III., 10.

gave the leper all the money he had, but even insisted on kissing his loathsome hand. The victory he thus gained over self was complete, and he was ever after wont to regard this act of self-conquest as a special mark of God's converting grace.*

This meeting with the leper brought Francis to the parting of the ways. But he was still at sea as to the purpose of his life. Not knowing what path to take, he began to seek in solitude and prayer enlightenment as to the true road for his journey. Much of his time at this period was spent wandering among the woodland slopes below Assisi. Far down the hillside, without the southern boundary of the city, there was a little chapel which was very dear and familiar to Francis. S. Damiano is there still, half-hidden amid the pines and cypress trees, and the general appearance of the place in its primitive simplicity must give the visitor a very just idea of what it was when Francis came there to pray. While pouring forth his soul here on a certain day, before one of those painted Byzantine crucifixes still so numerous in Italy, Francis heard with his bodily ears a voice proceeding from this crucifix † saying thrice: "Francis, go and repair my house, which; as thou seest, is utterly falling to ruin."

Failing at the moment to realize the full meaning of this behest, and not unnaturally taking the words as a literal command to restore the half-ruined chapel in which he knelt, Francis at once set about the work of repair. To obtain the necessary funds—for his own purse was nearly empty—he went to his father's shop, off the southeast corner of the Piazza, ‡ and taking some bales of costly stuffs, mounted his horse and rode off to Foligno, then an important commercial centre. Having there sold both merchandise and horse, he returned on foot to S. Damiano—a three hours' walk—with the proceeds of this "fortunate traffic." But when the poor old priest who tended S. Damiano, dreading the anger of Francis' father, re-

* More than twenty years afterward, when on the eve of his death, he was casting a backward glance over the ways by which he had been led, St. Francis wrote: "The Lord gave to me, Brother Francis, thus to begin to do penance; for when I was in sin it seemed to me very bitter to see lepers, and the Lord himself led me amongst them, and I showed mercy to them. And when I left them, that which had seemed to me bitter was changed for me into sweetness of body and soul." See *Opuscula S. P. Francisci Assisiensis*. Quaracchi, 1904. P. 77. English translation, *The Writings of St. Francis*. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, 1906. P. 81.

† This very crucifix, old even then and still beautiful, may now be seen in the chapel of S. Georgio, at Sta. Chiara. It was taken thither by the Poor Ladies, when they left S. Damiano in 1260.

‡ The house and shop of Bernardone are still standing in the Via Portica.

fused to accept the money, Francis threw it on a window-sill of the chapel.

We are all probably more or less familiar with the sequel—how Francis was obliged to hide from his father's rage in a solitary cave for an entire month; how, on his return to the city, he was hunted by the very children as a madman; how he was haled to Bernardone's house, and there shut up in a dark hole under the staircase; how his mother's anxiety for his health, having released him from this *carcere tenebroso*, his father, not content with having recovered the money at S. Damiano, cited him before the consuls to forswear his inheritance; and how Francis, having replied that he did not come under their jurisdiction, was finally taken before the bishop. Then followed that supreme act of renunciation, in which the servant of God, stripping himself of all his clothes, laid them, with what little money he still had, at the feet of his father with these words: "Up to this hour I have called thee my father on earth, from henceforth I may say confidently: '*Our Father who art in heaven*,' in whose hands I have laid up all my treasures, all my trust, and all my hope."* The bishop, moved to tears, covered the sublime nudity of Francis with his own mantle until an old garment, which had been worn by a farm hand in his service, was brought. Francis, having traced a large cross on the garment with some mortar that was at hand, clothed himself in it with joy and withdrew.

This extraordinary scene, which took place just outside the Episcopal palace in the little Piazza Sta. Maria Maggiore, marks the climax in that great spiritual crisis we call his conversion. From that day, in the winter of 1206, the son of Pietro Bernardone passes out of sight and "from the ashes of the dead past, from the seed that has withered that the new life might germinate and fructify," the Saint arises

Whose marvelous life were better sung
In heaven's glory.†

* See St. Bonaventure, *Legendæ Duæ de Vita Sti. Francisci*. Quaracchi, 1898. C. II., 18, 19, 20, or English translation by Miss Lockhart, *Life of St. Francis*. Washbourne, 1898. P. 21. See also Wadding, *Annales Minorum*; *De Francisci Conversione*, 5., xxvi., xxvii., xxviii.

† *Costui la cui mirabil vita meglio in gloria del ciel si canterebbe*. Dante, *Paradiso*. Canto xi., 95, 96.

STUDIES ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BY M. D. PETRE.

VI.

NIETZSCHE THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN.



It is with a certain reluctance that we approach, in this last of our essays, the study of Nietzsche's anti-Christian views and teaching. Maintaining, as we have done throughout, that it is as useless as it is unjust to approach any thinker for the mere purpose of what is called *refutation*; that the worst elements of any philosophy should be corrected by the best which itself contains; it is the more difficult to deal with Nietzsche's doctrine on the subject of Christianity, one on which he displayed his most unsatisfactory qualities in the intellectual as in the moral order. The *Anti-Christ*, one of his best known, but least meritorious works, is a conspicuous example of Nietzsche in his violent and unjudicial phase. Here and there we note, indeed, strokes of the old power and originality, but the greater part is tainted with his worst defects of violence, prejudice, and fatuous self-esteem, and there are unmistakable symptoms of the fatal disease which was making its way with that brilliant mind. His sister mentions the fact that he was suffering much at this time from over-excitation, due to the abuse of drugs, and one almost regrets that some of this later work was preserved, in its crude condition, to lessen the influence of his earlier productions. However, all is now done beyond recall, and it unfortunately happens that this particular work is one of the most widely translated and the best known.

We will, however, not allow ourselves to be thereby turned away from the plan hitherto followed. Leaving aside, in Nietzsche's attack on our religion, all those parts, whether in the earlier or in the later work, which originated in prejudice and passion and foreign influence, rather than in the mind and true

character of the writer, we will confine this study to those points on which the philosophy of Nietzsche presents characteristic oppositions to the doctrines of Christianity. In these more solid and typical oppositions we shall find both false and true; we shall find certain elements that can be reconciled with Christianity by means of a fuller synthesis, others that remain necessarily antagonistic. We shall find, too, that a superficial and unreal presentment of Christianity, by some Christians, has laid the sanctuary open to invasion on pretexts that could never have been found in Christianity itself. And thus we may hope that even Nietzsche's anti-Christianity will not be altogether pernicious, but will help us to a fuller understanding of some of the truths of our religion; a religion which has known how to take the best from its enemies as well as its friends.

I.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

We know that one of the leading characteristics of Nietzschean philosophy is its anti-Socialism. In the laws and conventions of society he saw merely a system invented for the preservation of the many weak against the few strong; and this, for him, denoted a combination of the worthless against the worthy, of the commonplace and insignificant against the eminent and distinguished. Social morality is the morality of a flock or herd, useful for the contemptible average, pernicious to the noble few. To him it seemed that there was but one test of sound morality, and that was the health of the individual soul. Every other kind of morality was *Herdenmoral*, and Christian morality was to be denominated in like manner. A human society was, in fact, in Nietzsche's eyes, a human herd; and Christianity, as a social religion, was also a religion of the herd. It was planned, like every collective institution, for the safety, even the supremacy, of the weak; and it allowed, therefore, no space for the development of such individuals as he contemplated, strong, superabundant; creating their own laws, which, for others, should be precedents; knowing no ruling principle but that of their own self development.

But, before even touching on Christianity, we must take our stand against the confusion of the idea of a society, in its true and human sense, with the notion of a herd. In his re-

action against socialistic theories, with their contempt for the noblest individual and the most eminent minority, and their over-weening esteem for numbers and majorities, he rushed into the belief that every society was based on the same conceptions. Now the vice of a purely collectivist theory is that it does indeed make human society akin to a human herd, but the distinction between the two is, nevertheless, very real and very profound. It is quite true that, for certain purposes, we may form ourselves into associations which can be properly described as herdlike in their nature; but such is not society in its higher and strictly human sense. Being animals as well as men, we may collect ourselves together as animals for certain animal ends; but, once we associate for any more spiritual object, we form a society, as distinct from a herd. The term herd, applied to any human society, would signify that such a society existed for purely common advantages and interests; each one helping to secure to the rest those rights of which he wishes also to partake himself. In a herd all want the same things, and combine, with greater or less intelligence, for their attainment. There is a sum of general interests, of which each one has his share, a share of which he might be deprived if he lived alone and unprotected. He contributes to the common action and partakes of the common results.

But human society, though it may also possess these characteristics of the herd, possesses something much more besides. We are members of an intelligent and spiritual society, not only for the sake of sharing what others possess, but, still more, in order to enter into the riches of our own kingdom. We become partners of the thought and knowledge, the intellectual perception and moral achievements of others, not only in order to think and feel what they think and feel, but, still more, if we are active and not parasitic members of society, in order to develop the force of our own individuality, to think the thoughts of our own mind, to do the deeds of our own soul. So that Nietzsche's profound mistake was in his failure to understand the nature of society, in the human or the spiritual sense of the word, as something not inimical to true personality, but essential to its highest development.

He is not the only one who has made such a mistake. Even those who have recognized that society exists for spiritual as well as material needs, too often fail to realize that it

does not exist simply for the sharing of the same aspect of the same thing; that each one is not only to reap from it his part of that which is common to all, but also to be stimulated in the pursuit of his own special calling and destiny. Society is to help him to go where society itself cannot always follow; or, at least, not till much later, when through the work of the individual, the whole social domain has been extended.

Now Christianity proposes an association for purely spiritual ends, an association, therefore, which rises above the characteristics of a mere herd, more than any political society can do. So long as the least material element remains, we cannot say that every herd-like quality is eliminated, but, in a religious society, this element ought to be least predominant and continually diminishing. It is an association more intimate and spiritual, and yet, for that very reason, more individual and free. Alone of all societies, the Church, in which Christian society has its fullest expression, acknowledges openly its inability to pronounce final judgment on its members, even in regard to the work for which it exists; its task being to put each one into relation with eternal truth and life, and leave him to work out his own destiny therein, God alone deciding how far he has succeeded or failed. She offers herself to each soul as a means, not an end; she is, in one sense, the hand-maid, not the mistress. Her message is not "do as others do in order to be like them"; but, "do as others do in order to do afterwards what you alone can do." She aims at *union*, indeed, but not at *unison*; and the point of union, be it ever remembered, is in the Infinite and Eternal, in that which transcends, and not in that which is common to all. To Nietzsche it seemed that only the weak and parasitic had need of such a society, and that they would seek it simply in order to live on the strength of others. But, in truth, it is in the very interests of our own highest development that we need it, and by this development we help others as well as ourselves. The humblest living member—we speak not of those which are purely mechanical and dead—is glorified by this communion, while he also gives glory; nor is there any ignominy in holding apparently the lowliest place in a society governed by ideals which are at once beyond and over all, and within each one. We obey the best within ourselves, and we follow the law of our own nature, when we obey the voice of the Church

speaking for each one of us and for all. Even the "superman" might find his place in such a spiritual society, in such a communion of saints.

II.

SPONTANEITY AND ASCETICISM.

As the superman of the past was, in Nietzsche's theory, distinguished by a kind of animal spontaneity, so, it would seem, was the superman of the future to be characterized by a higher and more human spontaneity. We have not forgotten the vein of asceticism which runs through the whole of this philosophy, with its advocacy of self-discipline, self-mastery, and heroic endurance of pain; hence it must be fully understood that this super-human spontaneity was supposed to follow on the acquisition of these virile characteristics. The weak, the slothful, the cowardly, the parasitic, were not of the race of the superman; he was to be a conqueror, free to exercise every faculty, to follow every instinct, because he had reached that stage in which he had become a law unto himself.

Now one of Nietzsche's strongest objections to Christianity was that he looked on it as a religion of asceticism and self-repression, as a mode of life absolutely opposed to this individual freedom, which he regarded as the choicest flower of human nature. He would have a self-development wholly from within, an entire absence of external motive or compulsion, of internal struggle or division. Christian ascetics seemed to him to glorify and perpetuate that lower stage which the superman has conquered and transcended.

In all this Nietzsche is acting partly under a misunderstanding, and partly, on the contrary, is his objection justifiable, according to his own views. He thought that Christianity taught asceticism and asceticism only; that, during this life, there was to be nothing but mortification abnegation, self-restraint; that spontaneity, of every kind, was to be quenched and subdued.

He was right so far as this, that Christianity, with its recognition of the inherent imperfection of the present life, cannot admit that this world gives sufficient space or fitting occasion for the exercise of the highest individual freedom. There is room on earth for animal spontaneity, or even for a certain lower stage of human spontaneity, but *not* for the

highest of which we are capable. Therefore, Christianity carries on the process of discipline to the end of life, and yet, all the while, has spontaneity in view as the aim and legitimate outcome of this previous schooling. More than this—it gives us, even in this life, to understand that our development should be ever in the direction of fuller liberty; that the noblest self-mastery is that which has become so habitual as to be free and almost instinctive; and that the highest stage, even on earth, is that of those who “love and do as they will.”

So that the difference is really this: Nietzsche thought we could attain the noblest freedom, the most perfect spontaneity in this our present life, under these our present conditions; Christianity tells us that the world is not good enough for us, that spiritual freedom needs nobler surroundings to blossom into its full perfection. Her superman is too glorious a being to ever find room amidst material necessities and surroundings; he outgrows them all, and passes, by the necessity of his nature, into a wider, nobler sphere. Yet, even now, his process is ever in the same directions; he fights to win, he suffers to triumph, he obeys in order to do his own will.

III.

“GREATER LOVE THAN THIS NO MAN HATH.”

“Self-seeking,” says Nietzsche, “is commendable or not according to the worth of the self-seeker; egoism can be noble, or it can be worthless and contemptible. We must ask, in regard to each one, if he represent the ascending or descending line of life, this is the criterion by which to test his right to be a self-seeker. Is he on the ascending scale, then, by reason of his exceptional value, and for the sake of the general good, which can be advanced by means of him, should extreme care be devoted to his preservation, and to the creation of surroundings favorable to his development. There is no single man, no individual, as people and philosophers have hitherto understood the term; the individual is nothing in himself, no atom, no ring of the chain, no mere legacy of the past—he is the whole line of man down to himself. If he stand for the downward movement, for decay, chronic perversion, sickness

(sickness is, in general, a consequence and not a cause of decay), then his value is nought, and justice demands that he should take as little as possible from the more successful." *

A little later, in the same work, we find a remarkable passage on suicide. There are cases, he thinks, when patient and physician should combine to end a life which is useless to the individual, and injurious to the community at large.

"Under certain conditions it is no longer reasonable to live. . . . We cannot help being born, but we can repair the fault, for a fault it is. In such case, to end oneself is the worthiest possible deed, we almost deserve thereby—to live." †

In the first of these paragraphs we have the best of Nietzsche's doctrine of self-love; in the second we see how he too taught that, under certain conditions, a man should bate his own life, and should lay it down for the good of his neighbor, to whom he had become a source of danger and infection.

He protests against the self-sacrifice of the best, not merely in the interests of the individual, but in those of all mankind. In some places he may advocate egoism in a crude form, yet this larger idea must always have been in the background. In substance, his teaching was that the great, the wise, the strong, the noble, should seek their own good and assert themselves at the expense of others; while the weak and unsuccessful are invited to shrink into as small a compass as possible, to give themselves up for the advantage of these mighty ones, and to get out of the world altogether so soon as they feel that they are nothing but an encumbrance. His doctrine does not, therefore, exclude all regard for the whole, but it supposes that the interests of the whole are best served by an exclusive attention to the good of the distinguished few. Self-love was to be grounded on self-sufficiency, and self-sufficiency was to be justified by the importance of these eminent individuals to the whole race. They were to do self-consciously what nature does unconsciously, to fight the battle of the strong, regardless of the ruin of the weak. A few strong men are worth all the rest of the world; they *are* the world, or the only world that deserves to be reckoned with.

Nietzsche thought there was no room in Christianity for any true self-love; in this he was profoundly mistaken. The difference lies rather in the source and justification of this

* *Götzendämmerung*. Par. 33.

† *Idem*. Par. 36.

self-love, and in the very opposite application of the doctrine of self-hatred, or abnegation. Nietzsche invites the weak and unworthy to sacrifice themselves for the good of their nobler fellow-beings; Christianity, on the contrary, demands greater self-sacrifice from the strong, and makes comparatively milder demands on the weak. This is, according to Nietzsche, a reversal of the established order of nature, a reversal bound to issue in disaster and failure. The reply to this is that the spiritual order is not governed by material laws, and that Christ was dealing with different values from Darwin. We may deny the very existence of those values, in which case further discussion on this point would become useless; but if we would judge the Christian doctrine of self-love, self-hatred, self-sacrifice, it must be in relation to the spiritual order which they suppose, and not in relation to a material order which they transcend.

When, as sometimes unfortunately happens, we hear asceticism advocated as though it were literally better to have less life rather than more; less strength, health, beauty, mind, rather than more; we can feel some sympathy with the advocates of self-assertion. But let us understand these doctrines more truly, and we see that all this, which looks at first like self-hatred and world-flight, is, in reality, a movement of life and not of death, of fullness and not of poverty. Behind both strong and weak lies a land of inexhaustible wealth, in which all have an inalienable share. When a man gives, it is not out of his own limited personality and possessions, but rather, through him, the wealth of this infinite world flows into the soul of his weaker brother, who is in less intimate and vigorous relations with it. And, as it passes from the one to the other, it enriches him who gives and him who takes; the benefactor is ennobled, the recipient is not abased. Nietzsche urged man to the exercise of the creative faculty; here is the noblest opportunity to follow his advice. He lacked the knowledge of that higher spiritual world, which could alone justify the confidence of the superman, and in which alone could be found the true source of his much boasted superabundance. Without this knowledge he could not understand the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice, and what is called the folly of the Cross. He thought the Christian was casting life away, or wasting it on the weak and unworthy, when he was, in reali-

ty, drawing on an eternal and inexhaustible source, which was increased, and not lessened, by distribution.

It may be asked, then, in what the self-sacrifice of the Christian really consists, if he loses nothing by all that he gives? It consists, not in a weakening of the forces of the individual, but in the bursting of those narrow, egotistic barriers, which simply confine the riches and power of the personality. We call it self-sacrifice because all the instincts of our lower nature rebel against this enlargement of our confines. Did we realize the nature of our action, we should see that it was in our own interest as in that of others that we practiced this so-called self-sacrifice; and the name would be no longer applicable. But it does only too well for our present limited and selfish understanding; it denotes the sacrifice of the lower interests to the higher, of the private and auto-centric to those that are human and universal, without ceasing to be personal, in the wider sense, as well.

We must revert once more to one of the weak points we indicated in Nietzsche's doctrine of the superman. He thinks the weak and unworthy should learn self-sacrifice, and leave the practice of self-assertion to the superman. But history confirms what would have been our *a priori* supposition, that it is not, and it never has been, the unworthy who could be got to abandon and sacrifice their own low interests—it is only the great and noble, those worthiest to live, who are ready and willing to die, when the good of mankind demands it. And why is this? Not out of world-weariness or self-weariness, or pity; but just because they are in fuller, closer relations with a universe of higher values, wherein self-love and self-sacrifice both find their highest justification. For Nietzsche there was no self-love conceivable but that which was also ruthless and exclusive; not so for the Christian. He is valued by one who can bear with him at those terrible times when he can hardly bear with himself; he is in communication with a spiritual world which is open to weak as well as to strong. It is his consciousness of infinitude that makes him strong against his own lower self and pitiful to the misery of others; for his riches are not such as can be wasted by generosity, and his strength is fed from an eternal source.

IV.

LIFE EVERLASTING.

With a desperate and pathetic intensity Nietzsche endeavored to concentrate all the thought and energy of mankind on the present fleeting life. Nothing in the Christian faith was more repugnant to him than its promise of a future existence, in which the inequalities of this one should be rectified, and its standard of values transcended. This was to rob life of its importance, to extinguish the interests of earth by the promise of joys in heaven, to substitute the motive of gratuitous reward for the incentive of inner and self-evolved activity.

This line of objection, which is common to many others besides him, derives whatever force it may possess from a wrong conception of immortality. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God has prepared for those who love him"; but there is a childish notion of the life to come which is lacking in this sense of mystery. It makes the future at once too like the present and too unlike; too like, in so far as it is deemed to possess the same interests and the same joys, only in a more persistent and intense form; too unlike, because it is not regarded as an essential development of the present, but simply as its adjudicated reward, like a holiday in the country after school-time in the town. This conception, if seriously adopted and not merely in figure, does indeed rob our actual life of some of its due and rightful dignity, just as it dulls the glory and lessens the mystery of the future. For it makes of the present life, not the seed of the future, but simply the coin wherewith it is to be purchased; while it makes of the future life chiefly an adjustment of the dissatisfactions of the present one, another existence like this, save for its grievances and grumbles.

But our faith can point to a better immortality than this; one fraught with nobler possibilities for the future, with a higher estimate of the present. As we have seen that Christian self-love finds its justification in a continual participation of infinite love, so also does the present life derive its value and its hopes of immortality from an ever active share in that which is eternal. This world is not only a schoolroom, this

life is not only a task, but the former is also a manifestation of spiritual realities, and the latter a commencement of everlasting life. Nothing *shall* be but what, in a measure, already *is*; every true thought of the mind, every right feeling of the heart, every sincere act of the will is full of attainment as well as promise; it is a laying hold of what we are to possess more consciously, more perfectly, but not for the first time hereafter. The kingdom of heaven is within us, as well as to come; the future life will be different, not because it is disconnected from the present one, but because it will be the fulfilment of present possibilities, and will make manifest the secrets of our own soul.

All the attacks of men such as Nietzsche fail to do more than help us to a better understanding of this higher Christian conception of immortality. They have attacked heaven in the interests of earth, and the Christian answers them by showing that his estimate of the present life is ennobled and glorified by his faith in that which is to come.

Thus we bid farewell, for the present, to Nietzsche, the anti-moralist and the anti-Christian; to Nietzsche, our enemy and yet our friend. Our enemy in his violent and one-sided abuse of our religion and faith; our friend, in those lessons of which we can make a better use than he could. He is the advocate of life and strength and self-mastery; the foe of cowardice and self-pity. We shall not have studied him for nothing if we have drawn from his teaching something of his own "will to be strong"; what he tried to do in the light of this world alone, we can do with noble hope and certitude in the light of God and eternity.

SOME LETTERS OF FATHER HECKER.

EDITED BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

NEW YORK, February 22, 1861.

MY OLD AND DEAR FRIEND:

Do tell me, are you dead or alive? I think I have written several letters to you and have had no answer to any. I feel quite sure I have written twice. How are you? What are you doing? And what's going on?

We have fuss enough just now on this side of the Atlantic. Our folks have managed to get up a row, a double of the first class. But like all family rows, we are likely to settle matters, after much bluster, peaceably, and afterwards be more fond of each other. Could we get the fanatics South and North out of the way, the rest of us would get along smoothly. I am inclined to adopt the muscular Christianity way of settling difficulties, placing both parties in a ring, and let them have it out.

Our own affairs prosper—superabundance of missions and fruitful in results. Last year in our chapel we received 35 converts from Protestantism, some of whom were from the first families of the country. Father Walworth returns to us in a few weeks.*

I am cogitating a book, but have little or no time to write it. My object is to show that the ordinary duties of life are the highroads to sanctity. There is no other way of perfection for the great mass of Christians than in the performance of the common duties of life with an eye to God. The highest, noblest, most perfect life is in the fulfilment of those daily duties imposed upon us by Almighty God. This is devotion.

I think a larger playground may be given to the action of our natural faculties and instincts without displeasing their Author. I wish to reconcile the idea of sanctity with the completeness of the natural man. Faith does not demand the

* Father Walworth was one of the original five priests to leave the Redemptorists. Not being fully in accord with the others, he withdrew for a time into the diocese of Albany, and took charge of a parish. He rejoined the Paulists in 1861, and remained with them until 1865, when his health gave way.

depression or mutilation of our nature, or its instincts. Religion gives completeness to character. The Church asks for *men*, not cyphers, or cripples.

Genuine piety calls not only upon all that is within us, but also upon all that is without us, to praise the Lord, as God is the ground of all being. A religion, therefore, that does not accord with man's instincts and all nature, is essentially defective. Sanctity is not the destruction of our nature, but its restoration. The world is to be redeemed, not by abandoning it, and giving it over to the devil; but by charity and apostolic zeal.

In the *Aspirations* my aim was to show the harmony between faith and reason, in the *Questions of the Soul*, that the sacraments satisfy the wants of the heart; in this [new work], that practical religion consists in the sanctification of everyday life. It will give me the occasion of saying many things, which have been floating about in my noddle for years.

But I must stop lest I weary you. What do you think of the idea? Do you know of any book, or books, which will be of use to me? "Don't blow me," as the "boy" said to me after confession, "for I have told you what I never told any other man in my life."

I have in my hands the translation from the Italian of the life and writings of St. Catharine of Genoa, made by a most competent person, and carefully revised by a D.D. and an Italian scholar. The life and writings of St. Catharine have not, to my knowledge, been published in English. The only part of her writing which has been published is her Treatise on Purgatory. I suppose it will make a volume, like one of those St. Philip Neri publications by Richardson. The person who translated it is recently deceased and it has been put in my hands for publication. Nothing is published at present in the United States; can you not do something for it in England, either with Burns or some other publisher? The translation ought to be worth at least £50. St. Catharine's dialogues are *chefs d'œuvres* in spiritual literature. I feel quite sure of 500 copies being taken here by Catholic book-sellers. Don't you back down. See what you can do.

Do you get the *Freeman's Journal*? The Editor said several times he would send it. I do not—don't scold—see *The Rambler*; or any other *English* publication. Are you alive

yet in *old* England? When are you coming to make that visit to your Yankee cousins? Write soon.

Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

Letter address: Station E, New York City.

My last letter from you is dated September 10, 1859—which was answered March 28, 1860.

NEW YORK, December 6, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your recent letter, date forgotten, and unfortunately mislaid, came all straight.

I agree with your remarks on Dr. Brownson, and read your letter to him without note or comment. The articles on philosophy I gave to him, and requested him to notice them. His eyes are poor and he can read but little.

There are some things in your letter I would criticize if I could find it—the tests of sanctity and the biographies written of the saints are not the same thing. Your remarks apply to the biographies. I will search hard after it, for it contains some valuable hints relative to the subject I have in hand. Don't be afraid, I shall not pitch into the Middle Ages, or any other, or anybody—a la Simpson!

I have sent you a copy of a volume of *Sermons* preached by different members of the Congregation of St. Paul. It is addressed to Burns & Lambert for you, and goes by this mail. You will find in Nos. X and XX. some hints at what I'm driving at. I don't know how you Englishmen will like our sermons, they are rough but hearty, and not humdrum. I'm inclined to think *you* will like them, as there is not a small amount of the Yankee go-aheaditiveness in your composition. Send me the number of *The Rambler* if you notice them, I can't afford yet to take it.

If this volume circulates, we shall publish one annually. Could you make Burns or Dolman send for copies. You could, if you told them in *The Rambler* they would sell. The war times here have killed the sale of books. You folks, too, are pinched by it, while we are squared. It is likely you will halloo *first*—unless your mouths are stuffed with cotton.

We do not at the North see the end of the rebellion. The North has 600,000 men in the field, and recruiting is going on. Fleets of all kinds are going and are being prepared. A large one is now nearly ready to go down from St. Louis, on the Mississippi River, to New Orleans. Maybe it will get "thar"!

The public North and South are anxious to hear what *old* England will say about the Mason and Slidell affair.* Some say you will kick up a war. Perhaps you might, if you had not such a troublesome customer in Louis N[apoleon].

I have said nothing about what I have at heart—the Church, and the attitude of Catholics *vis à vis* to the world around us. You will detect ours, I think, in the volume of *Sermons*.

If I could stretch my hand across the Atlantic, I would give you a hearty good shake.

Kind regards to your wife.

Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I almost hear you laugh when I read your letters, and feel like punching you in the ribs for your squibs.

Your talk about the rebellion is wretchedly poor, and the attitude of the English people in regard to it is shameful. The discussion of it in a letter would be a waste of time, and the newspapers both sides of the Atlantic are full of it. My inclination is to leave the points in dispute to the settlement of the iron noses of our gun boats and battering rams. Let them butt it out.

I feel a great interest in *The Rambler* as a quarterly. You have everything among you, talent, learning, and means to ensure success, could you only be made to pull together.

I have communicated to Dr. Brownson your proposition, and expect an answer from him before closing this letter. His *Review* is continued, but I have been told that he said he could

*Mason and Slidell sailed in a British ship in October, 1861, from Charleston as confederate commissioners to European courts. The ship in which they were was captured, and they were taken as prisoners to Boston. England directed Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, to leave if Mason and Slidell were not released within seven days. This had the desired effect, and on January 1, 1862, the commissioners were released and allowed to proceed to Europe.

not continue it another year. This is, however, an old song; one I have heard for the last fifteen years. His health is poor. He may have some offer of his own to make. His last number has a great deal in it to startle "old fogies," his dislike of old fogeyism is as great, if not so daring, as yours. Father Hewit says that you remind him of the long iron snout of the *Mer-rimac* pitching into the sides of all the old hulks she can find.

I contribute! Why I have not the time to say my soul is my own. My time is so absorbed by immediate duties, that I have no leisure to carry out side projects of my own. When I say that I take a lively interest in the new *Rambler*, I mean it, and what I can do for its interest this side I will. Walworth has a book in manuscript; but the present difficulties hinder its publication. It is on the relations of Divine Revelation with the modern discoveries of science. He has been years at posting himself up on the subject, and I know that you will be pleased with it, if it ever comes to light. He is now on a mission, or I would propose the publication of it in chapters in *The Rambler*, provided you thought well of it. Walworth has a clear and good Saxon style, and has made himself acquainted with our first geologists. A couple of weeks ago, on a mission at Cambridge, Mass., he visited Agassiz. If you think well of this—speak.

To write you literary criticisms, requires one who is already in the way of receiving the new publications. I will try to find you the man.

I will send, by this steamer, a copy of the *Sermons*, by the *Express*; I hope they will reach you in time for the first number of *The Rambler*.

Should Louis Binsse, of New York, call upon you, as I have suggested, give him a warm reception. He is an intimate friend of mine, an American up to the hub—a most intelligent and sincere Catholic, a model man.

Yours as ever faithfully,

I. T. HECKER.

Dr. Brownson has been very sick, so I have understood this afternoon—I've no answer yet—I'll have one soon, and send it to you when it comes. He lives in Elizabeth, N. J.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Is the *Home and Foreign* a myth, or has it been extinguished by "the authorities," or did your publisher forget your orders? It has not reached these parts, nor even as much as been heard of. If it has existence I should like to see it.

Catholicity, so far as I can learn, is in a fossil state in the "old country"; here it is undergoing a process of new formations. Some of the most hostile sects are adopting Catholic symbols, feasts, and devotions. Presbyterians build gothic churches with crosses on, and with stained windows. Unitarians have vesper services, commemorate some of the great feasts of the Church, make a great ado about our Lady, adorn their churches with flowers, etc. There is a widespread movement among them towards the adoption of Catholic symbolism, not from an æsthetic point of view so much as from the feeling of their necessity. The points of Christianity that they held are fast disappearing, and they are forced to these external expressions lest they wholly vanish out of sight.

I am inclined to approve and encourage this tendency. I would say, you are on the right track, go ahead; there are more fine things in the Church than you imagine. Take them all. The more they get and assimilate of our outward worship, the less will be the distance between us, and their return will also be facilitated. I regard this movement as a remote preparation on a grand scale for a return to Catholicity. In aiding it, and in furthering conversion, whether of large classes of men or individuals, it is better, in my opinion, to show the defectiveness of their creed, than to endeavor to prove they have no Christianity or faith at all. The Catholic truth suffers more in many instances, and conversions are often *hindered*, by the bitterness, lust of dominion, and ignorance of its advocates, than from the prejudices of its enemies. The Church has too often reason to cry out: "Save me from my friends!"

I believe that American Institutions will give a broader basis for Catholic truth than any other. They excite by their *nature* the exercise of the intelligence of the individual, and call upon him to exercise his free-will more than any other institutions. Some think that this is carried too far. I don't.

I've fixed ideas on this point. This present war has developed a spirit of self sacrifice, of strength, of bravery, of heroism that is worth more—there is nothing of material worth which can be compared with it. Its true history will be the most remarkable that has ever been transacted. It is a bloody passage of our youth to the self-consciousness of our manhood. "*Non moriar sed vivam et narrabo mirabilia tua.*"

In this *mirabilia* I live. Three centuries may elapse before religion, intelligence, and liberty are united in their highest development. This is the work that God has given to us as a people to do. We shall do it; we are now doing it. War is only a rough way that God has of whipping an unruly set of children to their task.

The work of conversion keeps up here. Of late I have received some of the best converts.

Our community numbers seven priests—not cyphers, but each one a "buck." Seven priests who stand on their own feet are better than seven hundred who lean on each other—stronger, can accomplish more, *will* accomplish more. I feel as if we were nursing a young giant.

By the way, why don't you take care of your colonies? We are engaged to give a mission in Halifax next November. Can't you come across and have a good shake of the hand, with a hearty laugh that makes you hold up your head, open your mouth wide, and your sides shake?

We intend to publish another volume of *Sermons* in a few months.

My kindest regards to your wife.

Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

CORNER 9TH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, December 29, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I must leap right into *medias res*, for if I stop to make an apology for not writing, I shall not have time to close all my accounts with you.

Business before pleasure. About the beginning of this year—1863—I sent a second volume of *Sermons* to your address, which was left at Burns & Lambert for you. Did you get it,

with Walworth's book, of which the enclosed will inform you? If not, poke up those folks and make them get you others, for they promised to hand those copies to you. If you got them, why didn't you tell a fellow?

I have sent to your address a third volume of *Sermons*, just out. Also a copy of *Guide to Young Catholic Women who Earn their own Living*, by Rev. George Deshon, a member of our Community; ditto *A Sodality Manual*, also by a Paulist. I forget whether I marked my sermons, they are IV. VI. XVIII. Take note of No. VI., page 97, line 7—"lips" should be life. I have endeavored to get at first principles and give expression to them in that sermon: "The Saint of our Day."

I read in the newspapers that this is a "big country," and I have gone over it pretty extensively, but only lately, in going West to Chicago and St. Louis to give missions, did this impression force itself upon me. The imagination can hardly keep pace with the material progress and expansion of the country. Some parts necessarily suffer from this dreadful war, but others do not feel it, and some reap an advantage from it. Here in New York there are no indications of a national struggle going on. The impression here is that the rebellion is closing; slavery is gone; and by the philanthropic efforts of the abolitionists the negro is likely to be exterminated.

I dream still of the conversion of the American people. I found time between our missions to Catholics in St. Louis, which by the way is only something more than a 1,000 miles from New York, done in 44 hours by the R. Road, to give a course of free lectures on religious topics, in a public hall, to non Catholics. The hall was a fine one, seated 1,800 persons, and was filled on seven successive evenings by an attentive and intellectual audience, in great part not Catholics. Last winter I made an experiment of the same kind in other parts of the country. I find that I can gather a respectable audience of outsiders and keep up their attendance. My next experiment will be to continue my lectures until as many as can be are brought into the fold. I feel convinced that by the creation of a company of priests rightly prepared, who would go from village to village, from city to city, and labor in an apostolic spirit in each place so long as there is work for them to do, a decided step would be taken in the way of conversion of this country. I will not say that this is the vocation of the Paul-

ists, but that I shall not be content until an experiment of this kind has been tried.

I was not a little gratified to hear the Archbishop of St. Louis, a brother to the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore and a man who lives near to God, the nearest of all the prelates I have ever seen or met, speak several times in high praise of *The Rambler*. He is as modest as he is learned, and both in a high degree, a great reader, and has the reputation of being a severe critic. In gaining his friendship I felt richly paid for our journey, labors, and fatigues.

I have just had put in my hands a MS. An account of the Martyrdom of Rev. Hugh Green "at Dorsetshire, on Friday, August 19, 1642, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, copied from Mrs. Willoughby's MS." You have, I suppose, seen the original.

The Paulist Community is in a good state—7 priests, 3 students—one is nearly ready for ordination.

I send you the photograph of your old friend—beard and all—you must reciprocate, if you wish me to pray for you, and also Mrs. Simpson's. The *Home and Foreign* comes regularly and I so read it, and digest it, and thank you a thousand times for it.

Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

CORNER 9TH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK, May 13, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Father Hewit, who writes the enclosed, is a student, a clear headed and systematic one. He is a son of a Presbyterian D.D., is about forty-four years old, and twenty years a convert, having passed through Puseyism to the Church. The primary questions with us are the Trinity, the Fall, and Hell. For our Protestantism is rapidly going over to Unitarianism, and this is as fast becoming Universalism. These points must be thoroughly ventilated in order to meet the objections of intelligent non-Catholics. The work of our day is not so much to defend the Church against the attacks of heresy, as to open the way for the return of those who are without any positive religion, true or false. We have to begin the conversion of

these people *de radice*, and to do this in our day and civilization, theology requires to be entirely recast. This conviction has forced me to take a new standpoint from the start, and to bring it out on all occasions. Other duties have hindered me from bringing out a book on the spiritual life, of which I spoke to you some years ago, but I shall go at it soon, and with God's help do what I can.

In spite of our war the general look of things is favorable to our Faith. Indeed the war has accelerated the downfall of Protestantism and made the wiser portion of the community feel the necessity of a religion like the Catholic. Altogether we shall come out of this war, religiously, politically, and socially, a wiser and a better and a stronger people. Our debt is getting to be enormous—as big almost as your own—but the new discoveries in precious metals and minerals, articles of commerce, petroleum, etc., and the cultivation of new lands, etc., will enable us to pay it off at a speed, once we gain peace, that will surprise the old world. You will say that this cheering view is all owing to my big lump of hope, perhaps it is. *Nous Verrons.*

Do you know Mother Juliana, an anchorite nun of King Edward III.'s time? I suppose you do. A Puseyite had her *Sixteen Revelations* republished in 1843, in London, from Cressey's edition. I got a publisher in Boston, one of our best, to republish it here in first rate style. My purpose is to introduce a class of Catholic spiritual books among Protestants. The next one that I intend to publish will be Henry Suso's *Little Book of Eternal Wisdom*.

Kindest remembrance to Mrs. Simpson.

Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

Did you receive a package of books from me—a volume of *Sermons* for 1863; *Gentle Skeptic*, by Walworth; and a book for Catholic young women, by Rev. G. Deshon?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PASSING OF THE GODDESS.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.



STACEY BARTLETT, aged ten, sat on the worn and faded rug before a bright wood fire, a box of water colors at her side, absorbed in giving strange and brilliant hues to the ladies disporting upon the fashion plates of past seasons, and in assigning names and personalities to these pictorial beauties in keeping with the gorgeousness of their costumes.

Queen Elizabeth's hair was receiving careful touches of carmine, for this slim little artist, with the large dark eyes and tangled curls, the straight nose which came from the Grigsbys, and the sallow complexion which came from the Missouri swamps, knew her history very well, and was not minded to go back of historic verisimilitude.

Seated before a window, draped in skillfully mended lace curtains, Mrs. Grigsby, a handsome, gray-haired old woman with small, blue veined hands, was deftly knitting a white woolen shawl. Above the mantel was her portrait as a girl, of which she was secretly vain, compounded of curls, a hoop skirt, round eyes, and a smile, painted in the magical era of better days by an artist of profound and merited obscurity. Other family portraits of equal worth hung upon the walls, and engravings of Lee and Jackson kept them honored company. A worn velvet carpet covered the floor, and upon its surface stood worn leather chairs, a massive mahogany table, and two mahogany bookcases filled with books in fine bindings—the books being Stacey's principal legacy from her father, handsome, thriftless, lazy Edgar Bartlett.

Stacey was Mrs. Grigsby's maiden name, and had been bestowed upon her granddaughter in the fear, afterwards realized, that there might not be a boy in the family to bear its fading glory.

To be born a Stacey had once seemed to her fair compensation for the minor ills of life, but when the sterile waters of

poverty, bereavement, loneliness—all the tragedies of the Lost Cause—had risen up and submerged her, family pride kept the only savor that gives distinction to sorrow.

The window looked out upon the principal street of Avondale, known simply as the Avenue, where dwelt the aristocracy, its vista now splendid with the autumn tints lingering for leisurely weeks in that cone of Missouri which fits so snugly into Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. For even the seasons were in no hurry to change in that slow-moving region, where people, fashions, newspapers, and boats were generally behind time. Why hurry to-day when there was always a new to-morrow!

Twelve years had gone by since the surrender of Lee, but Avondale had not yet made up its mind to accept the situation philosophically, and keep step to the march of civic progress. Poverty had lost its worst sting in a community where everybody was poor. The young men, to be sure, generally sought other fields for their varied activities, leaving a disproportionate number of unattached spinsters among a people who had no place in their traditions for an unmarried woman over twenty-five.

Mrs. Grigsby, who had received Stacey as a tot of three from her dying mother's arms, felt the fires of old ambitions sweep through her veins as the little girl, day by day, developed a beauty which would surely carry her beyond the shoals of spinsterhood and into a position commensurate with her family's past glory.

The child's beauty, as the firelight played on her curls, struck the old gentlewoman with renewed force as a pledge of what it might do. A knock, loud and insistent, came from the direction of the kitchen.

"It's that little Desmond boy with the milk, Stacey, do run and let him in," said the knitter by the window. "Aunt Lavinia has gone for matches—she ought to be back by this time, but it is just like her not to be!"

Stacey opened the kitchen door upon a sturdy youth with honest blue eyes, auburn hair, and freckles. She was instantly aware that carmine was not the color for Queen Elizabeth's tresses, and wondered daringly if this boy would sit still while she matched his hair in paint. Her embryonic talents as an artist evidently belonged to the Impressionist School.

A delay was caused by Stacey's inability to find the milk tickets, and during her futile search through empty baking-powder cans, Jimmie Desmond stood by the range warming his small red hands, and forming an instant liking for Stacey. He was new to Mrs. Grigsby's kitchen, this being his third day in what he called "the milk business."

Aunt Lavinia's return broke in upon the friendly confidences of the two. She produced the ticket from a cracked teacup behind the water bucket. "Ef it had bin a snake I guess it would a bit you-all!" she said in deep disgust, waiting until Jimmie had gone, before bestowing upon Stacey, her idol, the stick of striped candy which she had cajoled the storekeeper into giving as premium with the matches.

Aunt Lavinia had been a slave on the Stacey plantation in Arkansas, and although she had stampeded with the rest upon Lincoln's Proclamation, she had been very glad to return to the shelter and protection of her old home; and when her husband had divorced her, without process of law, taking to himself a younger spouse, and one fairer by several shades, she had settled down as household guardian for "Miss Annie," working faithfully for a home and five dollars a month.

Mrs. Grigsby had been heard to say, some thought boastingly, that although the Staceys might be poor, no Stacey woman had ever worked. Why work, indeed, when five dollars would procure a deputy for thirty days!

Jimmie Desmond paused outside the gate to gaze admiringly at the Grigsby domicile; in a world where everything is relative, this comfortable, two-storied frame house, with the colonnaded portico, set in an acre of ground diversified by flower-beds, graveled walks, and old trees, was, by comparison with Jimmie's own home, a veritable mansion of the elect. Jimmie lived in a shanty in Hartman's Alley, and his mother, a widow, supported herself and her son by boarding the "hands" at work on the new railroad. Mrs. Desmond had drifted to Avondale from Arkansas on the wave of that ambition, never dead in the daughters of her race, to give the chance of an education to her boy.

Miss Wilson's Academy, which gathered in all the children of the Avenue and from the neighboring plantations, was, this year, a month late in opening its doors, Miss Wilson herself having succumbed to malaria, known locally as "shakin' ager,"

"dumb ager," and "third-day chills." Nobody, as a rule, paid any attention to malaria, but this proved a very especial kind, that defied quinine and swamp-root bitters, and demanded change of air and a diet of lemons.

Stacey Bartlett had not expected to find Jimmie Desmond at the Academy, but she smiled her approval when their eyes met. Jimmie wore a collar, his hair was brushed; and his shoes polished, and these niceties of the toilet, unknown hitherto to Hartman's Alley, surely marked him as being personally above his station. They met by accident outside the Academy gate, and although it was against all precedent for a boy from the Alley to be admitted to the company of a girl from the Avenue, Jimmie boldly took his place at Stacey's side and walked with her to the parting of the ways.

The next time that Stacey went to the kitchen to receive the milk, she found Jimmie with a blood-stained handkerchief wrapped about his hand. To her inquiries he explained that he had stuck a splinter into his thumb. "It ain't nothin'!" he assured her with a fine show of indifference. Further questioning developed the fact that the splinter had not been removed; and Jimmie was ordered to the library—the presence of the two bookcases giving the room its name—where Stacey purposed to play surgeon to the ailing thumb. The operation was a success, but the operator screamed and turned deathly pale.

"Well, you're a funny one! What did you holler for? it didn't hurt *you*!" said Jimmie, his active brain puzzling over the mystifying ways of girls.

"Oh, oh!" Stacey merely gasped in reply.

"My! what a jolly lot of books," said Jimmie, his eyes fastened upon the treasures in the mahogany cases.

Pleased and flattered, because it is human nature to take admiration of one's possessions as a sort of tribute to oneself, Stacey opened the cases. Jimmie handled the books as if they were the rarest manuscripts of the Vatican, and somehow it came about, Stacey did not quite know how, that he departed with *Quentin Durward* under his arm, and with the promise of as many more of the treasures as he might desire to read.

The books were her own, Stacey reasoned to herself, with disquieting thoughts of her grandmother. But when she timidly confessed her generosity in lending the book, Mrs. Grigsby

regarded the act as quite natural and proper. There was never any accounting for the point of view of one's elders!

"I hope he won't soil the books," she said. "I like to see you kind to the poor, it is a part of the duties of a gentlewoman; nothing marks the breeding of a lady more surely than her attitude towards the lower classes. I don't know that I believe in the modern fad of giving everybody an education. This Desmond boy, I daresay, had better be learning to plough. Put a paper cover on the next book he takes," she added in final caution.

For Jimmie *Quentin Durward* opened the gates of a new world, where history, poetry, fiction, and travel gladdened his nights and days. He soon fell into the habit of returning his book on Thursday, when he could linger for a chat with Stacey, for on Thursday Mrs. Grigsby, in company with the rest of the elect, was eating chicken salad, Maryland biscuits, and preserves, with relays of hot coffee, at the meetings of the Sewing Circle.

Under the stimulus of Jimmie's example, Stacey herself began to read the precious volumes, and although there was much in them that was lost to the intelligence of ten innocent, and not especially well-instructed, years, the charm and thrill and swing of the most splendid situations somehow went to her soul. Jimmie liked to talk things over with her, and with the inconsistency of his sex, forgot that he was three years older than she, and remembered only that he had read more, and knew more, and could do more, and was loftily superior in consequence. But he kept the feeling of superiority on purely intellectual grounds—as a human being Stacey Bartlett was the most beautiful, the most adorable, the most exquisite of mortals. Following Stacey's lead, the other children of her set accepted Jimmie—with mental reservations. Of course he was not an equal, but then he was a very nice boy in a circle where nice girls preponderated.

After a winter of Walter Scott, Jimmie came to look upon himself as Stacey's knight, and to wish vaguely that Indians still roamed the woods, so that he could defend her with his blood, not enough of it to incapacitate him for further exploits, for he longed for a career of daring deeds rather than a hero's death in the first battle. As there were neither Indians nor bears to come out of the nearby swamps, his chivalry took the form of pitchers of cream, nuts, May cherries, together with

a marvelous patience, for a boy, in solving her examples in Ray's arithmetic, and in diagraming the puzzling sentences with which the grammar abounded.

For Jimmie, despite the privations of his earlier years, had made up grades and passed his first classmates with a celerity that ought to have made them dizzy.

One day in late spring, when returning his book, Jimmie lingered timidly uncertain beyond his wont, and Jimmie was not given to timidity. Finally he said: "We are going to have Mass at our house in the morning, and would you think me just an awful beggar if I asked you to lend us the angel candlesticks?" Stacey was queenly in granting favors, and the candlesticks were Jimmie's. Had not her grandmother said that one should be kind to the poor?

As a matter of artistic verity, the candlesticks were not angels, one being Pallas Athene, and the other the Winged Victory, but gods and goddesses had not been included in the lad's curriculum, and angels were old friends. The two fell into a dispute as to the nature of angels, Jimmie holding that they are girls because they wear dresses, and Stacey insisting that they are boys because the Bible speaks of them in the masculine gender.

"What do you want with candles in the daytime?" asked the practical Stacey; and Jimmie, whose religious instruction was not extensive, since he saw a priest but four times a year, did not know why he wanted them, except that he had been told by his mother to borrow them if he could. He was not going to confess ignorance to this scornful little beauty, so he temporized magnificently: "I'd have to explain a lot of things to make you understand the reason for having candles. When you are older I'll tell you."

But Stacey was equal to him. "I don't believe you know!" she said tauntingly. "You were very glad to tell me about the horn of Roland, and I understood that, so I reckon I could understand about my grandmother's candlesticks!"

On St. Patrick's day Jimmie wore a shamrock, and entered the school-room belligerently, expecting to have to fight for his principles, but beyond Willie Mitchell's shout: "Catch on to the Paddy!" nobody, except Stacey, paid any attention to his decoration. As usual she desired to be informed as to its meaning.

"But who was St. Patrick?" she said in further inquiry.

"Why Stacey Bartlett, not to know about St. Patrick!"

"He wasn't an American, anyway"—with dignity—"and we are not especially interested in foreigners."

"He was the father of his country," said Jimmie, casting about for an answer that would crush. "He converted Ireland with a shamrock. I'll bet you don't even know what a shamrock is!"

It was really too hard to admit defeat to this boasting Irish imp.

"Dear me, you think you are awfully smart, don't you? How do you spell it?"—in a flash of inspiration, for spelling was not Jimmie's strong point.

"S-h-a-m-r-o-c-k, of course."

"Oh, you mean a sham-rock? You pronounced it so queerly I didn't understand you at first. A sham-rock is a kind of—of shell that looks like a rock," she triumphed.

A shout of derisive laughter met this explanation.

"It is a leaf in three parts, like a clover-leaf. St. Patrick used it to represent the Blessed Trinity."

Stacey was convinced, but it did not follow that she was therefore silenced.

"America was converted with the Bible!" she said loftily.

"There's where you're off again! The Indians couldn't read, they were savages! Columbus brought a priest with him—and Columbus was a foreigner, too. And if it hadn't been for him, where would you Americans be?"

"He didn't stay a foreigner, anyway; that's why he was so anxious to discover America!"

A year went by. On Washington's Birthday the Academy showed its patriotism in a series of historical tableaux, and Stacey Bartlett, as was fitting for a girl whose forebears had fought in the Revolution, was Martha Washington, while Willie Mitchell enjoyed the honor of being the great George. When George bent over Martha's hand, but not too low for fear that his wig of luxuriant white horsehair might fall off, Jimmie, who was merely a common soldier, felt that flesh and blood could stand no more.

"A pretty Washington you are! I'll be ahead of you some day!" he said under his breath. When the tableau was over he could not refrain from saying to Martha: "My great-

grandfather's didn't fight in the Revolution, because he wasn't living here; but if he had been he'd have fought till the last round of powder—you can bet your sweet life on that!"

At the next encounter of the pair, Jimmie said, as he stood at the bookcase trying to decide between *Views Afoot* and *Oliver Twist*: "Stacey, what does 'onery' mean?"

Stacey was never quite sure whether Jimmie's questions were for information or for triumph, but in either case she answered them valiantly.

"'Onery'—it means—oh, when a man sells a blind horse without telling—a yellow dog that snaps at a little dog and runs away—a darky that steals and won't work—a woman who doesn't sew buttons on her husband's shirt—that's being 'onery.'" She stopped her tongue just in time—it was on the point of saying: "People who live in Hartman's Alley are 'onery.'"

"Well, but this is some other kind of 'onery,' I guess; 'because I heard at the post-office that Mr. Mitchell and the Methodist minister are to be 'onery' pall-bearers for Mr. Chase. I don't expect a preacher would sell a blind horse."

"Perhaps they are called 'onery' because Mr Chase had a—wooden l—foot"—Stacey had been taught that legs were not ladylike. A little girl had feet and ankles, and on rare occasions, perhaps, a limb, but legs—never!

Jimmie's ambitions kept pace with his achievements.

"I was born in this country, so I can be president of the United States," he boasted to Stacey.

"Lots of people who were born here never get to be president. You've got to do something great first, and then go about the country telling people about it, and getting them to vote for you."

"Perhaps I'll be a liberator, like Daniel O'Connell."

"But there isn't anybody to liberate."

At a further stage in his historic development, he insisted that Napoleon was a greater man than Julius Cæsar, and Stacey declared that General Lee was greater than either.

Jimmie did not combat this opinion, for he had learned just how far he dared to go with Stacey.

"Napoleon was a dandy, but I don't think much of those 'Boharnesses,'" he concluded.

Spring had come again, with all its promise, its charm, its

subtle renewals, when Jimmie's fancy chanced upon the *Lives of Great Queens*. In an arbor of roses he summoned up courage to say: "Stacey, I think you are grander and more beautiful than any queen who ever lived. When I'm a man, and have a lot of money and a fine house, I'm going to marry you. You know I'd never look at any other girl but you."

And Stacey, not knowing at all why she did so, blushed as red as the roses above her dark head.

When Stacey was thirteen years old a promise that had seemed too dazzling ever to become a reality was fulfilled, and her grandmother took her to Memphis on one of the great boats that she had watched with starry eyes as they sailed up and down the Mississippi River. They heard "Rigoletto," and saw Edwin Booth as Hamlet, and drove in the park, and haunted the shops where flashing jewels and silver tankards and cut glass punch-bowls were displayed. When they returned home they brought boxes of beautiful things, for Stacey was to have a party!

Whispers of this great function followed close upon the whispers of her epic adventures whilst away.

Stacey was too happy to sit quietly at school and do sums in square-root, but teachers were so unreasonable.

And then suddenly the wheels to the car of her enchantment stopped short—her grandmother refused to invite Jimmie Desmond to the party. Pleadings and tears merely brought a repetition of the "No."

"But, granny, it would hurt his feelings so terribly—he plays with everybody at school, and—and he is head in all his classes!"

"You cannot always choose your associates at school, but you can choose in your own home. It would be an insult to your other guests to ask a boy whose mother cooks for common laborers."

"The girls won't mind being insulted, because Jimmie is a good dancer, and there won't be enough boys to go round."

"Don't let me hear any more of such ridiculous nonsense. I think you must stop associating with this Desmond boy altogether; you are forgetting your position as a Stacey and my granddaughter!"

Uncle Cal Jones, black, rheumatic, and old, went about delivering the invitations; and Stacey, in an anguish which she

could not show, dared not, for very shame, even look towards Jimmie. She was learning the inevitable lesson of her sex—to present a brave front to the world despite the ache in heart and brain—only she was learning it tragically early in the game called life.

She was the queen regnant of Avondale, not to be dethroned until her party should be of the past, and some other little girl held one in prospect.

The day before the party Jimmie, with the desperate hope in his heart that his invitation had been lost or forgotten, tucked his book under his arm as an excuse for seeing Stacey, and made his way to Mrs. Grigsby's door, meaning, in some way compatible with self-respect, to let her know that his invitation had not been received. He was confronted by Aunt Lavinia, as fierce an upholder of the honor of the Staceys as even Mrs. Grigsby herself, and told that Miss Stacey was engaged.

The night of the party Jimmie swore to himself that he would remain behind closed doors, writing his Latin exercise and mastering the hardest of his problems in algebra. How would Stacey Bartlett ever get through algebra without his help, when she broke down before compound fractions? He would show them—meaning by "them" the Avondale world of fashion—who was the cleverest boy, if he was poor, in their old yardstick village!

But the sight of the big carriage from the Mordant plantation filled with little Mordants, followed closely by other vehicles, all crowded with happy boys and girls, his companions for the most part at the Academy, was too much for his boyish stock of philosophy.

He made a long detour, and finally reached the corner of Mrs. Grigsby's lawn the most remote from the festivities; and there, through the interstices of the fence, the splendors of the scene mocked his hungry soul.

The party had taken the form of a lawn fête; Japanese lanterns were strung in lines of red flame among the trees, the platform erected for dancing was surrounded with rows of chairs filled with girls in dazzling raiment of white and pink and blue, with ringlets and slippered feet, the boys standing near in devoted attendance; and the music—had their ever been such music before in Avondale?—the band, in uniforms

stiff with gold lace, was playing such airs that even the stars must want to dance together. And Jimmie could dance with the best!

He crouched down and listened and watched, quite alone in his stony misery, for the crowds of colored urchins and the poor whites, who frankly accepted their fate, were bunched at the other side of the grounds, much nearer the festivities.

What was it his father used to say?—that America gave everybody a chance? Well, it hadn't done much for him, but he would make his own chance! Abraham Lincoln was born in a shanty and he lived to be president of the United States. To be sure, Stacey did not think much of Abraham Lincoln, but who cared for Stacey Bartlett's opinion, anyway?

The dancing ceased, and old Cal and his nephew, in white jackets, were passing things—Jimmie could not see what, but he had heard—everybody had heard—salad and ice-cream and three kinds of cake, and candy and lemonade and coffee with whipped cream. And there was a birthday cake with a gold ring and a thimble in it—he hoped that girl-faced Willie Mitchell would get the thimble.

Then more music, and the Virginia reel, as a culminating gale of merriment, ended the party.

And when the lights had gone out all over Avondale, and the stars were paling, Mrs. Grigsby, with the complacency of the successful hostess, lay on her big mahogany bed thinking sadly of long-past frolics of her own, when she fancied she heard a sob from Stacey's little cot a few feet away.

"Stacey!"

But no answer came. The child had no doubt eaten too much ice-cream, and it was not really prudent to give coffee at night to children. Not a suspicion visited her worldly-wise old brain that it was outraged affection, rather than the pangs of indigestion, which was disturbing the slumbers of her darling.

The encomiums on her party would ordinarily have filled Stacey with delight, but they were now as the ashes of the Dead Sea to her lips. Jimmie avoided her, and when she waited at the corner where he usually turned off, he deliberately kept on to the next block. And what could she say? How explain what was beyond all explanation? Apology would but add insult to insult. If she but dared to put the blame on old Cal! A falsehood was unthinkable, of course,

but might one not tell what was just a little bit not so in order to save oneself from such dreadful trouble? If only Jimmie could be made to believe that old Cal had not delivered the invitation! The magnitude of the temptation held her in fascinated bondage; but when at last she came face to face with Jimmie, the habit of truthfulness held the invention in her dry little throat. She smiled her sweetest, however, and asked why Jimmie did not come for another book.

He thanked her formally and said that he was too busy to read.

He might come to see her, once in a while anyway, she said.

He answered that he had too much to do to waste his time.

"I suppose there is some other girl you would rather talk to," she said, for coquetry was the natural weapon of the race of feminine Staceys.

"I'm not bothering my head about girls—they are a queer lot anyway."

Towards the close of the summer it came to Stacey's ears that the Desmonds were going to St. Louis to live, so that Jimmie could go to college. The news was confirmed when Aunt Lavinia stalked into the library to say: "Miss Annie, you-all had better look out for another milk boy—that Miz Desmond woman done sold her cows, and they're gwine to Sent Louis to live next Monday."

A sudden resolve came to Stacey—she would make up with Jimmie at whatever cost! One of her ancestors had faced a mob to save the life of the man she loved.

Going to the bookcase she took *Ivanhoe*—a rare edition it was, with superb illustrations, and it belonged to a set, but what mattered a broken set of the Waverly novels when one's best friend was the stake?

Carrying her precious volume, and hoping Jimmie would not think of that hateful line, "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts," or something like that, she made her way to Hartman's Alley.

Jimmie opened the door to her knock and asked her to come in, as he might have asked a stranger whom he had never seen before.

She held out her hand, which he had to take. "Jimmie, I hear you are going away; I am so sorry!"

The tone was soft and sad and appealing, and it touched his Celtic heart despite its Celtic dignity.

"Oh, you'll soon forget all about me," he responded airily, but he could not help looking pleased.

"You know I won't. I've brought you a little keepsake," she added, handing him the parcel. She hoped that he would open it, and judge the depths of her affection by the richness of the gift. The outworks were down, but the citadel was not yet ready to surrender.

They chatted away, and Jimmie, who could never long refrain from talking about himself, told of his intention to go to college and fit himself for a good position.

"I know you will succeed, Jimmie; you have it in you to be a great man," said loyal Stacey. This opinion coincided so exactly with Jimmie's own that he felt the floodtide of his old liking for Stacey sweep through his wounded heart.

She stood up. "I hope you will like *Ivanhoe*."

"*Ivanhoe*! Oh, Stacey, your beautiful *Ivanhoe*! There's nothing I'd like better! There never was any other girl like you!"

And his words were sweet to the ear.

Jimmie's parting gift to Stacey was a dish of finest Belleek, which had been his mother's most prized possession. So it was that the sweetness of sacrifice transmuted the gift of each into something personal and beyond price.

Jimmie wrote, and Stacey answered, but his second letter reached the fire; for Mrs. Grigsby had played Fate. And then a silence fell upon their divided lives.

Avondale was in the throes of a happy expectancy. The Honorable James Desmond, Vice-President and General Manager of the S. V. P. Railway, was to pass through the town in his special car, and Avondale was to give a public reception to its most distinguished son.

William Mitchell, the mayor, rotund and slightly bald, was to deliver the address of welcome; and Stacey Bartlett, as she peeped through the Venetian blinds at the Mitchell home across the way, wondered, with a touch of her old mischief, if he were not walking up and down the parlor rehearsing its swelling periods. William's public utterances were apt to be polysyllabic.

Stacey herself was waiting with a quickening pulse for the first sound of the train whistle. She wore her best gown, the

conventional black silk of accepted spinsterhood, and she hoped in a tumult of other hopes that Jimmie—she could think of him only as Jimmie—would not notice how far out of fashion were the sleeves. They belonged to the balloon period, and the dressmaker had even added a few extra inches to their width, hating to waste any material.

"They'll make over so nicely," she had thought economically, with her scissors poised. The making-over process was a familiar one to the women of Avondale.

Stacey stood before the pier glass in her grandmother's bedroom, and looked long and critically at her pinched and faded face. She showed all of her forty-two years, and was honest enough to acknowledge it frankly. She had the room to herself now, its bigness and dinginess; her grandmother had long since joined the ghosts of the Staceys, and Aunt Lavinia had crossed the color line. A brakeman and his family occupied the second story of the old home, and two ancient maidens dwelt in the big parlor; for cotton had gone down, and labor and taxes had gone up, and hard days were come upon Stacey Bartlett.

She wondered if Jimmie would be much changed—a man of forty-five was just in his prime, whilst a woman of forty-two was old, old, old—with the absolute negation of all youth.

And what would his wife be like? Stacey knew all about his wife—a newspaper clipping, now yellowing in her scrap-book, told of the brilliant wedding of James Desmond and Louise Northrop, a gay young belle of Louisville; another clipping recorded the birth of their first child; Jimmie Junior must now be quite fifteen years old.

The intervening hours were a blur to Stacey, until she found herself looking into the merry blue eyes of a handsome man in loose tweeds, and felt the firm clasp of his two hands folded over her slim fingers.

"Stacey! It's good for the eyes to see you again! Louise, I want you to know my boyhood's best friend," and then Stacey was shaking hands with a tall and very beautiful woman, whose clothes, even to the untrained judgment of Avondale, were the perfection of fit and finish.

The velvety skin and graceful figure, the thick dark hair and beautiful brown eyes, not unlike Stacey's own, were the attributes of a girl. And what would age have to do with

this woman, so hedged about with success and happiness? She greeted the dowdy-looking spinster with all the graciousness for which she was noted, and if her tones were perfunctory, their flute-like sweetness concealed the fact.

The reception was a bore, of course, but if it pleased James it was worth the effort.

The next scene in this day of days found Stacey seated at Jimmie's right for luncheon in his sumptuous private car; the table was spread with fine linen and silver, velvety roses were in the centre, flanked with silver baskets of hothouse grapes and seedless plums.

The little Desmonds, two boys, and a girl with dimples and red hair, sat opposite their governess, and a tall young man, Desmond's private secretary, came next to Mrs. Desmond.

Jimmie was stopped in his flow of reminiscences to read a telegram, and Stacey thought of the time when the weekly *Banner* was his only avenue of communication from the outside world.

Two solemn waiters served the courses of the luncheon; never before had she tasted such food, she did not even know the names of some of the dishes, but she ate them as if they were her daily fare.

Jimmie Junior stared owlishly at the inflated sleeves, and surreptitiously nudged his small brother; but Stacey, whose keen eyes had seen the gesture, did not mind. She was living in a charmed world, where sleeves mattered less than motes in a sunbeam.

The talk drifted to plans of travel. The Desmonds were going abroad after the holidays to escape, in the interests of their little daughter who had a delicate throat, the vagaries of an American February.

"Louise, we must take Stacey with us to Egypt," said Desmond; then turning to his guest: "You'd enjoy Cairo and the Nile. Egypt would gratify your love for the antique. The pyramids are even older than Avondale." The sight of his boyhood's home was evidently stirring old memories.

The children were dismissed to their staterooms, and Stacey was taken to the drawing-room for coffee and more conversation. The heavy carpet, the easy chairs that invited repose to weary spines, the fineness of the curtains, the vividness of the frescoes, the table littered with magazines, the case of

books at one end, the whiff of Jimmie's choice cigar, the flowers everywhere, all the details of this home on wheels appealed to the instinct for luxury that was in her blood. She had never seen a private car before, and nothing in her reading had prepared her for this final note in the harmony of modern conceptions of comfort.

And Jimmie deserved it all—she thought—his honors and wealth and beautiful wife and dear little children.

Stacey sat late that night brooding over the wood fire, and seeing wonderful pictures of old days in the glowing coals. Memory, the necromancer, had wiped out thirty years, thirty gray, dull, long years, and joined this day of enchantment to the golden age when a little girl and a clever lad had looked out upon life together.

Nothing about her was altered—her grandmother's portrait still wore its changeless smile; the Winged Victory still swerved superbly towards the matchless curves of Pallas; Lee and Jackson, in the eternal vigor of their splendid youth, still gazed at each other across the dingy wall; the books that had become her closest friends still rested in their accustomed places.

The room was a matrix, in which her life had been caught and fixed irrevocably within the limitations of this sleepy village. Only the spirit was free, and in that larger freedom something of life's finest essence should glorify its purpose. Looking backward, she realized that success and failure were but diverging lines of the same angle.

How should she have known that the Goddess, Opportunity, was peeping over the shoulder of the red-haired lad who knocked at the kitchen door?

MRS. WILFRID WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.



Y her former work, *One Poor Scruple*, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward secured for herself a high place among living novelists. The wide success and high appreciation that it won proved that a religious novel, extolling Catholic ideals, when written with ability, truthfulness, and a knowledge of life, could command the favorable attention of non-Catholics, and might be a very efficient exposition and winning defence of Catholic truth, securing attention in quarters, closed, and guarded by the twin sentinels of prejudice and contemptuous indifference, against any literature making a formal plea for Catholicism.

In her new book, *Out of Due Time*, the accomplished novelist again presents a religious problem. In this instance, however, while the question certainly does not fail to attract the attention of outsiders, it claims a far more acute interest from Catholics themselves. It is not the fault of the press if anybody is ignorant that, in Rome, and among Catholic authorities, executive and academic, everywhere the vital topic of the day is, whether or not, or how far, our traditional theology must be reconstructed if Catholic thought is to retain any respectability in the eyes of the intellectual world. Within the Church the subject has caused much diversity of opinion. On both sides there are extremists, or extreme tendencies. There are conservatives who seem still to regret that the theologians finally surrendered to the heliocentric theory; and there are advocates of progress who almost seem to believe that the Catholic Church, dazzled by the light of science, should come to the feet of the representatives of criticism, with the humble petition: Masters, what will you that I do? This clash of opinions is the theme to which Mrs. Ward has given powerful dramatic expression in a life-story of four characters, worked out with genuine artistic skill. The action of the piece may be briefly summarized. Elizabeth, or Lisa, Fairfax, a talented

young Englishwoman, becomes acquainted with the Count Paul D'Etranges and his sister Marcelle, who have come to reside in an English residence inherited from Paul's English mother. Paul, after a notable career in French politics, while he was an infidel, has returned to the Church. With a thorough education, highly intellectual, and of a magnetic personality, he has resolved to devote himself to what he considers the greatest need of the day—to construct a bridge over the gulf which is said to yawn between the intellectual world and the Ark of Salvation. He has found an able ally in George Sutcliffe, a young Englishman of parts, who sympathizes with Paul's views, but, with a strong streak of practical good sense, is much more conservative in his judgment of the methods to be pursued. As the action unfolds, Sutcliffe becomes affianced to Marcelle—a character of high spirituality, devotedly loyal, like Lisa, to the Church, and combining the purity and frankness of a child with all the graces of a *grande dame*. Lisa becomes affianced to Paul. Yet, in the end, Lisa, who is the narrator of the story, marries Sutcliffe, and in some pages of exquisite pathos, relates her visit to the grave of Marcelle, who dies, a voluntary and accepted holocaust for her brother's soul.

I.

Now for the statement and solution of the apologetic problem. The spokesman of moderation is Sutcliffe. George is "a Catholic, indeed, of the true English style. For, if he would have died with More for the Papal prerogative, he would have died as willingly in defence of his country against the Spanish Armada." He says: "The Church cannot triumph unless it keeps its hold on the people. It must be scientific and democratic. One of the first articles of the Count's creed is, death to Scholasticism, and there I'm partly with him. He is to bring the seminaries up-to-date in historical criticism; and there I say: '*che va piano va sano*'; for, after all, science is in its infancy. But he is the most unpractical man on the face of the earth, and the most amazingly self-confident. Here is a business that is to affect part of the inhabitants of every spot on the globe. It is no mere local or even European controversy, but the handling of the intellectual life of the mightiest polity the world ever saw. And to him, all he wants done is perfectly simple." Paul believes the world does not

listen to the Church because the Church does not fulfil her true mission; she lives and works in the present hour, and does not look forward; she ignores the thinkers who, obscure and unpractical as they may be, are in reality preparing a public opinion which will take the world by surprise. He "wanted those whom it concerned to understand how the usual textbooks used by Catholics in this country were not only inadequate to express the great truths of religion, but were almost unintelligible to those who were educated in the language of a new civilization."

The pair of friends, with the co-operation of Lisa and Marcelle, and with the strong approbation of sympathizers abroad, start a new magazine to push their ideas in a country where, among Catholics, "only half a dozen men are aware of what is going on in the world of thought, and where the active young minds, they (the authorities) expect to become the pillars of the Church, are demanding answers to questions which the thinkers are forbidden to put now, and seek elsewhere the mental food which their mother has denied them."

Enter the Bishop. He is a zealous, intelligent, practical man, of solid virtue and much spiritual force. He is not strong on the intellectual side. He is vaguely aware that there is trouble in theological circles over the progress of opinions, but he knows Rome will attend to that business. For the rest, in matters of that kind he relies chiefly upon his adviser, Canon Markham, "a man of great reading and acute intellect, who had demolished, he understood triumphantly, many of the scientific arguments of Huxley and Darwin in open disputation in the Town Hall of Leeds." Canon Markham, however, who has mastered St. Thomas in a course of private study, sniffs heresy in every manifestation of disinclination to swallow every opinion of the Middle Ages. His zeal for the virtue of Faith is so consuming that he takes a very narrow view of the obligations of Charity. For him the idea of laymen interfering in things theological is nothing but preposterous presumption; and he gives unmistakable signs that he is but waiting for a chance to pounce victoriously upon the new review, its aiders and abettors. Then there is the weak-minded Father Colnes, a would-be intellectual, to whom a little knowledge, acquired from Paul, becomes a very dangerous thing. There is also another champion of conservatism—the Chevalier.

He is "an Irish-American, with money, who has settled in Rome, apparently in order to ask every bishop to dinner, whether he has been introduced to him or not." The Chevalier, who knows at second-hand a good deal of Roman tattle, assures Canon Markham, who is very ready to be convinced, that Paul is a marked man, not a Catholic at all, but a masked infidel and freemason. "But he is a most earnest Catholic!" Elizabeth protests, at a dinner table. "He has a perfect horror of secret societies" "He was well known to be a freemason in Germany," he chirruped on; "and then he is a liberal Catholic of the most pronounced type." "I thought you said he was not a Catholic at all?" "Well, it's much the same thing," he went on gaily. "We ought to get rid of those fellows, turn them out. Who wants them? They think themselves so important; let's just show them we can do without them. You've got too many of them in England. There's George Sutcliffe, for instance."

The review comes out, and by its third number, to the chagrin of Canon Markham, has shown itself so admirable that it allays the suspicion of the most old fashioned. But George Sutcliffe has hard work to make Paul see that the great care shown to preserve an unimpeachably respectful tone towards the authorities is not a piece of unnecessary humbug. Gradually complications arise. To the profound satisfaction of the Canon, Father Colnes leaves the Church, and pious ladies console themselves for the apostasy, by shaking their heads over the perversity of people who would instruct theologians. Elizabeth muses: "I saw a storm gathering, and bursting on the devoted heads of a little group of men entirely single-minded and high-souled, a little knot of men who, looking out from the fortress, had seen that a great and powerful enemy was nearer than was supposed—an enemy with new weapons, with guns of strange power, with which they would plant their balls in the very heart of the fortress, ignoring the old defences of centuries, not troubling to attack the walls thick with theologians. And then this little knot were misjudged and called traitors because they wanted to study the methods of the enemy. Last of all, was there any danger of those men failing under the double fire of friends and enemies, leaving the fortress and becoming traitors to all that was most sacred and most binding?"

II.

The centre of interest is transferred to the Catholic Congress that meets in Switzerland. Here the author deftly recurs to the device of introducing epistolary correspondence, lest the insight shown into the burning questions of the hour might seem a strain upon verisimilitude if ascribed to Elizabeth. At the Congress Paul gave expression to the views of the liberals. He pleaded for more liberty of thought to scientific men; pointed warningly to the ghost of Galileo; asked for a more precise and satisfactory interpretation of the doctrine of inspiration. He crushed an opponent who, in a tedious speech, "labored for three-quarters of an hour to prove the obvious—namely, that the divine authorship of the Bible is of faith, and wound up with a denunciation of the pride of human reason." Paul concluded with an eloquent peroration on the Holy See, and walked in triumph out of the convention hall, arm in arm with the suave, polished, diplomatic Cardinal Mattei, who unreservedly approved all Paul's arguments, and deplored the narrowness of theologians. "Come to Rome, if they trouble you," he said to Paul; "Rome is the friend of science. Your beautiful comparison is true; she remains calm and serene, rising above these discussions, permitting them and overruling them." "Paul, who has no sense of humor," wrote George Sutcliffe, "was simply profoundly impressed by all this; and I had not the heart to tell him what I thought, that the Cardinal was a diplomatist, and not much of a theologian, and that his promises were more remarkable for their sympathetic quality than for good wear."

If Paul triumphed at the Congress, Nemesis was near. During a brief absence of George from the editorial chair, Paul published an article of his own entitled "The Old Catholicism and the New," not fundamentally different in trend from his address at the Congress, but divested of the prudent reservation that clothed his speech. It "treated existing theology with sheer contempt, and ignored the value of authority, even as a breakwater, as a witness to the older and deeper truths, a witness to the principle of stability." "Scholasticism was not a stage in the development of that science which is necessary to protect and preserve Christian Revelation, but a veritable aberration of the human intellect." "The Catholicism of the future was to be

formed, not by the interaction of old truths and new, but simply by the personal opinions of Paul and his friends, of those who professed, indeed, to be Catholics, but whose views were almost exclusively determined and fashioned by the peculiar tendencies of the present age. The Church was called upon to accept Paul & Co. as her leaders; and, on that condition, they would love and praise and venerate her, but on no other." In short, elated with confidence, inspired by the attitude of the Cardinal, Paul was resolved to force the crisis. He believed, somewhat after the fashion of Lammenais, that reform could come from some violent interposition of Rome, "whose knowledge and insight would have to be almost miraculous to meet the occasion." Then the Canon had his innings. A priest at the episcopal residence wrote to Sutcliffe. At breakfast "Canon Markham came in holding the *Catholic International* in his hand. He was in a dark glow of holy avenging joy. The foe was unmasked, the heretic displayed in all his true colors. He ate a large breakfast, as if it were a solemn duty to sustain the champion of the Lord. I could have laid sacrilegious hands on him! I never felt such bad passions in my life; they almost choked me while I watched him. I've never felt like that before, because I've never been so frantically unhappy as that article has made me. It was joy to him." Of course, the bishop withdrew his favor from the party, and informed the editors that unless they inserted a complete retraction of the article, and promised, for the future, to submit everything to censorship, he would forbid the issue of the review, and prohibit its circulation among Catholics.

Paul refused to submit; "Perish the *Catholic International Review*, it has done its work. It has proved that there is no freedom of speech for Catholics in England; and freedom of speech I will have, but I shall seek it not here, but in Rome. My friends, I make my appeal to the mother of churches. In that mother's heart there is no petty local tyranny, no sectarian bitterness, no wish to crush the intellect and falsify facts." So Canon Markham proceeded to extract from Paul's writings some propositions and send them to Rome. "Paul, who was no theologian, and had, indeed, a contempt for all theology, did not realize that the Canon had so framed the propositions which were to be submitted to Rome as to make them run directly counter to the recognized teaching in the schools.

. . . Paul elected to stand or fall on an issue technically distinct from what was present to his own mind—namely, on the tenability of certain theological propositions." So, with encouragement from his well-wishers everywhere, "not only critical scholars, but theologians and prelates of influence and position in France and America," Paul set out to "strike a blow for freedom, which should help the specialists in all countries, and emancipate the Catholic thinkers from the thralldom of theological opinions that are outworn."

III.

After a delay in Paris, where George held a *levee* of his followers, the party proceeded to Rome, by way of Milan. "There was one new feature at Milan." "Marcelle reported such enthusiasm for science and for faith, such confidence in the new intellectual lights, such faith in Rome. But they were all combative against somebody, some set of hopeless bullies, vaguely at times called 'those in authority,' or 'the theologians,' or 'the *piccoli monsignorini*,' who would interfere. . . . For the first time I had a feminine perception of our being somehow complicated with political aims and objects."

On reaching Rome, Paul immediately sought to put himself in communication with the Cardinal of sympathetic promises. But after meeting with much evasion and shuffling, he finally learned that the Cardinal, on finding that Paul was coming, had slipped away from Rome; and the secretary really did not know whither some of the great man's business had called him. After a long experience of seeming shiftiness, Paul becomes exasperated. One of the party writes: "Three months to-day since we have left Venice. The delays have been endless. For a fortnight after the time when Paul wrote to you we could not get any date fixed for the interview with the Assessor. Then two days before it *was* to come off, it was postponed. 'The Assessor had gone to Naples.' However, at last Paul has been able to see him, exasperated at delay, but still refusing to attach to it significance of a discouraging kind. He has just come back furious, and could hardly speak. By degrees we have got bit by bit of the following facts—first, that the Assessor did not see him at all, but only the Dominican Consultor; secondly, that the Dominican strongly advised D'Etranges simply to go back to England as his only chance

of avoiding a condemnation; thirdly, that when Paul had indignantly threatened to state publicly that he had been refused an audience with the Cardinal, the Consultor said strongly that it was not refused, that he could obtain it from him at once; but that he thought it would be fatal to his cause, and urged him not to ask for it." The Count, however, persisted in asking for it; while George began to see that Paul's indignation would hurry him to reprehensible excess.

In the interest of prospective readers, who might be deterred by this bald sketch, it must be remarked, once for all, that in pursuing the main thread of the action, we are ruthlessly passing over delightful pages of description, and a well narrated account of an excruciating heart struggle between each of the affianced couples. Marcelle was sacrificing all for her brother's soul, which she felt to be in danger, and for which she would do anything but sin. She watched with growing alarm, and rebellious, shrinking pain, the strife between him and the authorities. "They don't care," she cried one night, "to help him. They go out to preach to the heathen, to make some silly beggar woman go to confession, and they trample on a great soul and a great heart. What do they care about his pain, about the spoiling of his life? And if he submits to them, and when they have put him back into the ranks of little nobodies, they will say supercilious things about the edification he has given by his obedience." As she prayed to St. Philip Neri she felt that he would have sympathized with her brother. "It was for the love of him that Marcelle so loved the Dominican church on the Minerva. For it was here, whether in the church itself or in a chapel in the adjoining convent, that St. Philip had prayed many hours, day and night, that the cardinals and the theologians and, it was feared, an already prejudiced Pope, might not condemn Savonarola."

The official view of the situation was communicated to George by the Dominican. "He says that Paul's idea is quite impracticable; things are not ripe for it. 'Let him come back in twenty years,' he said, 'when we old men are dead, and those who have grown up amid these controversies will be in power then. We are not ready for him now; and, mind you, he is not ready *now*. His ideas are great, some of them are true, but not so winnowed from what is not true that they can be separated as yet.'" "Yes," commented Marcelle bitterly, "let him come back in twenty years, let his life be worn

out, his work be hampered and despised. And then, when the theologians have been beaten at every point, and have become a laughing-stock to the thinkers, twenty years too late, he is to come back; and, meanwhile, our religion is to be vilified and thousands of souls to be lost! *Vingt ans après! Ah, mon Dieu!* The puerile diplomacy, the ridiculous intriguing. I shall go mad, I shall."

At last Paul, with his friends and his sister, obtain an interview with Cardinal Mattei; but it yields nothing but suave and empty phrases—*i miei complimenti profondi*. An interview with the Pope follows, equally barren of satisfactory results for Paul. "The comedy in two acts is finished," said Paul, as his friends walked silently by his side out of the piazza in front of St. Peter's; "it is now time for the applause." Then a kindly old priest came to his residence to counsel patience. In a long conversation, inculcating the necessity for conservatism in progress, he enforced his advice by telling his own story. Forty years before he, too, had been an intellectual reformer. He, too, had come, in filial confidence, to Rome in appeal against local oppression. After two years of heart breaking neglect and delay he had been condemned and disgraced. In the succeeding years he had been suspected by his brother priests, and pointedly snubbed by his bishop. But he had gone his way in silent study amid the seclusion of a monastery. "And why," he said at length to Paul, "tell a story that I have never told before? Because, my dear Count, I am now an unwilling consultor of the Holy Office. My opinions are such as they were forty years ago, with the exception of a few gross errors, now abandoned by the world at large; but time, which has rectified those errors, has confirmed much of what I maintained then, and maintain to-day. To-night there was brought to me a letter from you to the Holy Office. . . . In that letter you would force the Holy Office to speak, and if it speaks it will be in the same sense as what I read in the cloisters, on Christmas Day, forty years ago."

The condemnation reached Paul as he was coming out of St. Peter's. Meeting Marcelle and Elizabeth, he speaks with sarcastic scorn of the condemnation and of George, whom he believes to have shrunk from him in the face of danger. He begs Marcelle to choose between her brother and her friends. He will shake the dust of the Church from his feet. "Paul,

if I come now, and I will come now, you must not mistake me, I come, but I come as I will live and die, a Catholic." And they walked away out of the lives of their disconsolate friends—Paul to wander the world, an assailant of the Church, Marcelle to hide herself in an old chateau of her family, in a life consecrated to heroic service for the salvation of her brother's soul.

Years afterwards Mrs. Sutcliffe and her husband received news of Marcelle's death; and they paid a visit to her home, in which they found every indication of pinching poverty. Marcelle had died of a fever caught while waiting on the sick poor. "The poverty was our own doing," explained a faithful old servant. "Monsieur, it was this way. When Monsieur le Comte first went away, he told his lawyers that everything was to be in the hands of Mademoiselle his sister, only she was never to use land or money of his, in any way, for purposes of religion; for matters of philanthropy she was to have a free hand, and so, milord, everybody was well off, and well cared for, except—" he could not go on. "Monsieur, not one church has suffered, not one lamp of the sanctuary has gone out, but for that it needed all our money, everything we had. The piano went once. Only his picture was left. You see, milord, the estates are very big, and there are many poor chapels in the forests, and in them all Mass is said constantly for the Count."

Once again, twenty years after his condemnation, the Sutcliffes saw Paul. Clothed in the Dominican habit, he was in the pulpit of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. His sermon had been widely announced, and there was a great throng present. After describing his appearance, Mrs. Sutcliffe continues: "What he said was:—Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; Blessed—" and the text recites the Eight Beatitudes. "For the rest it was very simple, very short. The sermon was the picture of a soul—it was the story of Marcelle; it was the story of one, by nature pure, by grace made meek; of one by nature merciful, by grace made poor in spirit; finally of one who, having mourned, was now comforted; who, having hungered after justice, now had her fill; who, having suffered unkindness and injustice for Christ's sake from her nearest and dearest, now rejoiced in the very great reward of heaven. I read the secret, and, putting my hand on George's, I knew that he too had read it."

The book closes with a statement of Paul addressed to any friends, or once fellow-workers who had not forgotten him, or any brothers of the Christian faith who, having known a little of his story, had given him the gift of their prayers. The gist of the paper is that in the beginning of his activity he had looked upon the Church as a great spiritual force, indeed, but as a force merely of the intellect, in the region of truth, not in the region of life. In the propagation of his ideas, love of power and sympathy, and the instincts of a leader gradually developed a human self-love, which caused him to resent his condemnation. He had come to the Bride of Christ to be her professor in philosophy and criticism. The Church had not rejected him, but he had rejected the Church; and in losing his grasp on her, he lost his Christianity, even his belief in a personal God. But during the long years of his self-inflicted exile, divine patience waited on his pride for the love of the humility of a soul that loved him. He had learned of her sacrifices, and, gradually, grace had won its way to his soul. Towards the end he gives a well-known extract from Newman, ending with the words: "Authority may be supported by a violent ultra party (*Markham et hoc genus omne*) which exalts opinions into dogmas, and has it principally at heart to destroy every school of thought but its own" (*Apologia*. P. 259). And he concludes: "One word more about myself—I have been asked why I chose the Dominicans. I was attracted to them by the history of Lacordaire. It seemed to me that Lammenais and Lacordaire were typical, the one of my past, the other of what I fain would make my future, however faintly, resemble."

The didactic drift of Mrs. Ward is so well marked that to append any exegesis would be an impertinence to the reader. And now, as one is about to assign to this doubly fascinating volume a permanent place on the book shelf, embarrassment arises. Shall we place it in the compartment, by no means full, marked *Recent Novels of Merit*; or in the other, in which also there is little crowding, containing the useful apologetic literature of the day? On reflection, we think its proper place is in the latter, where it will be in no uncongenial company, under the shadow of *Problems and Persons*, and midway between *Faith of the Millions* and *Der Katholicismus in Zwanzigste Jarhundert*.

New Books.

LIFE AND MATTER.

By Sir Oliver Lodge.

The arrogant materialism, or, if it prefers to hide itself under a less honest name, monism, which, during the past century, heralded

itself as the accredited prophet of science to announce the passing of theism, never spoke with greater arrogance, or in a more decisive tone of scornful dogmatism than it assumes in Professor Haeckel's *Das Welt Räthsel*. The preposterous extravagance of the German biologist's pretension to set forth, in the name of science, his theory of the universe has been exposed by many writers, notably by Father John Gerard, S.J. Yet it was much to be desired that some scientist should meet Haeckel on purely scientific grounds, and show the gratuitous and unscientific character of Haeckel's pretensions to formulate a complete atheistic scheme of "the whole range of existence, from the foundations of physics to the comparison of religions, from the facts of anatomy to the freedom of the will, from the vitality of the cells to the attributes of God." This useful piece of work was done cleanly, neatly, and effectively in two or three articles which appeared, last year, in the *Hibbert Journal*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. These papers, with some supplement and amplification, form a volume* that, besides fulfilling its immediate object, will serve as complete reply to Mr. Mallock, and a host of less distinguished thinkers, or writers, who, in a variety of tones, ranging from deep distress to exultant jubilation, declare that science has undermined the three columns of theism—belief in God, freedom, and immortality.

The distinguished physicist shows that Haeckel's fundamental positions are made up of confident negations and supercilious denials outside the range of legitimate science; of unwarrantable deductions from scientific principles strained beyond their sphere; and that the whole theory is a piece of dogmatism woven from a fallacious synthesis of partial views and fragmentary inductions. He first attacks Haeckel's physical doctrine, or "Law of Substance," which bears all the weight of the biologist's structure. He shows that in this "law" Haeckel jumbles two different scientific concepts, the perma-

* *Life and Matter*. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

nence of matter, and the conservation of energy; that the latter principle, contrary to Haeckel's assertion, is not axiomatic; and that it offers no grounds for the answers which Haeckel gives to questions that are, at present, insoluble to science. He then proceeds to demolish Haeckel's attempt to reduce life and mind to a form of mere material energy; afterwards, in what is the most valuable part of his work, Professor Lodge demonstrates that the principle of the conservation of energy, leaves absolutely untouched the questions of free will and divine direction of the universe. So, the philosopher whom his English translator, Mr. McCabbe, who is not a scientist, reverently recommended as having "a unique claim to pronounce with authority, from the scientific side, on what is known as the conflict between religion and science, is exhibited, in these pages, by a scientist of the first rank, as a misleading, illogical speculator, offering to the unwary as truth a mixture of mutilated science and unsound metaphysics; "He is, as it were, a surviving voice, from the middle of the nineteenth century; he represents, in clear and eloquent fashion, opinions that were prevalent among many leaders of thought—opinions which they themselves, in many cases, and their successors still more, lived to outgrow; so that by this time Professor Haeckel's voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not as the pioneer or vanguard of an advancing army, but as the despairing shout of a standard bearer, still bold and unflinching, but abandoned by the retreating ranks of his comrades as they march to new orders in a fresh and more idealistic direction."

Passing from Haeckel, Professor Lodge becomes constructive; at least so far as to put forth, tentatively, some considerations on the nature of life, to which, in all its forms, he is willing to grant a transcendent existence, that renders it independent of its casual association with matter. Of life he writes: "If it exists, if it is not mere illusion, it appears to me to be something whose full significance lies in another scheme of things, but which touches and interacts with this material universe in a certain way, building its particles into notable configurations for a time—without confounding any physical laws; and then evaporating whence it came." This language certainly, as Sir Oliver Lodge himself admits, is vague and figurative. It is sufficiently clear, however, to manifest the completeness of the distinguished scientist's protest against the narrow dog-

matism which, in the pages of Haeckel, masquerades as scientific thought, and has passed current as such among large numbers, here and in England, whose professed reverence for scientific knowledge illustrates the adage, *omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*.

MIRACLES.

By Gaston Sortais.

Against two claims advanced, in the name of science, by such writers as MM. Gabriel Seailles, E. Goblot, Ferd, Buisson, and Ch.

Recher, M. Sortais, whose pen has produced many valuable pieces of popular apologetics, writes the present volume.* Though their good sense prevents them from indulging in the extravagant dogmatism of Professor Haeckel, these writers do not hesitate to assume that belief in a personal God, and in the existence of miraculous intervention with the laws of the universe, cannot survive in the atmosphere created by modern science. M. Sortais exposes, briefly and logically, the gratuitous character of this assumption. The gist of his treatment is sufficiently indicated by the titles of his chapters: "La Providence devant la science moderne"; "Le miracle devant la science moderne"; "Le miracle devant la conscience moderne"; "La constitution du miracle"; "Les miracles de Lourdes"; "Un dilemme; Génération spontanée ou miracle"; "Limites de la science." The author is especially happy in his treatment of the miracles of Lourdes, emphasizing the case of Pierre de Rudder, whose cure was of a kind for which even the most sceptical mind can find no plausible explanation in any of the theories devised by freethinkers to account for many other miraculous manifestations that took place at Lourdes. The chapter on the origin of life on the earth, might have been omitted without any loss to M. Sortais' excellent apologetic. Granting that life originated by a special act of creation, such intervention is on a different footing from that which takes place in the case of all those facts which usually are understood by the term miracle. Besides, as Sir Oliver Lodge's book testifies, there are scientists who, while they repudiate the theory that life originated from the forces of matter, would reject M. Sortais' dilemma—spontaneous generation or a miracle—as incomplete and, therefore, inconclusive.

* *La Providence et le Miracle devant la Science Moderne*. Par Gaston Sortais. Paris : Beauchesne et Cie. Pp. 190. 2 fr. 50.

LETTERS TO A RITUALIST.

By Best.

This charming little book,* purporting to be a series of letters written in a tender, familiar style by an English Catholic in Rome to a ritualistic friend at home, who is in need of light and encouragement, though almost entirely free from the controversial tone, is none the less likely to prove an efficacious help to a certain class of inquirers. It appeals more to the heart than to the head; and *le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas*. It reveals to the stranger the aspect of the Church seen from within, and the peace of those who have sought and found the Messiah. The author strengthens his plea with many an appeal to English sentiment, by recalling memories of the time when his country bore the glorious title of Our Lady's Dowry. Where the erudite historian or the skillful dialectician may have failed, these glowing pages of a devout writer might easily prove themselves an instrument of grace. Bossuet expressed a general truth in the guise of a particular instance when he said: "If you desire heretics to be refuted, bring them to me; if you want to convert them, send them to St. Francis de Sales."

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

Though this volume† has the appearance of a book, and, in fact, is a book as far as the labor of printer and binder could constitute it one, the author disclaims that designation for it. In the course of his serious historical investigations, especially among the *Reports of the Royal Commission*, he came across a great number of odds and ends, too trifling and insignificant for the notice of the serious historian, yet not without interest to the curiosity seeker. He now publishes, with such witty or humorous comment as we should expect from the biographer of "The Prig," a large number of them, under such headings as: "Births"; "Boys"; "Sons"; "Marriages"; "Courts"; "Foods"; "Drinks"; "Remedies"; "Dancing"; "Hunting, Racing, Shooting, Fishing, Cockfighting"; "Military"; "Naval"; "Clerical"; "Literary"; "Elec-

* *Letters from the Beloved City to S. B. from Philip*. By Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. Reissue. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Prying Among Private Papers: Chiefly of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*. By the Author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

tions"; "Funerals"; "Ireland." Novelists in search of local color for fiction, concerned with English life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, would find this volume full of suggestion.

MARY OF MODENA.

By Martin Haile.

This handsome, portly volume* is not unworthy of the noble woman whose fair name was, during her life, for political ends, so foully aspersed, yet whom a tardy justice now recognizes to have been one of the most fascinating, virtuous, and high minded of royal women. The author of this biography has made good use of the wealth of materials which in recent years have become available for his purpose. His volume consists mainly of original letters, the greater number written to or by Mary herself. They cover her whole life, from the time when, a girl of seventeen, averse to marriage, intensely religious, she, almost against her will, at the instance of the Pope of the time, married a Protestant prince, over forty, a widower whose conjugal infidelities to his first wife had been notorious. Many of the letters are taken from the great work of the Marchesa Campana di Cavelli, *Derniers Stuarts à St. Germain en Laye*, who ransacked almost all the archives of Europe for whatever they contained in Latin, English, French, or German, bearing on the Stuart family. The narrative even of the most gifted of historians is dry, pale, and ineffectual compared to the correspondence of the persons who were the actors of the scene. As we read their letters we see things from the inside; we touch the mainsprings of action; and history, from being a dead book, becomes a living drama enacted before our eyes. Mr. Haile satisfies the most insatiable appetite for details, without failing to give due prominence to the main currents of events; and while confining himself principally to the aspects of affairs as they related to the fortunes of the queen, he presents a fairly complete account of the story of James II., and of his son, till the mother's death. He has neglected nothing requisite to place in high relief the womanly virtues and high-spirited courage of his queenly heroine.

* *Queen Mary of Modena: Her Life and Letters* By Martin Haile. With Photogravure Illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

SAVONAROLA.

By Herbert Lucas, S.J.

The seven years which have elapsed since its first publication, have solidly established the reputation of the *Savonarola** of Father Lucas. It has stood the fire of criticism well; and the author has had no reason to make any substantial changes in this new edition. He has, however, recast the last page or two which relate to questions arising out of the veneration paid to the Florentine reformer by St. Philip Neri, St. Catherine de Ricci, and St. Francis of Paula. The life of Savonarola is a subject which it is not easy to approach with that entire freedom from bias and prejudice which is indispensable to good historical work. The Catholic student finds himself in presence of a conflict between forces that ought ever to act in harmony; a conflict in which divine authority was represented by a man of infamous character; while his opponent was a lofty, heroic soul, aflame with zeal for the house of God, denouncing, with the dark wrath of a prophet, the misdeeds of priest and people, till, hurried on, seemingly by the irresistible current of events, he proceeded to measures that laid him open to the charge of striking at the Temple itself. This grave error put his enemies in the right and himself in the wrong. Then came the tragic end, under circumstances so complicated and equivocal that prepossessions alone will, too often, determine a man in his judgment whether the fagots were the diabolical instruments of triumphant iniquity and personal hate, or the condign punishment of an impenitent rebel against divinely constituted authority.

On whatever side the reader may be ranged, he must admit that Father Lucas, together with a thorough knowledge of his subject, and fine critical skill, has brought to his task an impartial temper, and tries to treat all parties and interests with even-handed justice.

Needless to say, he is free from that myopic form of conservatism which holds that the interests of the Church, nowadays, demand that the Catholic historian should piously white-wash every sepulchre of scandle that lies along his path. He calls a spade a spade, and the Borgian pope "the ever infamous Alexander VI." Yet he is careful to underline, through-

* *Fra Girolamo Savonarola: A Biographical Study based on Contemporary Documents.* By Herbert Lucas, of the Society of Jesus. Second edition. Revised. St. Louis: B. Herder.

out his study, a double lesson, precious for our time: First, no failings, however deplorable, of persons in power can constitute a valid argument against the principle of authority; and, secondly, the reformer, however single-minded, who allows his indignation against abuses to hurry him into rebellion is not of the race of those from whom comes the salvation of Israel. Savonarola, Father Lucas holds, erred grievously in calling for the deposition of Alexander. It is true that his election to the papacy was shockingly simoniacal; and his subsequent conduct was such as to secure for him a pre-eminence even amid the orgy of profligacy which reigned in Rome and in all Italy during his day. None the less, however, was he the true, lawful successor of Peter, holding the keys of the kingdom of heaven. It was only in 1505, that Julius II., by the Bull *Cum tam divino*, settled that, for the time to come, a simoniacal election to the papacy should be regarded as *ipso facto* invalid, and incapable of revalidation by mere course of time or subsequent recognition—a Bull which, as Father Lucas observes, had its origin in the sad memory of the election of Alexander. By appealing from Alexander to a general council, Savonarola disobeyed the Bull *Execrabilis*; and was guilty of at least constructive schism. The terrible evils which had resulted from the previous schism were fresh enough in men's memory to convince them that it was better to tolerate Alexander, than to run the risk of another division by attempting to depose him. Hence, argues Father Lucas, when Savonarola was put on trial, his guilt was abundantly proved, and the papal commissioners could hardly have declined to condemn him to the penalty provided for heresy and schism.

Though he gives judgment against Savonarola on the main issue, Father Lucas eloquently acknowledges the noble character and the great services of the reformer. He approves George Eliot's assertion that the very moment of Savonarola's death was a great moral victory for him. He adds that the Church and the world owe Savonarola a great debt of gratitude for having sounded his "long-drawn and wailing blast of a fearless challenge against all the powers of wickedness." He admires Savonarola's wonderful gift of prayer, his keen insight into the condition of the Church and of society, his marvelous influence over men, "wielded, on the whole, for the noblest of ends"; he calls him "a truly great and good man." "Yet"—the pas-

sage is a summary of the whole exposition and estimate of the case as given by our author—"the story of his life reminds us that even exalted gifts and noble qualities such as these may yet be unavailing to save a man from being misled by a subtle temptation into an acknowledged self-esteem, which may end by sapping the very roots of obedience, by luring him onwards till at last he makes private judgment—in matters of conduct, if not of doctrine—the court of final appeal. And when this point has been reached, only two issues are possible if the conflict has become acute: spiritual ruin, or temporal disaster. It was, perhaps, well for Fra Girolamo that temporal disaster overtook him, and that his baptism of fire came to him in time. The life story of Girolamo Savonarola is, in fact, in the truest and fullest sense, a tragedy. For the very essence of tragedy lies in this that, under stress of critical circumstances, some flaw in a noble character leads by steps, slow perhaps, but sure, to a final catastrophe, and that in and through the catastrophe itself that which was imperfect or faulty is, as it were, purged out, while that which was noble survives in the mind and memory of men, and does its work more effectively than it would have done had there been no catastrophe to arouse and waken sympathy."

The author takes notice of some criticisms of the late Father O'Neill, and of others that appeared in the Irish *Rosary*, on his first edition. The copious bibliography is enlarged. For outsiders repelled, and for Catholics perplexed, by the spectacle of historical scandals in the Church, for the impatient who clamor for a violent, instantaneous correction of abuses, and sweeping away of methods that have survived their usefulness, or ideas that have been outgrown, Father Lucas has provided a valuable study.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

This volume* covers forty fateful years of English history, from the accession of George III. till the resignation of Pitt in 1801. It is the work of an industrious, conscientious, erudite compiler, rather than of an original historian. To him no name is too obscure, no incident too trifling for notice. His firm grip on the main lines, and a fine sense of proportion, enable the au-

* *The Political History of England.* Vol. X. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

thor to pursue a lucid relation amid an accumulation of details that might easily have become chaotic. The estimates offered of particular events and crises indicate a controlling desire to be fair-minded and impersonal. They usually help the reader to keep his eye upon the general trend of political development. There is, however, no masterly display of the philosophic power, that marks the great historians, to measure and define the steady direction of the onward flow of the tide under the changing and often contrary currents of the surface. American readers, who are accustomed to take their history from natives, will find instruction in noting the effect of a change of standpoint. They will receive notice of that change on finding that they are invited to listen to the history, not of the war of independence, but of the colonial rebellion. And, as they follow the expositor, they will be asked to consider, not why Washington triumphed, but why Burgoyne and Howe failed. But they will have no grounds for imputing misrepresentation to him; and they will easily pardon his sympathies, and even his fling at "the crude assertions of the Declaration of Independence, issued by a body largely composed of slave-owners, that all men are created equal, with an inalienable right to liberty." The author has a very kindly feeling towards George III., and would certainly have been a very cordial supporter of royal and parental authority during the struggle between the king and his graceless heir.

In his account of the American struggle, and in the Whig and Tory conflicts, Mr. Hunt manifests his confidence in John Fiske and Sir George Trevelyan. He has followed Lecky still more faithfully. On one point, however, he differs from the Irish historian. A resolute though not effusive admirer of Pitt, he endeavors to exculpate him for his failure to keep his promise made, before the Union, relative to Catholic emancipation. He believes that, in the face of the king's obstinate religious prejudices, Pitt was exonerated from the pledge he had given to the Catholic bishops who helped to carry the Act of Union; and that, by resigning, he did all that lay in his power towards insisting on his policy. The author is at his best in Chapter XIII., where he recalls John Richard Greene, by a rapid, sketchy, yet accurate survey of the social and economic progress of the period. That there is not a simi-

lar chapter on religious and ethical development reflects significantly, either on the manner in which the historian has discharged his task, or on John Bull's pretension to be the most moral and religious personage in Europe.

SIR JOHN GILBERT.

By Rosa Mulholland.

To a fairly well-informed clergyman, with an Irish name, who could, at a moment's notice, produce a creditable synopsis of Irish

political history for the past half-century, a friend, picking up this volume,* said: "Here is a *Life of Sir John Gilbert*, by his wife." "Oh," was the reply, "that is the *Pinafore* fellow, who married the Irish novelist, Rosa Mulholland." "The man who married Rosa Mulholland, sister of Lady Russell of Killowen, indeed; but not 'the *Pinafore* fellow.' Instead, one of the foremost literary Irishmen of his generation, who has done more than any other man of our day for Irish history, and who helped to start the present Gaelic revival." "Never heard of him before," was the blank response.

Thousands of persons in America, interested in Irish affairs, might make the same confession. Yet, for a long lifetime, Sir John Gilbert devoted, with unflagging zeal, uncommon talents to Irish history and archæology, with the patriotic purpose of clearing his country of much calumny and misrepresentation. The purpose which animated him is expressed in a remark he once made regarding the apathy of Irishmen concerning their history—an apathy that is passing away. "One day to come," he said, "they will wake up and look round for the authentic facts of their history, and I will work while I live to provide for that day."

Unknown to the political arena, he was a thorough patriot, who performed a signal service for his country. After finishing one of his chief works, the *History of the Irish Confederation*, he could say with truth: "They will never be able to blacken the period again." The character of his work, history and archæology, pursued in scientific fashion, while it gave him high rank among scholars, did not popularize his name. Even when he had established a brilliant reputation, a ludicrously

* *Life of Sir John Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A.*; Irish historian and archivist, Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, Secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland. By his wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

false impression concerning him prevailed in circles of his countrymen that ought to have been better informed. A passage from the biography will illustrate: "About this time (in the seventies) he began to find his position in his work somewhat anomalous. His name, his outward surroundings and associations, placed him in unreal lights from the different points of view of various critics or mere careless observers. While facing the fire of the enemy on one side, he was looked on coldly from a distance by many on the other. A letter remains, written to him by a priest, his friend, relating, with humor, a recent conversation with a Catholic dignitary whom he had met on the street, and greeted with 'Have you seen Gilbert's latest book?' 'Read Gilbert?' cried the Catholic dignitary, 'I would not read a word the fellow writes. He is a Protestant and a bigoted Trinity College man.'"

Lady Gilbert has discharged her task with excellent taste. Copious correspondence, embracing letters from scholars, historians, archæologists, Irish Franciscans in Rome and in Portugal, noblemen, and public officials, enliven the narrative, and, incidentally, bear witness to the conscientious, painstaking methods of the historian, and the reputation for erudition and accuracy which these methods gained for him. The curtain that screens the sanctities of domestic life is drawn aside just enough to give us a glimpse of a fine, noble, sunny gentleman, an earnest Catholic, of high culture and simple tastes, ambitious only of a competence sufficient to guarantee him the opportunity to prosecute his work of study and composition, which he loved, not for the fame that it brought him, but for itself.

Amid the almost universal wail,
THE CHURCH IN FRANCE. so bewildering to American ears,
 By Le Narfou. that goes up from France because

the shackles which bound the
 Church to the State are broken, and the clergy, henceforth,
 must depend for their support upon their flocks, as in the days
 of the Apostles, here comes one clear call more in harmony
 with the traditions of French courage and generosity. The
 author of *Vers l'Église Libre*,* whose history of the last con-

* *Vers l'Église Libre.* Par Julien de Narfou. Paris: Nourrey.

clave attracted wide notice, is well known in the higher ranks of journalism. With a wide circle of acquaintances and friends among public men, lay and ecclesiastical, in both France and Italy, together with an intimate knowledge of the historic side of his subject, his discussion of affairs is piquant, vital, and searching. It may be that he presumes too much when, as a good citizen and a staunch Catholic, he claims the right, though a layman, to express his opinion on the present crisis between Church and State. Even so, in the present perplexing condition of affairs, no honest, intelligent views can be without value to those weighted with the tremendous responsibility of steering the French Church through the perilous straits in which she is now tossing.

Writing before the final rupture, M. Narfou said that the Concordat was dead: "*Jam fœtet*. It deserves few tears or regrets, or posthumous honors. From its tomb, let people say, or wish, or do what they may, the liberty of the Church will spring." In a brief, incisive fashion he reviews the relation of the Church and the State in France, from the days of Francis I. up to the Revolution; and he shows that even in the halcyon days of the *ancien régime* the Church paid dearly for protection. The power accorded to Cæsar in the things that are God's gave rise to Gallicanism. It created an episcopate so completely enthralled to the throne that—M. Narfou borrows the words from an address of the French bishops to Louis XIV.—"it lived with its knees bent and its eyes turned towards that source from which flow all grace and favor."

The origin of the Concordat, the negotiations through which it was born, are reviewed in detail, and the scope of its articles defined. It was, contends M. Narfou, a strictly bilateral contract. It conferred on the government a joint right with the Pope in the appointment of bishops. If the two powers shared the right to appoint, one alone, in defiance of the other, could not cancel such appointment. Hence it bound the Pope not to withdraw the spiritual powers of a bishop without the consent of the government, even though the interest of souls demanded such a proceeding. This was absurd, and essentially unjust, M. Narfou argues, but it was the Concordat.

The most pernicious practical results of the scheme, he

contends, enforcing his views with ample confirmation from the days of the Second Empire and afterwards, was that political influences made themselves too much felt in spiritual affairs. The dependence of the bishops obliged them, too often, in the government of their dioceses, to keep a respectful eye on government officials, and on men of weight in politics, when they should have had a single eye to the welfare of souls. The zeal of the *petit clergé*, in turn, suffered contraction and diminution of force from the same causes. If a curé undertook any work, outside of his sacristy, for the welfare of his people, a word from some jealous, suspicious official or politician, to Monseigneur, was enough to have the curé removed, and all avenues of promotion closed to him.

The book concludes with a ringing chapter that prophesies for the Church, at length free with the freedom of the Gospel, a stronger and more prolific life. M. Narfou indignantly repels, as an insult to Catholicism, the notion that it cannot stand on its own legs, and must lean for protection on the State: "The strange conception of a Church which affirms as a double dogma the divinity of its origin and the immortality of its destiny, and yet cannot flourish without State protection—this is a self-contradictory conception that was entirely unknown to Christ, to the Apostles, and to the first Christian communities." The new era, if M. Narfou's forecast shall be happily verified, will see a higher standard of education in the seminaries, a waning of some tendencies to exaggerated externalism in certain pious practices, an extinction of temptation to aspirants to the priesthood to embrace and prosecute the clerical career from motives of unworthy personal ambition. The clergy will be freer to go to the people, and the masses, the poor and the humble folk, will no longer have any excuse for suspecting their spiritual fathers of being unduly subservient to mammon or aristocracy. One could wish that M. Narfou had somewhat chastened the vigor of the language in which he expresses his convictions; and some will question the propriety of leveling imputations of simony against exalted personages, still living and clothed with responsibility, like Mgr. Lorenzelli; especially when, on M. Narfou's own showing, the highest authority has adjudicated on the case.

YOLANDA.

By Charles Major.

The writer who gave novel readers a treat in *Dorothy Vernon*, with its picture of a high spirited English girl, has gone much further afield for his subject* on this occasion. But *Cælum non animam mutavit*. The daughter of Charles the Bold bears a much closer family resemblance to Dorothy than one would expect in a princess of the fifteenth century. And he asks us to treat historical probability very lightly, when he tells us how the heir of the Hapsburgs, after setting out incognito for the Burgundian court to see the heiress of the redoubtable duke, actually falls in with that sprightly young lady, who, far from home, is masquerading as the niece of a traveling merchant. But we must treat Mr. Major with as much consideration as we show to surly old Euclid, and, let it be granted, etc. Then, provided one is not so fastidious as to expect the local flavor of the Middle Ages, to which Sir Walter Scott treats us in *Quentin Durward*, we may enjoy a very entertaining story in this book; Mr. Major, wisely declining to rival Sir Walter by painting Louis of France, whom he leaves in the background, has tried his hand, not unsuccessfully, on Louis' antagonist, Charles. Nor has he yielded to the temptation of describing the bloody days of Morat and Nancy. The book is above the average of present-day romantic fiction, and will be enjoyed by those who love to read of the days when knight-hood was in flower. By the way, it would not demand much historical study to prevent Mr. Major from fancying that the Knights of St. John were half priests, and "could, upon occasion, hear confession and administer the sacrament." Blunders like this are disgraceful.

The June number of *The Lamp*† will be devoted entirely to St. Peter and the Holy See. "St. Peter in the Gospels"; "The Popes and the Prominence of St. Peter"; "The See of Canterbury and St. Peter's See"; are among the subjects to be discussed.

* *Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy*. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Lamp*. Published monthly at Garrison, N. Y. Five cents the copy. Yearly, 50 cents.

The International Catholic Truth Society makes its appeal to our readers to remail each week or month, after reading, their Catholic newspapers and magazines to poor Catholics and well-disposed non-Catholics all over the United States, but particularly in the West and South. This way of spreading Catholic truth, and keeping alive the Faith among isolated Catholics, means the salvation of hundreds of souls, while its cost in thought, time, and money is but trifling and within the power of the humblest as well as the richest and most learned.

Any one desirous of letting others read THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be supplied with an address for remailing by communicating with Remailing Department, International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, 373 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE.

We regret the non-appearance in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, of the advertised article by Reginald Balfour. The subject which was to be discussed by Mr. Balfour will be treated in a subsequent number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—EDITOR.

Current Events.

Russia.

The long expected, and for a time almost despaired of, parliamentary era has opened for Russia. With great pomp and ceremony the sittings of the *Duma* have begun, the speech from the Throne has been delivered, and at the present time the members are discussing their reply.

It was not granted to Count Witte and his Cabinet to be the representatives of the monarch in the new Assembly. Like Moses, the Count having led the people to the borders of the chosen land, was not allowed to bring them into it. Whether he resigned of his own accord, or whether he was dismissed against his will, is not certain. Although he has made many grave mistakes, and although the strange proposal, said to have been laid by him before the Tsar just before the *Duma* met, rendered his retention of power impossible, there is no doubt that to him Russia is indebted for the immense step in advance which the calling of a *Duma* involves. If the truth as to recent events in Russia has been revealed at all, it was by him that the Tsar was persuaded to issue the Manifesto of October 30, which forms the starting point of the constitutional era upon which it is just entering. The repressive measures which have been taken in the meantime were, in a great degree, necessitated by the revolutionary party and the action taken by it. To some extent even the moderate men, the representatives of the *Zemstvos*, are responsible, for they refused to co-operate with Count Witte and made demands which, however reasonable and desirable they may have been in themselves, the Tsar could not be prevailed upon to concede.

The necessity to make use of repression for the purpose of restoring order after the revolutionary uprisings in Moscow and elsewhere last autumn, and the want of success in securing the defeat of the Constitutional Democratic candidates in the elections for the *Duma* which have just taken place, seem to have shaken Count Witte's faith in the good sense of the people. He therefore, it is said, proposed that before the *Duma* met, new, immutable, organic laws should be promulgated, laws of such a character as to deprive the people's representatives of

any initiative. Strange to say, were it not that Russia is one of the countries where what happens is the unexpected, the Tsar would not listen to these proposals. He declared that the project was unseemly, because it violated the solemn promises contained in the Manifesto of October 30; unwise, because no fundamental laws could acquire permanence unless adopted by the nation; and dangerous, because the very promulgation of such laws would be tantamount to setting the *Duma* at defiance. His wish, the Tsar is reported to have said, was that the government should be conducted in an orderly manner, and that the country might have peace; and, therefore, he would not do anything to compromise himself with his people.

If such are the Tsar's real and permanent principles, if, instead of being ruled by officials and seeking to please them, he has the best interests of the nation as a whole at heart, and is willing to listen to its voice in furthering those interests, Russia will now be entering upon the road of peace and prosperity. Hints, however, are thrown out that there were other reasons for the dismissal of Count Witte, that the personal dislike of the Tsar and court intrigue had much to do with it. The fact that his successor, M. Goremykin, is, so far as is known, not in favor of the steps recently taken, and that on the eve of the opening of the *Duma* fundamental laws were, after all, actually promulgated, and that these laws limited the powers of the *Duma*, prevent full confidence being placed in the ruler's wisdom and good will. The fundamental laws, which were promulgated just before the *Duma* met, while on the one hand they made it a permanent and unassailable institution of the Empire, and enacted that all Ukases and Ordinances should be countersigned by the respective ministers, on the other hand placed numerous restrictions upon its powers. Peace and war are retained in the hands of the Tsar, as well as complete control of the army and of the number of annual recruits. Even the budget does not fall within the powers of the lower House of the *Duma*. The Senate—a judicial body—is made the judge of the constitutionality of the laws passed by the National Legislature. These restrictions are very severe; they will, however, last only so long as the nation wills. If its representatives in the *Duma* make a wise use of the powers which they have already secured, if they render real service to the country, their power and influence will grow,

and the limitations will either be removed or become merely nominal. This is the question which is left to the future to settle. Humanly speaking, it may seem impossible that a body of peasants, and of, at the best, inexperienced men, who have for centuries been brutalized by rulers that have found in Peter the Great their model, should act with moderation and should not attempt to destroy the whole fabric of government under which they have been so unjustly treated. To this they will be goaded by the interested supporters of the present *régime*, who are anxious to drive their opponents to extremes, and thereby to find an excuse for suppressing the *Duma*. Russia at the present time is a whirlpool of incoherent forces. While there are parties in name, there are none in reality. A party in Russia is merely a group of individuals, acting together to-day, as likely as not actively opposing one another to-morrow. The dominant group—the Constitutional Democrats, who have secured the victory at the recent elections, and in whose hands the destiny of the *Duma* lies—is made up of men holding many different opinions. There are Social Democrats, Social Revolutionists, Extreme Radicals, Radicals, Moderate Liberals, and fair-minded Conservatives. It has the advantages, however, of being controlled by a Committee. If this control continues to hold the various elements together for common action, good hopes may be entertained of the *Duma's* future. Its members will learn to subordinate their own wishes for the public good. They will learn moderation—not to seek for things which, although good in themselves, are yet too good for the crown to be willing to grant at once. As a well-informed writer says: “The first duty of the first *Duma* is to strengthen the hold of parliamentary institutions on the country, and that can be accomplished only by the exercise of moderation bordering upon sacrifice and wisdom. If an acute conflict break out between crown and *Duma*, before the people has grown accustomed to representative government, the result may be to put off the realization of democratic principles in Russia for years.” Universal suffrage, equal rights for the Jews, the abolition of capital punishment, a new distribution of land among the peasants, an eight-hour day, a complete amnesty for political prisoners—these are the questions which will be discussed in the coming session.

Before the *Duma* met, the Tsar issued, upon his own authority, the Ukase for the authorization of a new Loan. This was opposed by those who were in favor of a *Duma*, as an infringement of its rights. The rest of Europe, however, seemed to think the security adequate, for the loan was subscribed several times over in the various countries in which it was issued. While the larger part was allotted to France, for the first time for many years a part was issued in England; and as this was well taken up, it is looked upon as a sign of that drawing nearer together of the two countries which it is said is being negotiated. Another sign of the *rapprochement* between England and Russia is found in the fact that Russia supported England in the recent resistance to Turkey's aggression upon Egypt. If England and Russia can come to an agreement, and thereby settle their differences with reference to Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet, a great weight will be taken off the minds of the citizens of the two countries.

Count Witte's nominal colleague, but real opponent, M. Durnovo, shared his fate and has passed into retirement, greatly to the delight of the whole country. The relinquishment of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by Count Lamsdorff is, on the other hand, greatly regretted, for to his tact and prudence during the Russo-Japanese War are largely due the preservation of peace and the avoidance of complications. Little is known of the new Ministers who make up M. Goremykin's Cabinet, nor do they all seem, so far as is known, to be of one mind.

Germany. "At the moment when, with the consent of your most gracious Sovereign, I am sending to Count

Welsersheimb the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle, in thanks for his successful efforts at Algeciras, I feel impelled to express to you from my heart my sincere thanks for your unshakable support of my representatives, a fine deed of a true-hearted ally. You have proved yourself to be a brilliant second on the duelling ground, and you may be certain of similar service in similar case from me also.—WILLIAM IMP. REX." This telegram, addressed by the Kaiser to the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, has called forth no little comment, especially in Austria and in Italy. In the former country it was felt that Austria's dignity as an in-

dependent power had been depreciated by the Kaiser's declaration that her representatives had acted merely as a second to those of Germany at the Morocco Conference. It was in Italy, however, that the strongest feeling was manifested, for many thought that the promise of a "similar service in a similar case" was aimed at her. For Italy, although a member of the Triple Alliance, had failed, it was thought in Germany, in rendering that support to her ally which was her due. The claims of Italy in the Balkans and on the East coast of the Adriatic form one of the open questions which prevent perfect agreement between Italy and Austria. The Kaiser is presumed to have had this matter in his mind in sending the telegram, and to have promised to Austria his support as a punishment for Italy's presumption in the event of the question being raised. Whether this interpretation is the true one or not, a violent warfare broke out between various sections of the Press of the two countries, in which unpleasant remarks were made. For example, the *Berliner Tageblatt* informed its readers that "it would be well to bear in mind in Italy that we Germans, come what may, are firmly determined to set the tone on the European Continent, or at least in Central Europe." The question of the Triple Alliance was also raised. This called forth from the Italian Foreign Minister a declaration in Parliament to which we shall refer in its proper place.

A bill has been brought into the Reichstag for the payment of its members. The salaries proposed are not (measured by our standards) very large. The reason for the proposed payment is that, as things are, there is often great difficulty in securing a quorum. The German system of government is, under a constitutional disguise, still somewhat of a despotism. The Kaiser appoints his own Ministers, nor are they responsible to Parliament. They hold office so long as they please his Imperial and Royal Majesty, however displeasing they may be in the eyes of the representatives of the people. Consequently, there is no career open to those representatives as a reward of their services. They cannot hope *qua* members of Parliament to become Ministers of State. There are not, therefore, the usual inducements which exist in a strictly constitutionally organized country, to make them devote themselves to the labor involved in a constant attendance in Parliament. It is, therefore, sought by payment to secure better attention.

The financial exigencies of Germany call for not merely an increase in taxation, but also for new loans amounting to seventy-five millions of dollars for Prussia and sixty-eight for the Empire. If the confidence in the government felt by Germans is measured by the readiness with which they subscribe to its loans, the result indicates a diminution of that confidence. Last year's issue was subscribed fifteen times over, while this year's was subscribed only one and one half times. It must, however, be borne in mind that this year's loans were both larger in amount and subject to prior claims. The result, however, makes the *National-Zeitung* ask what would have been the fate of a war loan, the amount of which would of necessity have been incomparably greater, when, while at peace, it has not been found easy to raise a small sum.

The great advance made in commerce by Germany is a matter of world-wide knowledge. Within the past few weeks still further developments have taken place. In addition to the two regular services between Germany and the Far East, which have existed for some time, a third service, which has hitherto been intermittent, has now become regular. An entirely new service between Scandinavian ports and Australia is on the point of being established. The Hamburg-American line is on the point of invading the Persian Gulf; the Hansa Line is building four large steamers for the East Asiatic service; while to the west coast of our own continent another German company has sent its first steamer, to be followed by others in the event of success. A complete account of the immense advances made by Germany during the past decade will be found in a public statement submitted by the Ministry of Marine to the German Reichstag. From this, among other things, we learn that since the foundation of the Empire its population has increased by nearly 20,000,000, from a little less than 41,000,000 to a little over 60,000,000. Its rate of increase is now greater than that of any of the larger European States, being over 800,000 annually, and is surpassed only by the rate of increase of the population of the United States. Formerly emigration was greater than immigration; since 1895 the reverse is the case. Between 1894 and 1904 the total value of the German foreign trade rose 66 per cent in value, from some 18 billions to some 30 billions. These facts explain the necessity for the increase of the German navy as a means of

protecting this ever-increasing commerce, and render it probable that this increase is not directed against England, at least necessarily.

Austria-Hungary.

In Hungary the elections for the new Parliament, which is to pass the universal suffrage Bill, have been held and have resulted in the victory of the Independence Party. This party now holds an absolute majority in the new Hungarian Chamber. Of the total of 413 seats, it has secured 210, while 62 seats have been won by the Constitutional party, 24 by the Clericals, 12 by the Rumanes, 8 by the Slovaks, and 4 by the Serbs. Not a single seat is held by the Liberals, the party which for some two score years has had almost absolute sway and uncontrolled possession of power. This party has, in fact, ceased to exist, having formally disbanded itself. Its leader, Count Stephan Tisza, who a short time ago endeavored, by almost violent means, to put an end to the obstruction which had for so long been practised by the parties who are now masters of the situation, has retired into private life. With him has departed the Dual Compact of 1867, for the all powerful Independence party looks merely to a personal union—the ideal of 1848. Will the possession of power render more sober the former apostles of disruption?

The other striking feature of the recent elections has been the strength manifested by the other nationalities which are represented in the Transleithan House, the Slovaks, the Rumanes, the Serbs. Hitherto they have been without a voice, and they are still in an insignificant minority. It remains to be seen how the Magyars, who have been so eloquent and so energetic in the maintenance of their own national claims, will deal with the demands of these smaller nationalities.

Austria itself has had its own ministerial crisis. The universal suffrage bill, introduced by Baron Gautsch, made various readjustments of the distribution of seats among the various nationalities, of which the Reichsrath is made up. Of these the Poles form one of the most influential. The arrangements proposed did not please them; Baron Gautsch thereupon resigned. This resignation does not involve the abandonment of universal suffrage altogether; only the details will be changed. The Emperor, in accepting Count Gautsch's resignation, de-

clares it to be a great reform, by his association with which the Baron's name will be always remembered.

The new Premier is Prince Conrad zu Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst, a nephew of the late German Chancellor. He is only 43 years of age, but has a large and varied experience of administrative work, and has everywhere enjoyed great popularity, having always endeavored to harmonize the duties of the executive with the wants of the people. Although he is an aristocrat by birth, he is a Radical in politics, and his appointment is agreeable to the Social Democrats. It has brought dismay to the Czechs, who were expecting valuable concessions from Baron Gautsch, while naturally to the Germans it is a welcome appointment. The end of the racial feuds, which distract the Austrian empire, by the treatment of all the many races with equal justice, is the pressing problem for the Austrian Premier; whether he will be able satisfactorily to solve it remains to be seen.

Italy.

The German Emperor's telegram to Count Goluchowski caused, as we have said, much comment especially in Italy. By some it was taken as an intimation that it was the wish of the Kaiser that nothing should be decided without his permission, and he was given to understand that no such permission would be sought. The German political methods, it was said, were becoming brutal. The German Press responded in kind, and Italy was reminded that, as she owed her unity and independence mainly to German policy, she had more reason than any other Power of the Triple Alliance for retaining the potent friendship of that country. "If she thinks, however, that to become the satellite of France and England will pay her better than that old policy—very well, she will see what she will see."

The question of the Triple Alliance having been raised, Count Guicciardini, the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Italian Ministry, felt it his duty to make the government's position plain. He defined it to be one of cordial fidelity to the Alliance, and asserted that it was the basis of the foreign policy of Italy, a policy which has proved a sure foundation for a quarter of a century of tranquillity and peace. The traditional intimacy with England and the sincere friendship with

France which existed, and which had of late been confirmed and strengthened, did not interfere with the binding character of the Triple Alliance; nor did that Alliance prevent the making of special agreements with other powers, such as the agreement with France as to the Mediterranean or with Austria as to Albania and the Adriatic. Still less, he implied, although he did not say so in express terms, was Italy bound by the Alliance to be the second of Germany on duelling grounds, whether at Algeciras or elsewhere. The feeling, however, is widespread that the Triple Alliance is rather a bond and a burden than a help and protection, and that it would not be renewed if the question of such renewal were to arise at the present time.

The eruption of Vesuvius has called forth from every part of the world expressions of sympathy for its victims. The Pope himself, it was said, wished to go and visit the scene and to minister to the sufferers. This, of course, was impracticable; but his Holiness sent all the money upon which he could lay hands, in order to relieve the sufferings. The King, it is only fair to say, manifested by personal services to the victims his wonted goodness of heart. On his visit to Milan, to open the International Exhibition, the Cardinal Archbishop was among those distinguished citizens who welcomed him to the city. On a subsequent day, when the foundation stone of a new railway station was laid, the Cardinal made a speech which is said to have been a little sermon on the text: "Fear God and honor the King."

France.

The strikes which originated in the Courrières disaster spread rapidly through many parts of France.

Great sympathy was at the beginning felt for the miners, for it was clear that they were greatly underpaid and there is ample evidence for the belief that the precautions taken by the mine-owners to guard against accidents were wholly inadequate. This question has been referred to a Commission to investigate, and there is every reason to think that the truth will be brought to light. Concessions of pay were offered, but these were rejected as inadequate. On the refusal of their demands of a *minimum* wage of one dollar and ten cents a day, the miners proceeded to violence. Trains were attacked, rails pulled up,

dynamite placed in the houses of non-strikers, the homes of employers burned down and pillaged, the troops and gendarmes attacked with stones, and one of the officers so severely injured that he subsequently died. This is all the more to be regretted, for the soldiers had been instructed not to offer violence to the strikers, and had, in fact, manifested their reluctance to be employed in such duties. There is reason to think that these disturbances were promoted by anarchists. The government affected the belief that the parties which are supposed to be friendly to the Church had a share in promoting the disturbances. They proceeded to carry out a series of domiciliary searches, entering the houses of the suspected in the dead of night and seizing their private papers. The papers found in the house of a certain Comte Durand de Beauregard seemed to indicate that a *coup de force* was being prepared; his friends, however, declare that the bad state of his health was so well known that it was odious to take advantage of it in such a way. Various other arrests took place, in consequence of the domiciliary visits.

Before the end of the month of April the greater firmness shown by the government, and certain concessions made by the employers, had induced the greater number of strikers to return to work. The gravest apprehensions had been entertained with reference to the First of May celebrations. Some years ago this day had been declared an International holiday for the workers of the world. Its celebration has of late fallen somewhat into abeyance. The French workingmen, it was anticipated, would, on account of the widespread agitation prevailing in so many parts—that of the miners in the North, of the postmen in Paris, of iron-workers, glass-blowers, printers, and even waiters in the cafés elsewhere—make a great effort to revive the celebration this year, and make it an occasion for the enforcement of their demands. Special precautions were taken, especially in Paris, but the day passed off without any serious breach of the peace. In all, in Paris 668 persons were arrested, of whom 53 were foreigners. Thirteen policemen, three Republican guards, and twelve agitators were more or less seriously hurt. This is not a very serious record, in view of what was anticipated.

The first ballot for the members of the Assembly took place

on the sixth of May. The result has proved a great disappointment for those who hoped that there would be an uprising of the Catholic electors against the members of the former Assembly who passed the Separation Law. So far is this from being the case, that the supporters of that measure are returned to power in greater numbers, and it is even being said that M. Combes may become the Premier once more. Of the 427 elected on the first ballot, 262 belong to the Republican groups of the Left, that is to say, the Socialists, the Radicals, and the Republicans who voted for the Separation Law. The opposition numbered 165. The result of the second day's balloting, on May 20, proved again an overwhelming victory for the *bloc*. The Electors of France, as is clear from their votes, are indifferent as to the union of the Church with the State, and at least acquiesce in the separation.

The Sultan of Morocco has signified his willingness to accept the conclusions reached at Algeciras with some slight reservations. He finds nothing in them that touches the integrity of the country, or that diminishes his own sovereign authority. For those who were hoping that the horrible state of things in Morocco might be ameliorated, the Sultan's approbation of the results of the Conference is the destruction of that hope.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (21 April): A translation of the Holy Father's Apostolic Letter on Scripture study is given in this number. The Pope considers that the Biblical Question has never, perhaps, been of such importance as it is to-day; and consequently it is absolutely necessary that young clerics be assiduously trained in this branch of sacred knowledge.—A letter to the Editor asks: "In view of various press notices and surmises, would you mind stating once for all that it is not true that Father Tyrrell has joined the archdiocese of San Francisco; nor a 'certain diocese in Scotland'; nor that on leaving the Jesuits he applied in vain to all the Bishops in England; nor that he has applied to any Bishop whatsoever; nor that he has any momentary hesitation as to the rectitude and necessity of the step which he has taken; nor that he will ever reconsider his verdict; nor that he has no definite plans for the future; nor that he has been suspended on account of his writings; nor that his attitude toward Catholicism has been in any way modified; nor that he has become an Anglican, a Unitarian, or a Positivist; nor that he is very ill, or prostrate, or otherwise than most uninterestingly well and cheerful. He must, of course, be most gratified by the general concern shown in his personal affairs; but for the sake of his friends' feelings a little reserve would be desirable."

(28 April): The death of the Rev. Robert F. Clarke, D.D., is announced. Father Clarke had long been known as a man of solid learning, more especially in Biblical matters. His appointment as member of the Biblical Commission shows that his merits were recognized by the highest authorities.—Obituary notices also of the Rev. Fr. Luis Martin Garcia, General of the Society of Jesus, and Mgr. Francesco Ciocchi, Canon of the Lateran.

The Month (May): Father Sydney Smith says it will always remain a mystery how Mr. Birrell, while undertaking to assault modern religious endowments, should at the same time condemn the injustice of the Reformation which

took away all that was then possessed by Catholics as the fruit of the labor and sacrifice of centuries.—The Editor writes to say that while science can never affect the foundations of religion, either one way or the other, yet, by ever revealing fresh marvels, she undoubtedly accumulates evidence which should help us more and more vividly to realize the working in nature of an intelligence as immeasurably transcending that of man as her works surpass his—thus justifying Lord Kelvin's much controverted dictum that science positively enforces belief in God.—Father Thurston concludes his papers on the Irish Bull of an English Pope, with the statement that the arguments against the authenticity of the Bull *Laudabiliter* are not conclusive. The fact remains that there was undoubtedly a grant of Ireland made by Pope Adrian to Henry II.—A review of the new volume by Father Tyrrell, *Lex Credendi* (Longmans), says that if any one takes it up with the anticipation of finding an angry diatribe against benighted theological dogmatism (such as *The Daily Chronicle* had hinted could be expected), such a reader will be greatly disappointed. "Even if Father Tyrrell were provoked to violence, there is a certain vulgarity about such methods which we venture to say that his refined taste would never approve. He might wield a rapier, but surely not a shillelah." In point of fact, however, the note of controversy is almost entirely absent from these pages. The longer part of the book is "a commentary, devotional in the best sense of the word." The reader will find here "a renewal of the simple charm which has won so many enthusiastic admirers for the writer's earliest work, given to the world in *Nova et Vetera* and *Hard Sayings*. This volume is "an altogether worthy continuation of previous work published with full theological censorship and ecclesiastical sanction. Father Tyrrell looks forward rather than backward. He writes for the coming generation, whose minds can hardly fail to be storm-tossed by the daring theological discussions that now surround us on every side, rather than for the faithful of earlier days reposing securely in Peter's bark during a time of favoring breezes and unruffled waters.

But of his zeal for what is highest and what is truest we have no doubt."

Church Quarterly Review (April): An article on training for Holy Orders declares that "as a church the Anglican Communion is singularly indifferent how its ministry is prepared for the important work it has to discharge."

—A reviewer gives a very interesting summary of Holman Hunt's volumes on the history of Pre-Raphaelitism.—A sketch of Cardinal Cusa says that his claim to greatness rests on his position as a Reformer, and a practical Reformer, inside the Church—devotedly attached to her doctrines and her ceremonies, and yet fully alive to her weaknesses and anxious to remedy them.

The National Review (May): The Episodes of the Month contains, among other items, a lengthy, thorough, and valuable explanation of the Birreligious Education Bill.—Captain A. T. Mahan offers "Some Reflections upon the Far Eastern War."—In "The Ethics of the Trade Disputes Bill," J. Ramsay Macdonald defends the ethics of the clause of the Bill whereby the funds of Trade Unions will be immune from damages caused by acts of agents of the Unions during times of trade disputes.—Rowland Blennerhassett writes on "The Genesis of Italian Unity," tracing it from the time of Napoleon, and concluding that Italy's salvation is an *entente* with England, France, and Russia.—Reginald Lucas, in "The Value of a Public School Education," discusses what courses ought to be taught, and protests against the old classical training.—Eveline Godley contributes "A Century of Children's Books.—In "The Advent of the Flying Machine," F. B. Baden-Powell writes: "Let our law-givers ponder over the laws of trespass, and the safeguarding of the public from this awful curse, which threatens to cloud our skies with flights of human locusts!"—"Russia on the Rubicon's Banks," by Special Correspondent, and "The Compulsion of Empire," are interesting and timely.

La Quinzaine (16 April): A paterfamilias, M. Crétinon, severely and extensively criticizes the plan of universal education proposed by Professor Duprat. The writer of *De*

l'Attitude du prêtre Catholique en France devant le temps présent, discusses the present situation, and counsels a policy of courageous independence, blended with respect for the authority of the State.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 May): M. Turmel, continuing his discussion of Bossuet's opinions, treats of his theological views concerning tradition, the Immaculate Conception, the pains of the future life, the satisfaction of Christ, and the Gallican claims.—M. J. Bois furnishes a study on the present conditions of the Russian Church, and the prospect of a revival in it of Roman Catholicism.—In the *Tribune Libre*, M. Bœglin suggests that if Rome would publish to the Catholic world an account of the manner in which Peter's pence are expended, it would prove an efficacious means of swelling the contributions.

(15 May): M. Vacandard concludes his fine dissertation on the coercive power of the Church and the Inquisition.—M. Gayraud points out some serious difficulties that will arise from the law of the eleventh of December, in case that associations of worship (*associations cultuelles*) are not established, in compliance with its provisions, before December 12, 1906.—The historian of the Commandments of the Church traces the establishment of the feasts of obligation.

Le Correspondant (10 April): The recent *Ukase* of the Czar of Russia renders an article of H. Korwin Milewski, "The Future Parliament of Russia," very interesting reading. The two divisions of the parliament, the *Duma* and the *Council of the Empire*, are described as well as their mode of election. For many reasons, particularly its extreme complication, the diversity of the principles upon which it is founded, the author predicts for the *Duma* a mere ephemeral existence. Russia at the present time, he concludes, is taking much the same risk as a young girl who would marry a man of whom she knows nothing at all; such a risk, however, time has rendered necessary.—"The Science of the Propaganda" is a pen picture of the central office of the German Catholic Propaganda at Munchen-Gladbach, whence issues the influence which nourishes the faith, animates the zeal, and directs the votes of 480,000 Germans. The amount

of work that is done is phenomenal; two papers—one dealing with Christian apologetics and the other with social questions—are published. Besides these a large number of pamphlets, explanatory of the Church's doctrines and containing articles on science and economics, are printed. The man in charge of this vast enterprise is M. l'Abbé Pieper.

(25 April): An anonymous contribution, "The Political Anarchy and the Religious Restoration," is an arraignment of the government of France. It was written on the eve of the late general elections, with the end in view of defeating the party in power. The writer states that the last legislature of France did more than any other thing during the past thirty years to sow germs of anarchy, political and administrative, financial and civil. Owing to the deeds of the same body, the prestige of the two great forces of the nation, the army and navy, has been lowered; and the country's finances have been compromised by investments in improvised projects.

Études (5 April): With the view to throwing a little light on the religious problems of the day, Lucien Roure opens a series of articles, the first of which is entitled "The Religious Feeling." He attempts to show that this feeling is based on something real, on God, on the relations existing between him and his creatures.—J. Reimsbach contributes a rather scientific account of the miracle of St. Januarius. He enters into the details of the phenomenon—the different times at which it occurs, the variations in temperature, in the volume and weight, and lastly the reality of the blood—and his conclusion is that it is a real miracle.—Fr. Tyrrell, in a short note, "protests against the personal attacks made on him in an article which appeared on the fifth of March in the *Études*." He "formally denies the various insinuations of the writer," notably what was said regarding his "reprobation" by the Society and the Imprimatur "mistakenly" bestowed on one of his books. Documents which he is ready to place before the reader would show that justice—to say nothing of delicacy—would forbid such treatment as has been dealt out by the *Études*. If he hesitates to publish these, it is solely out of considera-

tion for the English Jesuits, who have always shown—before his departure and after it, too—the greatest kindness, and have not watched for the day of his exit from the Society to commence writing against him.—In reply the Editor denies that he has in any sense awaited the exit of Father Tyrrell in order to write against him. Moreover, though it is difficult to comment upon a man's teaching without seeming to include his personality, many evidences have been given that the criticism in question was as discreet and reserved as possible. Nor is there any intention of embittering or prolonging the present painful quarrel.

(20 April): V. Loiselet makes a brief study of the eight-hour-day question. After giving a short history of the agitations in favor of an eight-hour day, he cites reasons, economical and physical, for and against its adoption.—Antoine Malvy indicates the points of progress in the Russian Church reform movement.—While waiting for practical instructions, promised by the Pope, with regard to the state of religion in France, Paul Aucler makes a few remarks on associations of worship among Catholics. His remarks seem in favor of them.

Revue Biblique (April): P. Lagrange, reviewing Fr. Pesch's new volume on *Inspiration*, pays tribute to the moderation and good sense of the author, and says that these qualities shine out in distinguished contrast to the bitter attacks on critical studies which other Jesuits, like Billot, Schiffini, and Fouck, have seen fit to make. Referring to the late work of Padre Schiffini against higher criticism, which procured for the author a letter of high commendation from Pius X., Father Lagrange declares that the book is beneath contempt. Schiffini says, in the course of his volume, that Fr. Lagrange is a rationalist and a falsifier. Fr. Lagrange indignantly replies that insults of this sort are not such as a pen can answer. A long quotation is given of a letter sent out secretly over a year ago by the General of the Jesuits to his provincials, in which the newer critical studies of Scripture among Catholics are violently censured, and the provincials are commanded to be vigilant in excluding this detestable higher criticism from the Society.

Studi Religiosi (March–April): P. Minoschi defends modern critical studies from the charge that they are merely the sinful offspring of rationalism. He shows that to-day Catholic apologetics must desert some of its old methods, if it is to speak intelligibly to modern men. In particular Catholics must put forth entirely new efforts in the three-fold field of comparative religion, the history of Israel, and Christian origins, particularly New Testament criticism. Let us not be surprised if comparative religion teaches us that Christianity has taken unto itself certain forms which were originally pagan; or if Old Testament history reveals many imperfections in Israel's early religion. The article ends with a warning not to make any system of human philosophy essential to Christian Faith.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 April): In a previous issue Senatore Gabba drew attention to the moral significance of the movement known as Zionism, and to the dangers which would follow its propaganda in Italy. Replies were made for the purpose of showing that said movement was merely philanthropic in character; but in the present number of the *Rassegna Nazionale*, the Senatore writes again to prove that this is not the case.—The condemned propositions of Rosmini are submitted to examination, and the contention made that the teaching in question was largely misunderstood by its opponents.—Padre de Feis suggests possible ways of reconciling the apparent discrepancies concerning the death of Judas as related by *St. Matthew* and by *The Acts*.

(16 April): S. Monti writes in favor of female suffrage as a necessary consequence of the premises on which modern conceptions of liberty and democracy are founded.—Sabinadi Parravicino di Revel sketches the Introduction with which Cardinal Rampolla has presented the *Life of Santa Melania the Younger*.—E. S. Kingswan signalizes the appreciation of *Il Santo* given by Mrs. Crawford in the April *Fortnightly Review* as the most accurate and just of the criticisms thus far published, and cites the judgment that “after the heat of controversy has cooled, the book will take its place in

Italian literature as a work of great literary merit and of high moral conception."

La Civiltà Cattolica (21 April): An article concerning the anti-clericalism, which is now spreading so alarmingly in Europe, maintains that this evil is of French origin, and can never find a congenial home on Italian soil.—An interesting *résumé* is given of the opinions held by the sixteenth century missionaries to Japan regarding the characteristics of that remarkable people. Those opinions are highly favorable. One missionary compares the Japanese to the old Romans, and says they are fearless in war and devoted to duty as life's highest ideal. Another declares that Europeans are barbarians compared with the Japanese.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (14 March): "The Apostle of India and Japan," an article commemorating the fourth centennial of St. Francis Xavier, by Joseph Dahlman, S.J.—Joh. Sörensen, S.J., concludes his reflections on Nietzsche's *Zarathoustra*.—Chr. Pesch contributes his third and final article on "Inspiration of the Bible." In this number he gives his opinion of the position to be taken in the new critical tendency in exegesis. His conclusion is that there is no need for worry as to the final outcome of the struggle. Truth will in the end conquer. Every new battle means for it a new victory. Scientists, and those who speak in the name of science, must furnish evidence of the truth of their assertions. As Catholics we must be confident that the Church will do her duty in the Biblical question, and also willingly submit in case that a definite pronouncement is made. Till then, let us be calm and reasonable.—"Germany's Splendor in the Darkest Century" is complete in this number.—A. Baumgartner gives Fogazzaro's religious and literary position in *Il Santo*.

(23 April): "Social-democratic Morality," by V. Cathrein, S.J.—O. Pfülf reviews Bishop von Kettelers' *Reformgedanken*.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

HOME study, it may safely be said, has been the basis of great careers in this country, and in other lands as well. Journalism, statecraft, the pulpit, bar, and other avenues of distinction have counted their luminaries from among those ambitious, persistent souls who, brooking no obstacles, courting self-denial, "while others slept were toiling upward in the night." Merely to mention the names of those self-made men of our country whose start toward distinction began with home study, with which the Reading Circle has a close affinity, would make a surprising list.

Within the past hundred years men whose names will long continue to be household words—in the quiet seclusion of a backwoods Western farm or amid bleak New England hills, it may be—were all unconsciously, but none the less certainly, mentally equipping themselves with resources that in later years were destined to make for fame.

Horace Greely—in his boyhood home in Vermont—consumed with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, read and re-read the Bible, the family almanac, and such scarce literature as the time provided. Greely's reading and studying the driest, most prosaic books—knowing little of the great reserve force thus being stored up, later to make him not only great as an editor but as a statesman—pursuing intently night after night by the flickering glare of logs on an old-fashioned fireplace—is an instance in itself strong enough to attest the value of home study. Dr. Orestes A. Brownson had a similar experience as a boy on a Vermont farm.

Almost simultaneous with the home study of the New England boy, in a log cabin in the West, far from neighbors and almost beyond the limits of civilization, we find Lincoln, the rail-splitter, voraciously digesting such literature as might come his way, and greedily devouring such seductive pearls of thought as the few Government reports occasionally distributed with a none too lavish hand by the statesmen of the then new West.

Home study has aided practically every career worthy of the name, and it is doubtful if, among all the avenues of education and advancement that have been developed in the last half century, any more notable progress has been made than along the lines of this particular subject. Widely known national institutions of an educational character now recognize the value springing from their printed courses of home study. Coming down to more recent years, home study has received an added impetus from the great number of institutions making a specialty of instruction by mail—institutions which number their graduates by thousands, and which long ago gave proof of the efficiency of this mode of imparting knowledge. Indeed, it might well be said that instruction along practically every line of modern thought may be successfully pursued to-day through the admirable mail order courses of instruction offered by some of these most substantial institutions of learning in this country.

It is not too much to say that some of the most successful young men of

affairs to-day identified with commerce, mercantile and leading intellectual pursuits in our large cities took their first step on the road to success through that once decried avenue, the home-study course. To-day the usefulness and wisdom of this help to thousands, who otherwise would be unknown and obscure, stand vindicated the world over—indeed, it is well known that many institutions of this country are to-day having their courses of instruction printed in different foreign languages, and weekly these are mailed to ambitious students in all quarters of the globe.

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One of the most remarkable movements in the culture history of the last quarter of a century is the intellectual awakening of the Celts, and the keen interest that is taken in their history, literature, art, antiquities, folklore, and music. The keynote of this movement, which is known as the Celtic Revival, is the rehabilitation of the native languages, Irish, Scotch-Gaelic, Welsh or Breton, as the case may be, and, in an investigation of any of the numberless phases which the study may take, a knowledge of the language is the indispensable factor.

Celtic philology, or, in other words, the study of the language and literature of the Celts, is now a feature in the curricula of some of the leading universities of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, England, France, Germany, and America. The numerous reviews devoted solely to it, published regularly in English, French, and German, and books and essays on Celtic topics in these languages, as well as in Danish and Italian, not to speak of the vernacular, are evidence of the deep attention and wide range of devotees to the subject. Celtic philology is a comparatively new field, not the smallest part of which has been exhausted; in fact, it remains almost untouched. It thus promises far more abundant returns than, let us say, classical, or romance, or Germanic philology, which, from the first, have never lacked numerous bands of workers.

The student with a linguistic, historical, and literary bent will find no more fertile field to which to devote his energy and talents than this. The subject has great need of more students and investigators, and there are particular reasons why more and more American students, especially those of Celtic descent, should give the study more specialized attention. There is no doubt of the attraction that Celtic literature and Celtic antiquities have for university men. This was clearly seen from the enthusiasm aroused by the lectures of Dr. Douglas Hyde and the Irish poet, William B. Yeats, before the leading American universities. It is with the greatest pleasure that the Gaelic students are able to quote the President of the United States in connection with the subject. Mr. Roosevelt is a connoisseur of the older Irish literature, and in a recent speech he made this plea for the study of Celtic literature: "I hope that an earnest effort will be made to endow chairs in American universities for the study of Celtic literature, and for research in Celtic antiquities. It is only of recent years that the extraordinary wealth and beauty of the old Celtic sages have been fully appreciated, and we of America, who have so large a share of Celtic strain in our blood, cannot afford to be behindhand in the work of adding to modern scholarship by bringing within its ken the great Celtic literature of the past."

In order, then, to open up this subject to a wider circle of collegians, the courses in Celtic at the Catholic University have been modified accordingly. The scope of the department is thus set forth in the Year Book for 1905-6:

The student whose main interest is in Celtic will find no lack of subjects which would well reward investigation.

The subjects and texts chosen will vary in different years, so as to represent different phases of Celtic philology, and will include the simple treatment of topics relating to the antiquities, history, and religion of the Celts.

I. General View of the Irish Languages and Literatures.—The grammar in outline. The course will be devoted largely to the reading and interpretation of typical selections from the remnants of Early-Irish, the mediæval sagas, and modern compositions. The main purpose will be to afford an opportunity to those desiring simply to acquire a general knowledge of the languages and literature of Ireland, but who will not be able to make Celtic a subject for special study. This is a two hours' weekly course throughout the year.

The following courses treat their subjects more in detail:

II. Old Irish.—Introduction to Celtic Philology; Old Irish Grammar; study of the Glosses and earliest literary monuments.

III. Middle Irish.—Interpretation of Middle Irish texts.

IV. Modern Irish.—Explanation of some Modern Irish prose and verse.

V. In the Bretonic branch, a choice of Welsh or Breton is offered, to consist of a brief exposition of the grammar of the language, and the reading, if Welsh, of some easy prose, thence going back to the Mabinogion and other Welsh tales from the Red Book of Hergerst; of Breton, of some easy stories in the Leonard dialect, and thence proceeding to some older pieces in M. Loth's *Chrestomathie Bretonne*.

In the courses of study leading to the Bachelor of Arts degree is the Celtic Course, in which, as in the other culture courses, instruction is offered in English. Comparative Philology, Latin or Greek, Philosophy, German, French, History, Economics, Physics or Chemistry or Biology, and Religious Instruction, but in which the principal subject is Celtic, just as in the other language groups the special subject is Latin or Greek, or English, or Semitic.

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THE YOUNG CATHOLIC—which is now published as THE LEADER by the Columbus Press—was started by the late Father Hecker, in the year 1870. As a boy the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., was an eager reader of this first publication for Catholic children in the United States. At that time there were no Catholic boys in fiction, that is, no boys of one's own species in the books which boys read as idealized pictures of their own lives. There were plenty of good little boys who were always undergoing persecution for the sake of their religion, and of smart boys who always had the best of an argument with the minister, but there were no pictures of the real American Catholic boy. In the great crowd of story-writers there was none to give a picture of the life of the American Catholic boy. Suddenly, while many were bewailing the fate of children without books specially their own, Father Finn came. He has never told us whether he thought he had a mission to

boys or not. But the boys liked him and his books better than any books they had read, because he understood them, and because when he wrote he became a boy again.

It is the kindness, the cheerfulness, the earnest sympathy, and the idealism of Father Finn that makes boys love him. By idealism we mean his power of illuminating the boy so that he sees himself as he would like to be; and his power, too, of showing the boys' teacher as he ought to be.

Father Finn takes the boy as he is; he has no illusions about him—but he strives to make him better by showing that boys may be honorable and spiritual-minded without losing all the qualities which the growing man esteems and loves in his heroes. And what the boy loves in his heroes he strives to imitate.

Father Finn was born at St. Louis on October 4, 1859. He entered the Society of Jesus on March 4, 1879, and was ordained priest in 1893. He was Professor in St. Louis University and in St. Mary's College, Kansas, and Professor of English Literature in Marquette College, Milwaukee.

Father Finn's published books are: *Percy Wynn*, *Tom Playfair*, *Harry Dee*, *Claude Lightfoot*, *Mostly Boys*, *Faces Old and New*, *Ada Merton*, *Ethelred Preston*.

Mrs. Francis C. Tiernan, whose books are published over the name of "Christian Reid," was born at Salisbury, North Carolina, where her people have lived from the first settlement of the country. Her father, Colonel Charles F. Fisher, was killed on July 21, 1861, in the battle of Manassas, while in command of his regiment of North Carolina State Troops.

This event, followed as it was by the loss of the Southern cause and consequent loss of fortune to all of those who had been among the leading people of the South, made a great change in the prospects and future life of his daughter. Soon after the end of the war, while still very young, she began writing, a pursuit to which from her earliest childhood she had been greatly inclined, having indeed composed stories and dictated them to a kind elder before she learned to form letters. A year or two of preliminary work was followed by the publication and immediate success of *Valerie Aylmer*, after which for several years she devoted herself closely to literature, living most of her time in the old home of her family at Salisbury.

To a mind clear as hers, to a soul loving beauty, to a heart always brave, religious truth could not remain unknown. In early womanhood she recognized, admired, and fervently embraced the Catholic faith.

In 1879-80 she spent some time in Europe, chiefly in Paris and Rome, and after her return to America wrote *Heart of Steel* and *Armine*, first published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which, together with *Morton House*, *A Question of Honor*, and *A Daughter of Bohemia*, may be mentioned as her best works.

In 1887 she was married to Mr. James M. Tiernan, and has since resided chiefly in Mexico, where her husband has large mining interests. Out of Mrs. Tiernan's stay in Mexico has come *The Land of the Sun*, *Picture of Las Cruces*, and *Carmela*. Her principal Catholic stories are *Armine*, *A Child of Mary*, *Philip's Restitution*, *Carmela*, *A Little Maid of Arcady*, and *A Woman of Fortune*.

Mrs. Tiernan's other books are: *A Cast for Fortune*, *Mabel Lee*, *Ebb-Tide*, *Nina's Atonement*, *Carmen's Inheritance*, *A Gentle Belle*, *Hearts and Hands*, *The Land of the Sky*, *After Many Days*, *Bonny Kate*, *A Summer Idyl*, *Roslyn's Fortune*, *Miss Churchill*.

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Ella Loraine Dorsey is the youngest child of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey. She began her literary career, when she was about sixteen, as special correspondent on the *Chronicle* and *Critic*, two Washington papers. Later she wrote specials regularly for the Chicago *Tribune*, and now and then for the Boston *Journal*, Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.

In April, 1886, *Harper's Magazine* published "Back from the Frozen Pole," and THE CATHOLIC WORLD published "The Czar's Horses," which last was attributed to Archibald Forbes, and went around the English colonies as far as New Zealand. The same year Father Hudson published *Midshipman Bob*, which was so kindly received that it was re-printed and had a large sale in England and Ireland, and was translated into Italian. From that time she devoted herself to our Catholic boys through the *Ave Maria*, trying to do for them what her mother did nobly for the grown-ups; and between 1886 and 1890 published: *Jet, the War Mule*, *The Two Tramps*, *Copfinger's Inheritance*, *The Jose Maria*, *Saxty's Angel*, *Speculum Justitiæ*, *The Wharf Rat's Christmas*, *The Brahman's Christmas*, *The Salem Witch*, and *Tiny Tim*. Before that, however, several of her sketches had been published: *The Solitary Soul*, *The Son of the Widow of Naim*, *The Fool of the Wood*, *Bolger*, *Ole Miss*.

In 1890 a prolonged sickness put a stop to her work, and since that time she has written a story in *Outing*, "Ivan of the Mask," some "specials" in the *Washington Post* and *Ave Maria*, and "Smallwood's Immortals," a historical sketch of the young paladins of the Maryland Line, who died at Long Island in 1776, that the army—the defeated, panic-stricken, routed, almost destroyed army—might live.

Her mother's illness two years ago further checked Miss Dorsey's work, and a new book on which she is now engaged will mark the recommencement of her regular work.

Miss Dorsey is a Daughter of the American Revolution, a Colonial Dame, a member of the Literary Society of Washington, the Geographical Society, the Georgetown Convent Alumnae Association, and has been most active in her efforts for the new Trinity College for Catholic women, at Washington, D. C.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York :

Lucy of the Stars. By Frederick Palmer. Pp. ix.-344. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York :

A Living Wage; Its Ethical and Economic Aspects. By John A. Ryan, S.T.L. Pp. xv.-346. Price \$1.50 net. *In Quest of Light.* By Goldwin Smith. Pp. viii.-177. Price \$1 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York :

Out of Due Time. A Novel. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Price \$1.50. *Letters from the Beloved City.* By Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. Cheaper reissue. Price 50 cents net. *Some Dogmas of Religion.* By J. M. E. McTaggart. Price \$3.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York :

The Vest-Pocket Standard Dictionary. Edited by James C. Fernald. Price, cloth, 25 cents; leather, 50 cents.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York :

The Throne of the Fisherman: The Root, the Bond, and the Crown of Christendom. By Thomas W. Allies. New Edition. Price \$1.35. *The Apocalypse; The Antichrist and the End.* By J. J. Elgar. Price \$1.60 net. *The Ordinary of the Mass, Historically, Liturgically, and Exegetically Explained.* By Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. Price \$1.50.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York :

Patron Saints for Girls. Pp. 248. Price 50 cents. *Patron Saints for Boys.* Pp. 247. Price 50 cents. *An Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.* Prescribed by his Holiness, Pope Pius X. Price, retail, 10 cents.

B. HERDER, St. Louis :

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. *The Popes during the Carolingian Empire.* Vol. II. Price \$3. *A Book of the Love of Jesus Christ: A Collection of Ancient English Devotions in Prose and Verse.* Compiled by Hugh Benson, M.A., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. Price 75 cents.

THE STATE COMMISSION OF PRISONS, New York :

Eleventh Annual Report of the State Commission of Prisons for the year 1906.

JOSEPH McDONOUGH, Albany, N. Y. :

Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage—1684-7. Pp. 258. Price \$5 net.

THE ANGELUS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Detroit, Mich. :

Paul's Offering and Gates Ajar. Stories by Joseph F. Wynne. Price, including postage, 75 cents.

CAREY & CO., London :

Plain Chant Masses. Arranged for Unison or Four Part Singing. By R. R. Terry. Price 6d.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris, France :

La Loi d'Amour; II. Misericorde. Par L. A. Gaffre. *Les Saints. Le Bienheureux Fra Giovanni Angelico de Fiesole.* Par Henri Cochin. Price 2 fr. *Saint Theodore.* Par L'Abbé Martin. Price 2 fr. *La Bienheureux Varani.* 20ème Ed. Price 2 fr.

LIBRAIRIE HACHETTE ET CIE, Paris, France :

Joseph de Maistre et la Papauté. Pp. 359.

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A STUDY IN EARLY CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.

BY PATRICK J. HEALY, D.D.

THERE is probably no field of theological study which has been so little cultivated, and certainly none which is likely to yield such abundant fruit in the near future, as that of historical apologetics. The reason for this neglect in the past is not far to seek. Apart from the fact that systematic theology is the expression of Christian faith under the stress of heresy, rather than an independent organic growth, the attention of Christian thinkers and writers has hitherto been so much directed to purely speculative matters, or so much occupied with polemics, that there was no opportunity for the elaboration of a system of defence by which the right of Christianity to be regarded as a divinely revealed religion could be clearly established by its history. The need for such a system of defence has long been apparent, and is every day becoming more urgent. Döllinger's famous *Heidenthum und Judenthum* was an attempt to satisfy this need, and multitudes of works of the same character have since dealt with the subject, but very largely along the lines laid down by Döllinger. In more recent years, however, the strictest methods of the evolutionist have taken possession of the science of history, and Christianity, like all complex organisms, is now being scrutinized and dissected

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VOL. LXXXIII.—28

with the purpose of finding out how much it has been moulded and modified and colored by its environment, how much of its present form and constituents it owes to the surroundings through which it has passed.

The solution of the problems presented by this line of research involves labor which will require the imagination of the poet, the skill of the scientist, and the clear vision of the seer. The world of two thousand years ago, that *milieu* into which Christianity was first projected, must be reconstructed in all its main outlines and its principal details. A picture must be presented of Graeco-Roman society which will show at once the achievements and failures of that society, its hopes, tendencies, and promises. This picture, neither darkened by theological prejudice, nor lightened by a false æstheticism, will enable us to realize what Christ's mission and message meant for humanity. Such a picture, embracing the political, social, intellectual, moral, and civil relations in the world of the ancients, has never yet been painted; the details of it, however, are gradually assuming shape. It is now possible to enter into the social and family life of the early Roman Empire, and to judge of that hybrid civilization produced by centuries of Roman conquest, and centuries of Greek culture; but until all the elements that composed the pagan civilization are blended and grouped into one whole, it will not be possible to judge what Christianity has actually accomplished. The majestic music to which Gibbon's Rome marched to its Decline and Fall impresses without fully satisfying. The English historian made the pages of Tillemont live, but his prejudices blinded him to that phase of the subject where he might have seen another and a fresher life rising on the wreck of the old.

A more appropriate period for a study of the conditions antecedent to the revolution wrought by Christianity in human affairs could not be chosen than that selected by Professor Dill in his work *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*,* "a period which opened with the self-destruction of lawless and intoxicated power, and closed with the realization of Plato's dream of a reign of philosophers." All the elements necessary

* *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*. By Samuel Dill, M.A., Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast. Author of *Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire*. New York: The Macmillan Company.

for a study of the social condition of humanity, under pagan auspices and under the guidance of philosophy, are found in this period. It was a time that revealed the apotheosis of material civilization, and afforded an unexcelled opportunity to test human theories of life and destiny apart from the influence and restraint of a revealed religion. There was the most unrestricted and widest opportunity to study the problems of life, and the fairest opportunity ever offered to put theories to the test of practice. Dr. Dill does not attempt to deal with the entire range of human relations in the epoch which he discusses. He is careful to insist that the scope of the work is limited, that attention is concentrated on the inner moral life of the time rather than on its external history and the machinery of government. The work is a magnificent piece of historical synthesis. It is drawn from many sources, and presents a comprehensive view of the intellectual, social, moral, and religious conditions of an important epoch. Whether the author's opinions will receive universal acceptance may be doubted. He, of course, had his prepossessions, and the choice of his facts and his method of presentation were necessarily affected thereby; not that he is in any way guilty of misrepresentation or special pleading, but he depicts pagan society in a light somewhat more favorable than is usually found, and if his conclusions are accepted as premises, it is difficult to understand the logic which would have produced the state of affairs described by Seeck.

Professor Dill confines himself to three phases of life in the period which he discusses. His work is divided into four books, of which the first two deal with the social life; the others with philosophy and religion. Many phases of these subjects are discussed in fifteen long chapters, or rather special treatises, entitled: I. The Aristocracy Under the Terror; II. The World of the Satirist. III. The Society of the Freedmen. IV. The Circle of the Younger Pliny; V. Municipal Life; VI. The Colleges and Plebeian Life; VII. The Philosophic Director; VIII. The Philosophic Missionary; IX. The Philosophic Theologian; X. Superstition; XI. Belief in Immortality; XII. The Old Roman Religion; XIII. Magna Mater; XIV. Isis and Serapis; XV. The Religion of Mithra.

In discussing this wide range of topics the author, in nearly every case, analyzes his sources in such a manner that we are

enabled to go beyond the written document or even the chance inscription, and see the situation as it might have appeared to the original writer if divested of his prejudices or passion. Thus in the first chapter, which the author studies principally from the works of Seneca and Tacitus, what can be more effective than the following in giving an idea of the state of affairs during the Julio Claudian Terror?

The power of Seneca as a moral teacher has, with some reservations, been recognized by all the ages since his time. But equal recognition has hardly been given to the lurid light which he throws, in random flashes, on the moral conditions of his class under the tyranny of Caligula and Nero. This may be due, perhaps, to a distrust of his artificial declamation, and that falsetto note which he too often strikes even in his most serious moments. Yet he must be an unsympathetic reader who does not perceive that, behind the moral teaching of Seneca, there lies an awful experience, a life-long torture, which turns all the fair-seeming blessings of life, state, luxury, and lofty rank, into dust and ashes. There is a haunting shadow over Seneca which never draws away, which sometimes deepens into a horror of darkness. In whatever else Seneca may have been insincere, his veiled references to the terrors of the imperial despotism come from the heart.

In reading Seneca's writings, especially those of his last years, you are conscious of a horror which hardly ever takes definite shape, a thick, stifling air, as it were charged with lightning. Again and again you feel a dim terror closing in silently and stealthily, with sudden glimpses of unutterable torture, of cord and rack and flaming tunic. You seem to see the sage tossing on his couch of purple under richly pannelled ceilings of gold, starting at every sound in the wainscot, as he awaits the messenger of death. It is not so much that Seneca fears death itself, although we may suspect that his nerves gave the lie to his principles. He often hails death as welcome at any age, as the deliverer who strikes off the chain and opens the prison door, the one harbor on a tempestuous and treacherous sea. He is grateful for having always open this escape from life's long torture, and boldly claims the right to anticipate the executioner.

These words of a moralist rather than a politician, and similar testimony from Tacitus, show that life under the early

Roman Empire was fatal to character, both in prince and subject, and produced that luxury, debasement, and supineness of the people revealed in the pages of the satirists. The world depicted by Juvenal and Martial did not differ materially from that described by Tacitus and Seneca and Suetonius. "Juvenal knew the shameful secrets of Roman life almost as well as his friend Martial, through whose verses we know the society of Domitian as we know hardly any other period of ancient history." After every due care has been taken not to exalt the individual of the satirists into a type, and after full allowance has been made for their bitterness against the existing order, it must be said Juvenal and Martial lay bare and paint with a realistic power, hardly equalled by Tacitus, an actual state of universal vice and luxury which had "degraded great houses and flooded the city with an alien crew of astrologers and grammarians, parasites and pimps." Together with this, they reveal a great social change brought about by the decay in the morals and wealth of the senatorial order and the growing power and opulence of the freedman and the petty trader. These and the invasion of Greek and Oriental influences and the perilous or hopeful emancipation, especially of women, are the great facts in the social history of the first century which stand out clearly on every page of the satirists.

One of the great silent movements, which the historian who is occupied with war and politics and the fate of princes is apt to lose sight of, was the social change in the early Empire wrought by the rise of the freedmen to wealth and consequence, throughout the provinces as well as in Italy, and the immense popularity they attained by profuse benefactions to colleges and municipalities. The *Tremalchis* of Petronius, whose estates were so vast that he had not seen some of them, is undoubtedly the representative of a great class, whose rise to power was made inevitable by the Roman system of slavery. "The Senator was forbidden both by law and sentiment to increase his fortune by commerce, and the plebeian, saturated with Roman prejudice, looking for support to the granaries of the state, or the dole of the wealthy patron, turned with disdain from the occupations which are in our days thought innocent, if not honorable."

It is a great relief to turn from the picture of base and vulgar luxury in the satirists, and in the novel of Petronius,

to the sobriety and refinement of a class which has been immortalized by the younger Pliny. Society in every age presents the most startling moral contrasts, and no single comprehensive description of the moral condition can ever be true. While there were stupendous corruption and abnormal depravity under princes like Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, the gentle and charitable aristocrat, Pliny, opens before us a society in which people were charmingly refined, and in whose homes boys and girls were reared in a refined and severe simplicity, which even improved upon the tradition of the golden age of Rome. The lavish generosity of Pliny is a commonplace of social history. Having little love for games and gladiatorial shows, which were the most popular object of liberality in those days, he gave an enormous sum for the establishment of a library in Como, his native town, with an annual endowment to maintain it. In order that the youths of Como might not be compelled to resort to Milan for their higher education, he offered to contribute one-third of the expense of a high school at Como if the parents would raise the remainder. He contributed generously for the support of boys and girls of the poorer classes, and left large sums for public baths and for communal feasts. And Pliny was only a shining example of a numerous class of public-spirited men, whose wealth was expended on works of civic utility, baths, theatres, markets, or new roads and aqueducts, or those public banquets which knitted all ranks together.

One of the remarkable things about Roman literature in general is its silence as to the social life outside the capital. Yet in any attempt to estimate the moral condition of the masses, the influence of municipal life ought to occupy a large place. In the chapter on Municipal Life Professor Dill is at his best. Here he shows how it is possible, even without written sources, to reconstruct from the monuments and inscriptions a complete picture of that brilliant civic life, which not only covered the worlds both of East and West with material monuments of Roman energy, but profoundly influenced for good, or sometimes for evil, the public character. Without attempting to trace the growth of provincial towns and cities through all their various grades, and their evolution in the hands of Roman statesmen from the time of Augustus, the author shows us the magical transformation wrought in a cen-

tury and a half, a transformation which covered once desert regions with flourishing and populous cities, filled with porticoes, temples, studios, and schools. The number and wealth of these free municipalities, now known only through the wrecks which occasionally meet the eye of the traveler, almost pass belief. Yet in each of these centres of population, modelled after the great city of Rome and under a central despotism, there was a range of liberty and political tolerance which make it doubtful whether a citizen of Lyons or Marseilles or Antioch or Alexandria was ever conscious of any limitation by imperial authority upon his freedom. In the realm of government and administration the Roman has never had an equal, and the best and most enduring monument of his genius in this regard was the great Pax Romana which reigned over the civilized world for more than two centuries, and which brought security of life and property to every one within Roman dominions. No chapter in this work will better repay perusal than that on Municipal Life.

Another of the striking social phenomena of the early Empire, which the study of the inscriptions has brought to light, was the development of the free proletariat, and the organization of colleges and sodalities for mutual succor, "for protection against oppression, for mutual sympathy and support, for relief from the deadly dullness of an obscure and sordid life." In spite of legislation and imperial distrust, and in the face of continued opposition, these *collegia* and *sodalitia* multiplied until, in the majority of cases, they lost all semblance of their original character as religious organizations, and became purely secular in tone and purpose. Roughly speaking, these colleges of the Romans are represented in modern times by trades unions, fraternal insurance societies, and clubs for social and business purposes. "The colleges in which the artisans and traders of the Antonine age grouped themselves, represent every conceivable branch of industry or special skill or social service, from the men who laid the fine sand in the arena, to the rich wine merchants of Lyons or Ostia." It seems strange that in discussing this question of colleges and sodalities, the author makes no mention of Waltzing's work *Les Associations Professionnelles chez les Romains*, which is more modern and certainly quite as reliable as Mommsen's *Collegia et Sodalitia Romanorum*.

The chapters on the social life of the Romans under the early Empire are a fitting and necessary prelude to those which describe the intellectual and religious conditions in the same period. Under the stress of an administrative activity, which aimed, above all, at unifying and welding so many diverse nationalities and peoples into one compact whole, both philosophy and religion received a new content and an entirely different meaning. "Philosophy in the time of Seneca was a very different thing from the great cosmic systems of Ionia and Magna Graecia, or even from the system of the older Stoicism. Speculative interest had long before his time given way to the study of moral problems with a definite, practical aim." This abandonment of abstract speculation for the more practical questions of morals, the inauguration of a period of eclecticism, and even of scepticism, was very largely the result of the extinction of the free civic life of Greece and the establishment of the world-wide Empire of Rome. "In the old city state religion, morals and political duty were linked in a gracious unity and harmony. The citizen drew moral support and inspiration from ancestral laws and institutions clothed with almost divine authority. But when the corporate life which supplied such vivid interests and moral support was wrecked, the individual was thrown back upon himself. Morals were finally separated from politics. Henceforth the great problem of philosophy was how to make character self-sufficing and independent; how to find the beatitude of man in the autonomous will, fenced against all assaults of chance and change." How this serious aim of philosophy, which had become the guide of life and conduct, commended itself to the practical spirit of the Romans is shown from a minute analysis of the ethical writings of Seneca, in which the true function of philosophy, as purely ethical, reforming, guiding, and sustaining character and conduct, finds its most emphatic expression. More than Epictetus or Musonius, for both of these had the same philosophic outlook, Seneca deserves the title of Philosophic Director. His career, and his position as confidential adviser to the upper classes in Rome, fitted him in an especial manner for the office of spiritual guide. His power in this regard provoked the *Seneca Saepè Noster*, of Tertullian, and led St. Jerome and St. Augustine to believe that his spiritual insight was derived from intercourse with St. Paul; a mistake

all the more explicable in view of the spurious letters of St. Paul and Seneca which were in circulation in the fourth century. The main purpose underlying the ethical system of "this pagan monk, this idealist who would have been at home with St. Jerome or Thomas à Kempis, was the production of the *Sapiens*, the man who sees in the light of Eternal Reason the true proportions of things, whose affections have been trained to obey the higher law, whose will has hardened into an unswerving conformity to it, in all the difficulties of conduct." Seneca has the mystic's contempt for knowledge for its own sake. "There is only one truly liberal study, that which aims at liberating the will from the bondage of desire."

Another phase of the philosophical activity of the age of the Antonines was that represented by such men as Lucian, Apollonius of Tyana, and Dion Chrysostom, moral teachers or preachers, whom Professor Dill aptly enough styles Philosophic Missionaries. The purposes and aims of these men, expounding the same tenets of a reformed Stoicism as Seneca, differed materially from his, inasmuch as his creed was rather an esoteric or aristocratic one, while their movement aimed at ennobling the great masses of mankind and, under the name of philosophy or culture, calling them to a higher standard of life. "The moral teaching or preaching of the Antonine age naturally adopted its tone to the tastes of its audience; there was the discourse of the lecture room and the wider and more boisterous appeal to the crowd. Both often passed under the name of philosophy, and both often disgraced that great name by an affectation and insincerity which cast discredit on a great and beneficent movement of reform. The philosophical lecturer who has a serious moral purpose is in theory distinguished from the rhetorical sophist, who trades in startling effects, who rejoices in displaying his skill on any subject, however trivial or grotesque, who will expatiate on the gnat or the parrot, or debate the propriety of a vestal's marriage. The sophist and the lecturing philosopher were theoretically distinct. But, unfortunately, a mass of evidence goes to show that in many cases the lecturing philosopher became a mere showy rhetorician." How the serious purposes of the lecturing philosopher were vitiated by the execrable systems of education which had grown up in the Roman Empire has already been sufficiently demonstrated in the chapter on education in Bigg's work, *The*

Church's Task Under the Roman Empire. But, though the moral lessons inculcated by these "mendicant monks of paganism" have a strange familiarity to ears accustomed to the teachings of the Christian Fathers, one cannot, after reading Professor Dill's chapter on the subject, escape the conclusion that the entire movement was a revolt rather than a reform. The degradation and decay resulting from the observance of a lax moral code were so evident that the satirist or the publicist unconsciously became a teacher of ethics. While Professor Dill does not say so, the weak point in the systems of Apollonius and Dion was, undoubtedly, the lack of some great fundamental principle of religion round which their ethical teachings could be grouped and from which they might derive the necessary sanction. This it was, as much as the consciousness of new religious needs, which gave rise to the third and most significant characteristic of the philosophy of the period, whose leaders are designated as Philosophic Theologians.

The chapter dealing with the Philosophic Theologian is, unquestionably, incomplete. The plan and scope of the work did not perhaps give the author an opportunity to expand it sufficiently to bring out all the details and depict sufficiently the significance of a movement whose main outlines are so well described. There is no movement in history which has more interest for the student of Christian doctrine than that which resulted in the transformation of the religious chaos of the time of Nero into the New Platonism which was taking definite form in the time of the Antonines. How far the developed Neo-Platonism of the later leaders of that school, of Porphyry and Plotinus, was due to the growing influence of Christianity in intellectual matters, certainly deserves some consideration. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that the author could have discussed all these matters, but certainly any picture of the religious conditions of the Roman world in the second century, even when examined exclusively on the pagan side, is incomplete if it fails to take into account the religious experiences of a man like St. Justin. Here was an earnest pagan who reached the Gospel by the devious paths of pagan systems of philosophy, and he represents an entire class. Then there was that widespread movement known as Gnosticism. The religious ferment exemplified in the theories of Bardesanes, of Carpocrates, or Marcion, representing so many different phases

of pagan theodicy, was quite as significant as that represented by Marcus Aurelius. Celsus, whose attack on Christianity contained in essence all the objections which have since been brought against the religion taught by Christ, was a contemporary of Marcus Aurelius, so was the cynic Crescens, with whom St. Justin held public disputations in Rome. Through such channels as these, pagan as well as heretical, the great masses still outside the Church must have been brought into touch with the spirit and purposes of Christianity, and must have derived from it truths which, though debased and distorted, could arouse in them spiritual cravings which found satisfaction in rites strangely similar in character and purpose to the ceremonies of the Christian liturgy. It would be going too far to assert that the influence of Christianity alone would be sufficient to account for the transformation wrought in the religious tone of the pagan world in the second century. There were a multitude of influences at work, there was an unending process of syncretism and selection in progress, but among the influences which resulted in the practical reorganization of all the elements of ancient life, political, moral, and philosophical, into the unity of the New Platonism, that of Christianity undoubtedly played an important part.

The last section of the book, devoted to a discussion of the condition of religion in the Graeco Roman world of the second century, will undoubtedly have the greatest interest for the Christian historian and apologist. As described by Professor Dill, the subject abounds in the most startling contrasts. Contrasts, however, which are not without their lesson, showing as they do that in periods of great religious fervor the grossest superstition is found side by side with the purest and most intense faith. One cannot rise from a reading of the chapter on superstition without a feeling of pity for the blind devotees of oracles and astrology and signs and omens, who "practised the dark rites of foreign lands and spent their substance on impostors who traded on their fears." Superstition in the epoch described by Professor Dill was no longer "the exaggeration of Roman awe at the lightning, the flight of birds, the entrails of a sacrificial victim, or anxious observance of the solemn words of ancestral formulæ, every syllable of which had to be guarded from mutilation or omission. All the lands which had fallen to her sword were adding to the

spiritual burden of Rome. If, in some cases, they enriched her rather slender spiritual heritage, they also multiplied the sources of supernatural terror. If, in the mysteries of Isis and Mithra, they exalted the soul in spiritual reverie, and gave a promise of a coming life, they sent the Roman matron to bathe in the freezing Tiber at early dawn and crawl on bleeding knees over the Campus Martius, or purchase the interpretation of a dream from some diviner of Palestine, or a horoscope from some trader in astral lore." The strange vagaries which found lodgment in the minds of the masters and rulers of the world, the inexplicable belief in the efficacy of amulets, the strange deceptions which were practised by astrologers, diviners, witches, and interpreters of dreams, would pass the bounds of credulity were they confined to one class, or if they were not vouched for by the most unimpeachable testimony. Devotees of the black arts were found in all grades of society, from the emperor to the slave, and the belief in potions, philtres, oracles, and dreams, was as potent in the circles of the learned, the philosophers, rhetoricians, and the historians, as it was among the soldiers and the unlettered hordes of the Subura.

In the chapter on Belief in Immortality, the various opinions held by the Roman people regarding the state of the departed soul are brought together from a good many sources, from the pathetic, sometimes grotesque, inscriptions of the tombs, and from the writings of philosophers and poets, and they show that, with the exception of the sceptics among the cultured classes, the people of the Roman Empire devoutly believed in the survival of the soul after death. Their belief sometimes led to strange manifestations of piety towards the departed, but it was a good preparation for the Oriental religions with more definite doctrines, which came on the scene in the second century, and almost superseded the old Roman religion.

That this ancestral religion of the Romans lasted until the time of Marcus Aurelius was due to its national character and political significance. "The Emperors, from Augustus, found religion a potent ally of sovereignty, and the example of the master of the world was a great force." Whatever vitality the worship of the national gods of Rome possessed in the second century was unquestionably due to the influence of Roman

officialdom and the well-endowed colleges of priests and augurs.

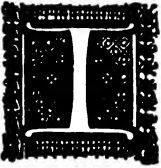
The lack of interest in Jupiter and Minerva was not by any means significant of a lack of interest in religion in general. The Roman mind had outgrown the dry and lifeless worship of the national gods. The contact with other peoples, and all those various forces which changed the Roman of the Republic into the Hellene of the Empire, produced a correspondingly wide mental horizon in things religious, and awakened spiritual cravings which the old creed could not satisfy. Its place was taken by foreign worships. Chief among these were the cult of Magna Mater, the worship of Isis and Serapis, and the religion of Mithra. To each of these the author devotes a special chapter. The discussion of these religions brings us very close to debatable ground. In their doctrines as well as their rites they approached at times very close to Christianity, and the question as to whether these similarities may have resulted from a knowledge of the tenets and the ceremonies of the Church, or whether they were the result of a natural evolution in the expression of religious fervor under the stress of new circumstances, will occupy the pens of controversialists for some time. The first in point of time of the Eastern religions to reach Rome was that of Magna Mater. It was a cruel, bloody cult at first interdicted in Rome, which afterwards exercised an "irresistible fascination over the imagination of the vulgar." The most striking feature of this Oriental cult, the baptism of blood in the *taurobolium*, which was a rite of such strange enthralling influence that it needed all the force of the Christian Empire to extinguish it. It is impossible in this summary to discuss the tenets and the ritual of these three creeds, which in the third and fourth centuries challenged the supremacy of Christianity. It will be sufficient here to point out a fact of great importance on which Professor Dill lays stress, and to which sufficient attention is not always paid, *viz.*, that those cults, after their extension to places other than their original home, gradually assumed new characteristics and took on features very closely resembling the most salient points of Christian thought and worship. The chapter on Isis and Serapis is, as might be expected, drawn largely from Lafaye's work, while that on the Religion of Mithra is based entirely on the work of Cumont. The author does not give a bibliography, but the last two names are suffi-

cient testimony of the value of his secondary sources. His work is, as has already been said, rather a series of special treatises than a consecutive narrative, and this plan has made it possible for him to make available for English readers the results of the labors of such men as Preller, Mommsen, Friedländer, Murtha, and Boissier.

There is much more in the work than the title would indicate or than it has been possible in this summary to point out. It is a profound analysis of the mind of the people of the Roman Empire from Nero to Marcus Aurelius as well as a picture of the external conditions in society and in ritual to which the ideas of the time gave rise. It is a book which will form a useful introduction to the study of the relations of Church and State in the fourth and fifth centuries, when paganism made its last stand against the combined forces of Christianity and imperial ordinance, and will render intelligible the passionate denunciation of pagan rites by the Christian apologists who saw in them demoniacally inspired travesties of the Christian Sacraments.

CHILDHOOD IN ENGLISH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POETRY.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

T is a commonplace now with us that Blake and Wordsworth were the great modern pioneers of naturalness in literature; that they broke new ground in the field of sympathetic apprehension, and in that of sincere expression. We say also that the child came in with Blake and Wordsworth, the child as we know and study and reverence him: a little world of delight and mystery, complete in himself. But to the whole of the seventeenth century (and indeed to the whole of the eighteenth, that is, roughly speaking, from Shakespeare, Jonson, and Greene, on to Blake, almost without exception) the child was but a thwarted adult, tolerated only because he would sometime redeem his present state of servility and incapacity by growing up. The young were as so many foolish lambs baaing on the hills, valuable to their proprietors as marketable mutton *in posse*. Or at least the poets so interpreted their value. To go to an early grave was an offence against landed interests and the rights of property. In any epitaph or elegy of the time, chosen at random, one finds some little boy bitterly mourned because he had died with all his imperfections upon his head, and would never redeem the trouble taken to engender him by pursuing a career of his own; while a little girl is accused of cheating nature, and the predestined swain, by a sort of monstrous truancy whereby she gives the slip to her destiny (apparently imminent at three years old), as wife and mother. The only praise which poor little children could be sure of was that they were like—not children!—but grown women and men. Neither as a physical fact nor as a spiritual state had childhood any adequate recognition.

Nicholas Murford, in his *Fragmenta Poetica*, 1650, mourns his daughter Amy, his "deare babe,"

Whose Bodie was so light it might have gone
To Heav'n without a Resurrection;

but after this sudden charming "conceit," he must yet go on to say, with true emotion but perverted taste:

Who ever saw such Matron Lookes, such smiles,
Such speaking Actions, woman-childish wiles,
To make herself disport? But, Oh! I make
Myselſe new Grief, and bid my Heart re-ake.

Then there was a Capell, Charles by name, who died young on Christmas Day, 1656, and was honored in his "funeralls," by *Affectuum Decidua*, the product of several of his fellow-Oxonians. Among these was one Edward Lowe, who fails not to apostrophize the barely sixteen-year-old ghost:

Who saw you youngest never knew you Childe!

He could think, it is plain, of no more heady compliment. To us, with our changed ideas, this would be a most damaging indictment against Master Capell. But we know better; for we have Vandyck's exquisitely childish children to help correct any enforced suspicion that they were a dynasty of horrid little prigs.

This entirely typical note of "praising the right thing for the wrong reason" is everywhere audible to those familiar with the literature of the time. As with many other characteristic historic traits, so with this: it is illustrated best from least conspicuous sources. Two epitaphs, among other things, figure in a certain manuscript quarto of the great Rawlinson Collection in the Bodleian Library. The first, "On the death of Joseph Barker, aged 10 yeares," says of the little fellow that he was

One that at Nine was aged; and before
Ten came, excell'd some who had seene fourscore.

Also, that

We knew him wittie, mild,
Active, discrete; a man's heart in a Childe,
Whom Nature only fram'd that men might see
And read themselves in an Epitome.

Another babe, Mary Bainbrigge, carefully labelled as "a virtuous young Gentlewoman," is prettily called

A harvest hoarded in a Seed,
And gardens crowded in a Rose.

But again :

For in this little Sparke did lie
More Worth than wee co'd prophesy,
Or Poets e'er bespeak, when wine
Made them write th' impossible Line!
And yet this Bud is snatcht from Life
Before 'tis blowne into a Wife.

The passions, the arts, the "whole duty of man," the impact of sickening destiny *en bloc*, hang over the seventeenth-century cradle, in unlovely prematurity. Marriage and motherhood cannot be parted, it would appear, from the image of the lisping daughter, nor trade or statecraft or arms from the image of the unweaned heir. The innumerable dedications, Birthday Odes, and such things, addressed to the princelings of King Charles I., are all absurdly unbefitting in every sentiment, and sadly devoid of humor. Sedley's playful compliments to children are in the language of the most accomplished gallantry. Marvell, who wrote lovingly for the little girl, Mary Fairfax, whose tutor at Nun Appleton he was; for "little T. C. in a prospect of flowers"; and presumably for other children, sins by omission; for, though he does not drag the supposititious future into his foreground, he lets fall no word or line which meets the "six-years' darling of a pigmy size" on his own ground, and salutes him for what he is, as Mr. Swinburne knows incomparably well how to do.

Even Carew does not always keep to the beautiful unforced tone of his "Darling in an Urn"; even the Matchless Orinda, a woman level-headed and tender-hearted, thinks it the flower of commendation to say of the little creature whom she laments :

She was by Nature and her Parents' care
A Woman long before most others are.

Of the sanctity of childhood as childhood, these good poets, with all their salient imagination, and their command of the uses of language, knew literally nothing at all. Therefore, any contemporary mention of the little ones which avoids this crass anticipation, this throwing them out of their own *milieu*, to be judged under an alien title, and by inappropriate standards, becomes, by virtue of that break with existing conventions, no-

table and welcome. We read with delight in Earle's *Micro-Cosmographie* that caressing reference to the death of a child, "the best coppie of Adam." It ends: "Hee is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his purenesse, and the other falls into his simplicities. Could hee putt off his bodie with his little Coate, he had gott Eternity without a burden, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another."

Just as dewy with tenderness is Jeremy Taylor, in many a remembered phrase. "The babe," he says, "is taken into Paradise before he knows Good and Evill; for that knowledge threw our great Father out, and this innocence returnes the Child thither. . . . He is snatch'd from the dangers of an evill Choise, and carried to his little Cell of felicity, where he can weep no more."

Few others of the time have such a sense of the appealing pathos of infancy. Crashaw, indeed, was touched with it; so was Quarles. Some homely lines of the latter show a truth of perception on this subject, and a loving knowledge of it, which are comparable to the rosy outlines of some tiny body on a canvas of Correggio's or of Sodoma's. But the earliest outspoken evidence of a sympathetic recurrence to the lost ideal that a child is beautiful because of, and not despite his childhood, seems to be William Cartwright's. Cartwright died in 1643. He had a very great personal popularity, and he led blamelessly his short, busy life: in these particulars he stands with Sidney, Falkland, and Lovelace.

Cartwright, unjustly enough, is almost the most forgotten of the forgotten Carolians. Had he done nothing else for English letters than to rescue one sweet ideal, his unmarked grave at Oxford should be a fragrant place to thoughtful minds. In his stanzas "To Mr. W. B., on the Birth of his First Childe," there is something cognate to the loveliest lines ever written about a baby, Catullus' lines on a visionary little one laughing from his mother's breast into his father's eyes, "*semihiante labello*." And Cartwright returns to the theme, in a more moral and symbolistic mood, when he comes to write the brief poem called "Consideration."

Now, "Consideration," as literature, gives no very definite thrill to the jaded modern reader; yet it has a singular historic significance which has not hitherto been noted. Its modest eighteen lines were generative, ancestral; and their informing

spirit was soon taken up by a better poet than Cartwright. Henry Vaughan the undergraduate, was a lover of Cartwright the proctor, whom he says he "did but see" during a short career at the University; it looks as though Vaughan read him diligently, for he was clearly a great "purveyor" from him. Was it not from Cartwright, in this attractive particular, that Henry Vaughan the Silurist received the torch which he passed on, as we all know, to Wordsworth? The inherent, independent beauty of childhood, and "the innocence of children as the highest moral condition," were not established in the apologetics of English poetry until Cartwright and Vaughan planted them there. Men had tacitly agreed to disregard, not only the individuality of little children, but all the force of that difficult and mystical word in the Gospel of St. Matthew: "*Nisi efficiamur sicut parvuli.*"

What is very curious is that only Cartwright in his generation, as only Coleridge in his, seems to have had the twofold sense of the physical sweetness of childhood, and of the child's Uranian fitness to be "set in the midst" for our edification and inner conformity. No prose or verse ever written by Henry Vaughan (if we except the loving but rather non-committal "Burial of an Infant") proves beyond cavil that the greater recognition necessarily includes the lesser; while Wordsworth, who has so magnificently haloed the infant brow, yet stops short of the endearing paradox of the New Testament: for his humility was not of a kind always to aspire to imitate what it praised. The spiritual distance between Cartwright and Henry Vaughan in the history of English feeling about childhood and children, is great, and great is the distance between Vaughan and Wordsworth.

It would not be just to pass silently over the recurrent inspirations of Thomas Traherne, Mr. Dobell's valued foundling, who won an instant place for himself when introduced to the public of our own day. Traherne is full of the thought of childhood, and expatiates upon it after a far more leisurely fashion than Vaughan, and with a touch of cosmic philosophy somewhat akin to Vaughan's own. But Traherne wrote a score of years later. To say this is to broach the probability that he had read Cartwright, for everybody read Cartwright then; and there are plausible reasons, more biographical than speculative, for thinking that he may also have read Vaughan, whom

nobody read. Would it be rash to hazard the inference that Traherne's whole tone, one of constant apostrophe, ejaculation, and almost rapturously reiterated assent, is suggestive of the delighted acquiescence of one intelligence catching fire from the theories of another, rather than of the shock of original ideas upon the consciousness of a lonely poet? Yet Traherne himself, on the whole, despite his homespun coat and his cloistral diffusiveness, is a highly original product. He can never have been an operative force, for his manuscripts were privately circulated, so far as we can surmise, only in a country district, and lay unknown and neglected for centuries. Interesting witness as he is, on this topic, for quality, and for quantity surely unique, we may leave him out of the reckoning.

Not so with Thomas Vaughan, twin to Henry, who had undoubted influence over his brother, and who was a man born to see with his own eyes many metaphysical novelties. Thomas was one of the deflected lights of that too thoughtful age: he died as an estray, a spirit unfulfilled, obsessed by alchemical dreams; and only students of alchemy now know his books. But those little prose duodecimos prove, amid their vague wastes, that he, in no less degree than his brother, possessed reflective and even creative faculties of a kind most unusual. Thomas Vaughan, masked as "Eugenius Philalethes," shows us repeatedly what were his impressions and convictions about children. He speaks his own thought; and his speech is absolutely modern. (Shall we flatter ourselves that this is equivalent to being absolutely right?) One passage out of many must suffice to illustrate it, from the animated preface to *Euphrates, or The Water of Life*, 1655. His theme, for the moment, is the instinctive wisdom of children. "A Child, I suppose, in *puris naturalibus*, before education alters and ferments him, is a Subject hath not been much considered; for men respect him not till he is companie for them; and then, indeed, they spoile him." An extremely radical utterance, when one reverts to the artificial epitaphs of contemporary origin already quoted in this article! To all that opinionated England, a child was a poor thing while he ran wild; to one cavalier Welshman, and to the very few who may have thought with him, a child was a poor thing when once he was tamed, but a delight to be enjoyed, and a revelation to be heeded, in his pristine estate. Both Vaughans were profoundly Christian. They stood

apart, in their attitude towards despised youth, as they ran counter to current prejudice in their gentleness of heart towards Catholics and Jews (but not, alas, towards Puritan Dissenters); in the specific worship of natural beauty; in their sense of the wholeness of things, and the grand solidarity of "trees, beasts, and men" with the "knowing glorious Spirit" Who made them, and forgets them not.

Cartwright is a long-ignored precursor, but he is the rediscoverer of the child. He was the first to stem a wholesale and most misguided depreciation, which set in after the earlier Elizabethans had passed away; and in no Elizabethan, not even in Southwell, occurs his strong neo-Christian affirmation of the *Nisi efficiamur*. Long before Traherne died (1674) that conception of childhood as an excellence resting on its ethic, if not yet fully on its æsthetic principle, was securely grafted on to popular thought, and though long inert there, gave promise of blossom and fruit in our later literature. There is unimpeachable corroboration of Cartwright, on the eve of the Restoration, by good old Thomas Jordan, in his *Fragmenta Poetica*. Jordan was a very minor poet, who once or twice, like so many very minor poets of that astonishing time, hit upon the divinest ideas or words, or both; but in general, he is eminently "safe" and commonplace. Whatever Jordan says and does is pretty sure to be what is said and done in his social vicinity. It excuses further search to accept him as an oracle. He affectionately tells us of the young child (while playing ducks and drakes with English accentuation):

Oh, he that will receive so sweet a flower
Into his bosome, hugs his Saviour!
If children, Lord, are acceptable, then
Make me a child: let me be born again.

But to return to Cartwright. With the clarifying of his thought, as with the pruning of his congested language, he had little to do. His utterance is the rough, pathetically hurried, but highly suggestive utterance of a harrassed generation. The poem in which he presents the religious aspects of a subject which he had already shown that he understood by the affections, is thus given in his thick posthumous quarto of 1651.

CONSIDERATION.

Foole that I was, that little of my span
 Which I have sinn'd until it stiles me man,
 I counted life, till now! Henceforth I'll say
 'Twas but a drowzy lingring, or delay.
 Let it, forgotten, perish; let none tell
 What I then was; to live is to live well.
 Off, then, thou Old Man, and give place unto
 The Ancient of Daies; let Him renew
 Mine age, like to the eagle's, and endow
 My breast with Innocence: that he whom thou
 Hast made a man of sin, and subtly sworn
 A Vassall to thy tyranny, may turn
 Infant again, and, having all of child,
 Want wit hereafter to be so beguild.
 O Thou that art the Way! direct me still
 In this long tedious Pilgrimage, and till
 Thy Voice be born, lock up my looser tongue.
 He onely is best growne that's thus turn'd young.

Nobly is this supplemented, or rather perfected, by the
 Silurist's "Retreat," "Corruption," and "Childhood": by that
 "angell-infancy"

When yet I had not walk'd above
 A mile or two from my First Love, . . .
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shootes of everlastingness;

by the thought of ancient man

Who shin'd a little, and by those weak rays
 Had some glimpse of his birth;

who

Saw Heaven ore his head, and knew from whence
 He came, condemned, hither;

by the thought-packed invocation to the

Age of Mysteries, which he
 Must live twice that would God's face see.

Vaughan here is unusually explicit. His diction seems aware in every fibre how new and daring is the philosophy to which it lends motion. Beside Cartwright's faint, holy, lyrical note, Vaughan's is like that of silver hammers: a quick and authentic music.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man!
And onely see, through a long night,
Thy edges, and thy bordering light.
Oh, for thy centre and mid-day!
For that, sure, is the Narrow Way.

To track any classic, such as the great *Ode on the Intimations*, back to its sources, is like following inland and upward the confluent mountain streams. One looks with renewed satisfaction, from their feeble but sparkling well-heads on high ground, to "the vision splendid" which fills the horizon:

The mighty waters rolling evermore.

We have the great *Ode*; but we have not from any singer all there is to sing of the child. In English letters he has had no one complete and symmetrical exposition. We capture here his little soulless body, there his bodiless soul: he is either a mere "flower in the crannied wall," giving fragrant kisses; or he is a theological abstraction. Critics might be forgiven if they feel inclined to expect something of a living poet who holds in his hand all the pigments for portraying the child: he has the love, the masterly art, and the grasp on the eternities of Catholic philosophy. But we get too few gifts from Mr. Francis Thompson. He is himself a Carolian of the true breed, and therefore, and unhappily for us, abstinent by nature.

SOME LETTERS OF FATHER HECKER.

EDITED BY ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

9TH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, September 20, 1864.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND :

Father Denny, of the Oblates, leaves here to-morrow for London. Father Denny is a fine fellow, not altogether spoiled by your folks. He will tell you all about us and our doings; see him after his return.

What are you about nowadays—*Home and Foreign* dead gone? We are inclined to think that you come down without altogether sufficient reason. But you may have had your day, and likely there was a monetary reason that weighed most in the scales. Are you ready for a new start? In what way, shape, or form? You can't stop where you are. What next?

Come on this side of the ocean, and we will give you full swing to fire away. Doesn't old Brownson pitch in all around? Wouldn't you like to have the same fun?

The Paulist Community has not given up the ghost, but is alive and kicking. Our work will come bye and bye. We publish another volume of *Sermons* this winter.

Our horrid war still hangs on. Sherman (a convert) has given the rebellion a stunning blow in taking Atlanta. We are all in the dark as to further and future results. It is idle to speculate. The North, by mere strength and wealth, must put down the rebellion. Our generals and men are now ready for real fighting. God help us, then you will exclaim, how many more men are you going to kill? I do not think, nor ever have thought, that the Union is gone.

Now good-bye, old fellow, and write and pay your debts. My kindest regards to Mrs. Simpson.

Ever yours faithfully,

I. T. HECKER.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

How do you do? Are you hibernating, dead, or alive? What are you doing, writing, or cogitating? It is years since I heard a word from you. The death of the *Home and Foreign* didn't kill you! Open your lips, and speaking, speak.

Well, "the cruel war is over." The South is handsomely whipped. Look out you John Bulls across the water. But don't be alarmed overmuch. How gently the old Bull roars across the water of late to his American cousins. Isn't it ridiculous? This morning's news gives an account of the surrender of the last of the rebel army in Texas under the command of Kirby Smith.

The national debt is big; it will, however, be managed. There is now on foot a prospect of paying it off by voluntary contributions \$10,000 a share. The project is not so absurd. We have done absurder things in the eyes of your folks than that. The resources of the country have developed during the war enormously. I do not think there is much reason for supposing that we are going to war with either England, France, or Mexico. Canada and Mexico, for the present, are safe. *Inter nos*, neither is worth a war. And in the meantime we need to repair the ravages made by the war in the South. The North knows nothing about it except in the shape of deaths, taxes, and sudden fortunes among contractors.

The war has shoved ahead our religion one generation. It has opened the eyes of the sober and conservative men and women of the country to the real character of our Holy Faith. The number of conversions on both sides, during the war, has been very great. The Catholic religion stands in a different attitude before the people, and in a most favorable light in contrast with Protestantism. The ministers feel this, and Episcopalians, Presbyterians, etc., etc., are endeavoring to form a league of all Protestants against the fearful strides of Romanism, "the Man of Sin," the archenemy of civil and religious liberty! It will end in their more complete overthrow. Let the heathen rage.

Have you seen THE CATHOLIC WORLD? I have sent you the two numbers out. It is the best one can do now. It is

altogether eclectic, nothing original. It will prepare the way for the other. *Brownson's Review* has gone the way of the *Foreign*. It is gone dead, but not to the "bad." Brownson is writing on government, a book. He intends to write one on philosophy and another on theology.

I have been hard at work, with a few other friends of his, in getting up an annuity of \$1,000 for him. The sum is nearly reached that is required.

Our little Community has suffered a great loss in the death of Father Baker. He was a splendid man and priest; admired and loved by every one. His death was most gentle. He died with typhus-pneumonia, caught on a sick call. We are only six. Two of these quite broken down. A fine set of fellows are we to set on foot the conversion of the country. Don't be alarmed. We have now taken root in eternity. We are not shabbier than the Apostles were in the natural order. If twelve of them were enough to put on foot the conquest of the world, six of us are enough for this continent. But— But what? Anyhow we intend to live, work, and die bravely. And as for the rest, let those who follow look to it.

Father Baker's death has energized me in all directions. He was a convert from Anglicanism. We intend to publish his biography and sermons, this summer perhaps.

I believe I told you some time ago that I was cogitating something on the spiritual life. Nothing new, of course, in principle, but putting old principles in a new light, and others more prominently. I go in considerably for nature and human nature, and allow nothing to be substituted in their place. I am for giving a larger scope to our activity in all ways. I really believe with my whole soul, and in all sympathy, in God the Father Almighty, Creator of all things visible and invisible. I am inclined to think that I shall make a fool of myself—"Not the first time!" You be quiet. Title—perhaps—"Perfect Life in Common Ways."

Can you suggest anything in the way of improving THE CATHOLIC WORLD? I should like to republish more scientific articles, if I could only find them.

Now, old fellow, good-bye—and God bless you and yours.

My kindest remembrance to Mrs. Simpson, and believe me ever yours, sincerely and faithfully,

I. T. HECKER.

CORNER 9TH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK, May 21, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have a bushel of things to say to you, but shall not get out more than a peck at most.

First of all, the predictions of your English folk, fightingly, financially, and politically, about this country do no credit to your prophetic gifts. We are on our feet again, more powerful than before, more sober, and perhaps all the more dangerous. The youth of the country is passed, and war has suddenly placed us in our manhood, more conscious of our responsibility, of our strength, and the greatness of our future.

I was glad when I heard that the two attempts to lay the cable across the Atlantic were failures. The influence of Europe over our people was too great, and would have hindered our free development. Lay a dozen across the Atlantic now, and all the better. The preponderance of magnetism will pass now from the new to the old world. Be not surprised if in ten years, more or less, New York turns up to be the financial centre of all the world. The United States will not only produce the raw material in greater abundance than ever, but add also to its value, skill, and labor, which hitherto it did not. As things are, and likely to be, our country was never more promising; never so much so.

But I must close on this theme, lest you say: "Hecker is gassing."

As to Church affairs, our recent troubles have placed our faith in a new and better position. Strange to say, it is regarded with more interest and earnestness in all parts of the country. No one can fully realize the attitude of the Church to the country during and since the war. It was a sectional strife, owing in a great measure, if not principally, to a fanatical and one sided religion. The reflecting class everywhere feel this, and have become alienated from Protestantism and feel drawn to Holy Church. The number of conversions during the war on both sides, and since, and from the more intelligent classes, has been greater than ever before. The war has worked wonders for the faith.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD since its second year, April last, is open to original articles. The "Problems of the Age" are

by Hewit. Brownson wrote the criticism of Spencer in the June number. The success of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is nothing to brag of, though it has the approval of the hierarchy. Its subscribers number only 4,000. My brother backs me up in funds. I should be delighted to get an article from your pen, if you will not pitch into all creation and the rest of mankind. Do tell me what are you about?

I have been seriously engaged for several months in starting a Tract Society. Several [tracts] are out, and I shall send them to you. "The Plea of Sincerity" is by I. T. H. Will you write a tract of four or eight pages? Amn't I a beggar? Since Easter Sunday I have obtained, in this city, near \$20,000 as a special fund to sustain the work. Memberships will supply the general fund. The organization will be extended over all parts of the country. It is regarded as a big affair, and promises to be so. We are only handling the acorn now.

The Community of St. Paul is alive yet. We have six of the right kind of young men as students. You will hear a report from our little giant some day—if you live long enough. Do you ever dream of making a trip to this country? I do for you.

We are to have a Plenary Council in Baltimore in October next; big doings are expected.*

What are people doing in old England? Fossilizing as they are wont? Is everybody dead? It did me good that Dr. Newman was smoked out by old Pusey. His letter was splendid, bold, *honest*. I republished it in pamphlet form, and in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.†

The Archbishop of St. Louis‡ wrote to me, that it was the best that had ever been written on the Blessed Virgin. His approval, in my estimation, is worth more than that of all the rest of the hierarchy put together.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Simpson, and believe me as ever,

Yours faithfully,

I. T. HECKER.

* Father Hecker was invited to preach one of the sermons at this Council, and he took for his theme: "The Future Triumph of the Church."

† This was "A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., on his recent Eirenicon," reprinted in the April number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Vol. III. Pp. 46-91.

‡ Archbishop Kenrick.

CORNER 9TH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK, April 24, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have made two resolutions: never to complain of want of time; or to expect ever to have more leisure than at the present moment. I start at once in answer to your letter of the 18th of September. The proposition to Dr. Brownson I sent to him, and suppose he gave you an answer. I have not seen him for several months; he is laid up with gout in his foot, and can't get over here. He is a contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and nearly every month he furnishes an article for its columns. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is getting on its legs. It has got to go; and it begins to move. An article on Dr. Bacon in the April number, by Father Hewit, has attracted a great deal of attention. Do you get THE CATHOLIC WORLD? I have sent it. There is in the same number an article on "Ritualism," detailing its echo on this side of the Atlantic. Your remarks on this subject, in yours of September, I partially incorporated in a sermon which I gave at the Council in Baltimore. This sermon is published among others delivered during the Council in a volume, and should you read it, you would exclaim: "That's Hecker all over!" Its subject was: "The Triumph of the Church."

The pastoral of the Council warmly approves and recommends to the faithful "The Catholic Publication Society." You will find the C. P. S.'s Circular among the advertising sheets of the April number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Read it, and see what I am about. It's a big thing—an elephant! The publication house will be opened the 1st of May in a business part of the city.

I have received the two first numbers of *The Chronicle*. Will it exchange with THE CATHOLIC WORLD? If it will not, please have it continued from No. 2, and I shall have to pay the subscription price.

We have got through with our Civil War, and things here are making for peace. Reconstruction in the South will slowly come about. But *where* are you in Europe drifting to? Please answer that. It is astonishing what an amount of taxation the Americans willingly submit to. The idea is to get rid of our debt as soon as possible. The country is young, productive

beyond all calculations, and increasing in population beyond the reach of imagination—it can pay its debts—pay them *off*—and will.

The recent struggle has placed our religion in a more favorable aspect in *all sections* of the country—how strange! We never had so many conversions in all parts of the country, and from all opinions, as at present. The crumbling of Protestantism and the advancement of Catholicity keep step together. Whether we Catholics will it, or will it not, the dominant influence in our Republic in fifteen or twenty years will be Catholic. The numerical increase by immigration, and by births in comparison with Protestants, in the United States, will bring this about of themselves. What a fearful responsibility this throws upon us here. The moulding of the destiny of our promising great Republic is being placed by God's Providence in our hands. Many far-seeing men begin to see this, and, what is almost incredible, seek to prepare the way for it, though they are not Catholics. There has come a favorable change in the minds of the American people, as a people, in their attitude towards the Catholic Church. Come over here and have a good time with

Your old, sincere, and faithful friend,

I. T. HECKER.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Simpson. The Paulists are “going ahead”—eight students preparing for orders.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Some weeks ago I sent a note to your address begging of you to send me *The Cosmopolitan*, I think that is the name of your new organ. Two numbers I have received, and if you will not exchange with THE CATHOLIC WORLD, send on your bill.

How about the Catholic Congress at Malines in September? I have a notion of attending it, in view of posting myself up in case we start one here. We need one here badly. Will you be there? Is it worth the while for my purposes?

This Catholic Publication Society has got on my brain, and I am working like a trooper in its interest. It *does* go.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD stands much better than it did, and promises still more. What you will think of its meeting with favor from the better class of non-Catholic journals I don't know, but it does. It is read extensively among Protestants.

You wrote an article in *The Rambler*, "Was Shakespeare a Catholic?" Rio's book has provoked a great deal of criticism in France, Germany, and England. Could you not write another on the same subject, taking advantage of whatever new material has been brought out, and bring the controversy down to the day for THE CATHOLIC WORLD?

Catholicity in this country never stood so prominently and so favorably before the public mind as it does now. We are gaining fast, and Protestantism is as fast losing. Since Christmas we have received thirty or more converts.

Brownson has been laid up with gout—is on his feet again. Kindest regards to Mrs. Simpson.

Write me about the Congress.

Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

P. S.—I send you a copy of *The Conflicts of Christianity, Ancient and Modern*, by a friend of mine. Notice it in some of your papers.

NEW YORK, September 29, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

In the latter part of the first week of November I expect to be in London on my way to the Vatican Council, as procurator for the Bishop of Columbus, Ohio. My intention is to stop at Ford's Hotel.

Now there is no one in London that I would rather see than you and your wife. Drop a line to Burns & Oates in time, that on my arrival I may know whether you are at home, or elsewhere.

I leave here by the *Russia* on the 20th of October. I shall get off at Queenstown and stay a day or two in Dublin.

Since we met, my labors have accumulated considerably, and thus far have been blessed with success. No one, I feel assured, will be more gratified than you of this news.

Our Community, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and the Catholic Publication Society are all in a fair way.

Our Community numbers seven priests and thirteen students.

A good share of my time last winter was given to lectures before Protestant audiences on Catholic topics. My trip to Rome will hinder my acceptance of invitations for the same work this winter. They get Catholicity, and pay me for giving it \$100 a lecture. That's fun, isn't it? "But not Apostolic?" Not too fast. Were I to offer to lecture without pay, my services would not be accepted.

What a mess P. Hyacinth has made of it! The telegram has not given us his letter in full, but enough to show that he has put himself *hors de combat*. What a foolish thing!

I ordered THE CATHOLIC WORLD to be sent to your address, and I suppose you receive it.

Pay attention to the articles "On the Origin of Species," the first will appear in the November number. It is an attempt at a complete upset of Darwin's *theory*, variety is due not to evolution, but to reversion.

My kindest regards to your wife. God bless you both.

Affectionately yours,

I. T. HECKER.

HALLAMAY'S HOTEL, 47 AND 48 DOVER STREET,
LONDON, September 23, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

We are not to meet then! Such seems now to be the course of things. "Grin and bear it," is the only remedy, I suppose!

As to my pamphlet—fire away! One half hour's talk would be worth a sight to me. Perhaps you might see in it what Liberatore, S.J., did *An Universal Programme of Religion*. He wished to have it translated into Italian. Strange it has received the hearty approval of the extremes of different parties of the Church. For instance, "Unita Cattolica," and the Hohenloes—Cardinal and Ambassador. The latter desired to see it done in German. Herder, of Freiburg, has published it. This is only a specimen.

But you will say no wonder, it is so general in its principles. Is it? Suppose you draw a single conclusion from them and what then? As the Church three centuries ago on her

practical side was, in view of the then existing dangers, organized for the greater restriction of personal action, so in view of present dangers she should be recast for the greater expansion of individual action. Not by the suppression of authority or discipline, but in fortifying individual action, and greater fidelity to the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul. Organize the Church with the characteristics of the Saxon elements as she has been with the Latin Celtic—not in the spirit of antagonism, as Döllinger, etc., but on a deeper penetration of her truth.

But I am drifting out to sea—as there are 1,000 other points, similar to these, susceptible of practical application, to *those who have eyes to see*.

Can't you just put down, 1, 2, 3, etc., your points of attack on paper for me? Do so, old fellow. They will get a hearing.

My intention was and is to see Dr. Newman before my return. I shall drop him a line and go on the 29th from London.

This is too bad for you to clear out in this way—I can't postpone my departure.

Au revoir! If my instincts don't deceive me, you will find me stirring up folks this side of the water some day.

God bless you. Faithfully,

I. T. HECKER.

(THE END.)

LIONEL JOHNSON: POET AND CRITIC.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.



It is scarcely four years since the news of Lionel Johnson's early and tragic death saddened the literary world. The feeling of personal loss was very widespread at the time—the consciousness that his place would be exceedingly difficult to fill, and yet could not, save with serious detriment, be left empty. He had stood for something definite and something high. As poet, he had clothed conceptions of delicate and poignant loveliness in the white robe of almost classic severity. As critic, he had shown himself a master of sure judgment and Catholic sympathies; he possessed, in his own words, "preferences but no prejudices"—if we except that fundamental prejudice against the vulgar, the perverse, or the insincere in art. All things pure and noble, and not a few forgotten or despised, found shelter in Lionel Johnson's heart; and then that heart ceased beating. Even now it is difficult to think dispassionately of the young poet, with his childlike face and his words of such memorable wisdom or pathos. Still more difficult is it to reach any satisfying analysis of that mingled defeat and victory which made up his life's brief conflict. His aloofness, to the very end, was majestic as well as melancholy. Strangely enough, it is the vivid yet unconscious self-portraiture of his final poem—the lines to Walter Pater—that supply the truest comment upon their author's life and work:

Gracious God rest him, he who toiled so well
Secrets of grace to tell
Graciously . . .

Half of a passionately pensive soul
He showed us, not the whole:
Who loved him best, they best, they only, knew
The deeps they might not view;
That, which was private between God and him;
To others, justly dim.

At Broadstairs, Kent, in the March of 1867, Lionel Johnson was born into a family of Protestant faith and military predilection. Perhaps it was the old Gaelic and Cymric strain in his blood which kept the boy so free from these environing influences, and planted in his heart an early love of nature and of the past, a certain mystic kinship with the beautiful and the unknown. And then it was his great good fortune to be educated at the historic Winchester School, where he passed six years of deep content and inspiration. The memory of Arnold was still redolent there; further back, the memories of Collins, of Otway, of Sir Thomas Browne; and dreams of "half a thousand years" of scholarship. There were natural beauties too—Twyford Down, the nearby hills and woodlands, "walks and streets of ancient days," or that "fair fern-grown Chantry of the Lilies," white beneath the moonbeams.

Music is the thought of thee;
Fragrance all thy memory,

Johnson later wrote; and there is scarcely a detail of the old place that he has not dwelt upon in loving veneration. At Winchester, very largely, our poet's character was formed and his future tastes determined; there the bent toward scholarship, toward solitude, and toward Catholicity became an inalienable part of his life.

When Johnson passed to New College, Oxford, he had already a reputation for "exceptional maturity of literary achievement."* In fact, some of his published poems date as far back as 1887, 1885, even 1883; but he was not inclined to rest upon youthful laurels. His "Oxford Nights" furnishes a charming commentary upon his early love of the classics—"dear human books" to him, and nowise formidable. The educational process seems to have been a kind of triumphal march all along for Lionel Johnson; and it is amusing to learn that in spite of this, he very nearly missed his first degree because only one member of the entire examining board could decipher his handwriting!

Shortly after attaining his majority, Johnson was received into the Catholic Church. The step implied no sudden change of faith, for he seems to have been Catholic almost from the

* *Athenæum*, October, 1902.

first, by some intuitive yearning. His instinct was all for legitimacy and orderly development, on the one side—on the other, all for the mystical and unworldly, for the human fired with a touch of the divine; and it is this very inevitability that imparts such grace to the story of our poet's conversion. His was the return of a son into the arms of his mother; and beyond a prayer that his beloved England might so return to allegiance, Johnson appeared quite unconscious that the matter could be made one of controversy. It is said, and it seems entirely credible, that about this time he had thoughts of entering the priesthood. In his "Vigils" (written at Oxford in 1887), we recognize a spiritual concentration like that of the young Crashaw, lone watcher "beneath Tertullian's roof of angels":

Song and silence ever be
All the grace life brings to me:
Song of Mary, Mighty Mother;
Song of whom she bore, my Brother:
Silence of an ecstasy
Where I find Him, and none other.

Lionel Johnson's vocation to what Faber has called "the mystical apostolate of the inward life" was, to the last, unwavering; but, with characteristic self-criticism, he deemed himself better suited to a literary than to a priestly career. Thenceforth he served his art with almost cloistral consecration, finding in this long and painful service a "blessedness beyond the pride of kings."

The first publication of Johnson's poems seems to have been in 1892, when a selection of the earlier ones appeared in the *Book of the Rhymers' Club*. The beautiful lines "By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross" were included in the number, and attracted some attention from the poetically hopeful. That same year he completed his searching and admirable work on *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. The publication of this was delayed until 1894, but its final appearance was the signal for Lionel Johnson's immediate welcome among the Immortals. The name of the youthful critic (he was then only twenty-seven years old) was coupled with those of Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater, and his words were thenceforth prized by the foremost literary journals of London.

The passing of another year added new laurels, for in 1895 his first complete volume of *Poems* was issued. The power of verses like "The Dark Angel" was recognized on all sides; but Johnson's intense subjectivity—his preoccupation with spiritual concerns—made the critics somewhat guarded in their praise. Meanwhile, with serene indifference, our poet was preparing a new volume, which appeared in 1897 under the title *Ireland, with Other Poems*. It contained some of his most exquisite work: religious lyrics that soared up straight as the tapers upon an altar, songs of hapless Innisfail, and chastened meditations upon life and love. And it proved, beyond all doubt, that here was a poet of ethereal ideals, with no intention of conciliating the practical English public. With heart-whole sincerity Johnson followed the gods of his affection—and, for the most part, they were neglected divinities. Yet his poet's insight had prophetic clearness: we are almost amazed at the number of public movements which shared his sympathy. There was, first of all, the Catholic reaction in England—admittedly one of the great phenomena of nineteenth century thought—and Lionel Johnson was its soulful adherent in word and work. He was one of the first to give ardent support to that Celtic Renaissance which has now proved itself a reality. As an early member of the Irish Literary Society, he mourned with Douglas Hyde over the decline of the Gaelic tongue; and with his friend, William Butler Yeats, he shared hopes for the future of Irish drama. So, too, did Johnson raise his protest against a certain decadent literary influence from across the Channel, and against various "professors of strange speech" and stranger graces, who "suffer under the delusion that they are very French."

But throughout these years, when his critical activity brightened the pages of the *London Academy*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and other papers, Johnson's health was perceptibly failing. His body, always frail, grew less and less able to support the continued mental strain. Even those long, wondrous rambles through Wales and Cornwall, which brought our poet so close to Nature's meanings, were powerless to win him physical health. Every normal stimulant seemed ineffective; and so it happened that the sad, ancient story was repeated—the story of which our own Edgar Poe furnished so tragic an instance. There is slight call to dwell upon the warfare of those

later years, or to remember the darkness which for a time eclipsed the star. For a full twelvemonth before his death, Johnson appears to have published nothing; from his nearest friends he became a recluse, and all letters and solicitations were met by silence. But scarcely any one realized the full pathos of his situation until, on September 22, 1902, the following note came to the editor of the *Academy*:

"You last wrote to me, sometime, I think, in the last century, and I hadn't the grace to answer. But I was in the middle of a serious illness which lasted more than a year, during the whole of which time I was not in the open for even five minutes, and hopelessly crippled in hands and feet. After that long spell of enforced idleness I feel greedy for work"

Accompanying this were the lines before mentioned, to the memory of his "unforgettably most gracious friend," Walter Pater. One week later—on the night of September 29—our poet left his lodgings for a solitary walk. He did not return to Clifford's Inn, nor did any human eye witness that last tragic scene. Before morning a policeman walking on Fleet Street found the slight body of a man lying beside the curb—quite unconscious, the skull fractured. Lionel Johnson was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he slept for four long days and nights. Then, early in the morning of October 4, 1902, he awakened in eternity.

Were it not for Johnson's poetry, it would be difficult to connect this reticent, fragile struggler with life—always a pathetic and lovable figure—with the serenely impersonal man of letters known to London journalism. But his own hand has bridged the abyss; and from this poetical work we may trace the author's spiritual pilgrimage with no great incompleteness. It is not that the pages are frequently autobiographical; it is simply that choice of both theme and treatment is essentially characteristic. Some of the earliest of these poems show the strong influence of classical literature: "Sertorius" is one instance, and "Julian at Eleusis"—that plaintive elegy upon the death of pagan worship. But "The Classics," with its brief and wonderfully trenchant appreciation of the Greek and Latin writers, is the most complete expression of a culture which very largely moulded Johnson's own literary style. Upon every page of his work lies this stamp of scholarship:

we recognize it in the exquisite, unobtrusive chiselling of his verse-effects, and still more fundamentally in his graceful ordering of ideas, and his masterly control of passion and imagination. But considering his poetry as a whole, in context rather than form, we may safely define the mainsprings of its inspiration as *Nature*, *Celtic memories*, and *Catholic faith*. A glorious trio it was, falling into sub-divisions of almost equal majesty; exaltation of sky and sea and earth, musings upon the immemorial tragedy of life and death, chivalrous loyalty to Ireland, deep love and reverence for the past, for pagan culture and mediæval mysticism, and wistful visions of eternity. Even in poems of personal or reminiscent origin, such as "Winchester," or the series to "Malise," most of these elements are discoverable, blended into a harmony which is our poet's very own—his characteristic message to the world.

Because of the universal potency of external beauty, it may be that Johnson's widest appeal will be made through his nature poems. "Sancta Silvarum," written as early as 1886, expresses in lines of powerful cadence the youth's passionate sympathy with the nature world, his quick response to the

Music of the mystery, that embraces
All forest-depths, and footless, far off places,

and his awed recognition of one mighty will that shapes the course of star and blossom, of wind and sea. Almost always it was the wilder and more desolate aspect that he loved to contemplate—Nature upon rain-driven moors where "the wet earth breathes ancient fair fragrance forth," rather than in "vineyard and orchard, flowers and mellow fruit."

Great good it is to see how beauty thrives
For desolate moorland and for moorland men;
To smell scents rarer than soft honey cells,
From bruised wild thyme, pine bark, or mouldering peat;
To watch the crawling gray clouds drift, and meet
Midway the ragged cliffs. O mountain spells;
Calling us forth, by hill, and moor, and glen!

Such is the exulting burden of "Gwynedd."

The blending of abstract and concrete throughout these

poems is peculiarly interesting; the ideal beauty is not always wrapped in cloud or dazzling in the splendor of sunrise—it is both sought and found beneath some actual, earthly symbol. Hence our poet was increasingly given to the painting of word pictures, little vignettes of an almost Cowper-like nicety, which crystallize some momentary aspect of Nature with the soulful simplicity of Wordsworth himself. "In England" abounds in these sketches, as of

A deep wood, where the air
Hangs in a stilly trance;

or,

Wind on the open down,
Riding the wind, the moon.

A thousand intimate recollections of Johnson's own rambles intensify the personal note, and very charmingly; he tells us of the sea gulls wheeling off in "a snowstorm of white wings," and of the shy rabbits who hopped away at his approach, with the sunlight glowing "red through their startled ears." Our poet wrote once that, while he could never understand the temptation to worship the sun, he found entirely comprehensible that other temptation toward worship of the *earth*—"not with a vague, pantheistic emotion, but with a personal love for the sensible ground beneath his feet." It is impossible not to feel this tenderness, this sense of omnipresent kinship, throughout his Nature pictures; in his love of the "freshness of early spray," and of sky and field and moor. The reality of it all reaches final expression in those poignant lines of "Cadgwith":

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If, without sea, and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there,
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

The general acceptance of Johnson as a poet of the Irish Revival is both true and false. The heart has its own fatherland; and while as fundamentally English in many ways as Newman himself, our poet did throw in his lot unhesitatingly with the fortunes of the Celt. It was at first, no doubt, a poetical and devotional attraction, the response of a keenly imaginative nature to the half-revealed magic of Celtic lore—

that magic of fire and tears. And out of this grew his passion for Ireland; albeit the glamor of her romance and her mystery, her thirst for freedom and her unnumbered woes, eventually won from Johnson the allegiance of a very son. That fine and masterly poem which forms the title of his second volume is probably the richest fruit of this dedication. From the elemental pathos of "Ireland's" opening stanzas, through the bitter story of wrong and martyrdom, and the cold, terrible arraignment of the land's oppressors, the music sweeps with the majesty of death and yet of victory:

How long? Justice of Very God! How long?
The Isle of Sorrows from of old hath trod
The stony road of unremitting wrong.
The purple winepress of the wrath of God:
Is then the Isle of Destiny, indeed,
To grief predestinate;
Ever foredoomed to agonize and bleed
Beneath the scourging of eternal fate?
Yet against hope shall we still hope, and still
Beseech the eternal Will:
Our lives to this one service dedicate.

And at last comes the plaintive tenderness of that call to Mary:

Glory of Angels! Pity, and turn thy face,
Praying thy Son, even as we pray thee now,
For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free:
Pray thou thy little Child!
Ah! who can help her, but in mercy He?
Pray then, pray thou for Ireland, Mother mild.

There are numerous shorter poems in both volumes treating of the same subject: notably those powerful lines "To Parnell," and the elegy commencing

God rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead!

But "for a' that and a' that," Lionel Johnson was not a Celtic poet. One critic has asserted that in him the Irish revival lost "its poet of firmest fibre and its most resonant voice—the only voice in which there was the cordial of a great cour-

age."* But, after all, it was a voice from without. Perhaps the very best way to draw this distinction is to compare our poet's treatment of a Celtic theme with, for instance, that of Mr. Yeats. The latter's poem on the "Death of Cuhoolin" ends thus:

In three days' time, Cuhoolin with a moan
Stood up, and came to the long sands alone:
For four days warred he with the bitter tide;
And the waves flowed above him, and he died.

This is by no means a superlative example of the Irish poet's work, but it has caught something of the crude, epic simplicity of a primitive saga. Now in "Cyhiraeth" Johnson has embodied the story of Llewellyn of Llanarmon, and the strange summons that came to him from the Ghostly Gate. In lines of weird beauty he describes the "dolour and the dirge" which swept upon the land one cold midnight, and how the "bitterness of wounding fire" pierced the very heart of its chieftain. Then,

While wailed the herald cry
Upright he sprang, and stood to die,
So, Lion of Llanarmon!
Lion soul and eagle face
Fought with death a splendid space;
Oh, proud be thou, Llanarmon!
Not man with man, but man with death
Wrestled; thine hoariest minstrel saith
No greater deed, Llanarmon!

The power of such poetry is undeniable; but are we not conscious of the long vista of time and art through which our bard looks back upon his subject? The Celtic inspiration was a precious and powerful factor in Lionel Johnson's poetry; but it was by no means an inevitable one.

On the other hand, any divorce between our poet and his religious lyrics would be almost inconceivable. His early lines to "Our Lady of the Snows" are one of the most beautiful expressions of the devotional ideal to be found in English poetry; and his "Visions" of hell, purgatory, and heaven are

*H. S. Krans: *William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival.*

notable alike for delicacy and power. But it was reserved for the second volume to prove this scholarly young convert one of the loveliest of our devotional poets. It is seldom possible to wander far among the lily-beds of English sacred lyrics without meeting traces of Crashaw, the ever fragrant, and in Lionel Johnson the affinity is quite manifest. Indeed, many of his Catholic poems are altogether worthy of a place beside the master's. Such is that hymn of exquisite beauty, "Our Lady of the May":

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!
Thou gavest us the World's one Light of Light;
Under the stars, amid the snows, He lay;
While Angels, through the Galilean night,
Sang glory and sang peace;
Nor doth their singing cease,
For thou their Queen and He their King sit crowned
Above the stars, above the bitter snows;
They chaunt to thee the Lily, Him the Rose,
With white Saints kneeling round.
Gone is cold night; thine now are spring and day;
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

And this is scarcely more beautiful than a dozen others which follow or precede. "Te Martyrum Candidatus" has been one of the most frequently quoted; and lines like:

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide;
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified,

illustrate how admirably its metre reproduces the triumphant onward rush of those White Horsemen, the "fair chivalry of Christ." It is merely a further instance of our poet's mastery over technical form; this time in a department where—perhaps more than in any other division of verse—purely artistic excellence is apt to be neglected. Yet every reader must be aware that the religious sincerity of Johnson's poems did not suffer by his formal precision. What could be more tender, more straightforward, than "Sursum Corda," lines addressed to that other Catholic poet, Francis Thompson:

Lift up your hearts! We lift
 Them up
 To God, and to God's gift,
 The Passion Cup.

Lift up your hearts! Ah, so
 We will:
 Through storm of fire or snow,
 We lift them still. . . .

But as an expression of pure spiritual yearning, I think Johnson has left us nothing more hauntingly beautiful than the short poem, "De Profundis":

Would that with you I were imparadised,
 White Angels around Christ!
 That, by the borders of the eternal sea,
 Singing, I, too, might be:

Where reigns the Victor Victim, and His Eyes
 Control eternities!
 Immortally your music flows in sweet
 Stream round the Wounded Feet;
 And rises to the Wounded Hands; and then
 Springs to the Home of Men,
 The Wounded Heart; and there in flooding praise
 Circles, and sings, and stays.

So far, we recognize the spiritual exaltation, the lyric loveliness of Crashaw and the older Catholic hymnists. But listen:

My broken music wanders in the night,
 Faints, and finds no delight;
 White Angels! take of it one piteous tone,
 And mix it with your own!
 Then, as He feels your chanting flow less clear,
 He will but say: *I hear*
The sorrow of My child on earth.

There we listen to the voice of our own Lionel Johnson, the poet of austere ideals and pathetic world-weariness, the poet of faith

through an age incredulous. Bravely he faced the conflict, but no longer joyously; the *maladie du siècle* had touched him. Numerous Latin poems scattered through both volumes should be mentioned; also the songs having a Latin refrain, particularly "Carols" and the last part of "Christmas."

In approaching his more personal poems, we shall have to face the most serious charge ever brought against Johnson's poetry—the charge that it lacks true emotional quality. We are told that his lyrics spring from and express a thought, rather than a feeling; and to admit this absolutely is to imply that Johnson should have confined himself to prose. But can we admit it? The strange, weird melody of "Morfydd" goes sighing through the mind:

A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
Oh! what are the winds
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

We remember, too, the splendid climax of those later lines "To Morfydd Dead":

Take from me the light,
God! of all thy suns;
Give me her, who on the winds
Wanders lone!

and they do not seem to speak of frigid formalism. Neither do the odes to "Winchester," or the wonderfully tender poems on friendship to be found in both volumes. The truth of the charge is probably this: all the world loves a lover (at least theoretically!) and Lionel Johnson did not show the usual predilection toward interpreting this master passion. His love poems are few in number. But if any reader be tempted to doubt our poet's capacity for the very white heat of emotion, we would commend to his perusal "The Destroyer of a Soul," or those passionately beautiful lines, "A Proselyte." We may pierce deeper still, to the heart pleading of that early and tragic poem "Darkness"—even to the vehement self-revelation of "The Dark Angel," and its companion-piece, "To Passions":

That hate, and that, and that again
Easy and simple are to bear:
My hatred of myself is pain
Beyond my tolerable share.

Such lines are more convincing, to some of us, than the melodramatic outpourings of Lord Byron's genius. "The Dark Angel"—perhaps the most famous of all Johnson's work—is a poem of wonderful power, a flash-light upon that bitter and eternal conflict which had its rise in Eden.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence:
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtle violence!
Because of thee, no thought, no thing
Abides for me undesecrate:
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,
Who never reachest me too late!

There is something wellnigh intolerable in the verisimilitude of the poem, in the frightful arraignment of this "venemous spirit" who broods over the world of nature and art, tormenting the land of dreams, and blackening the face of spring and youth and life itself. The poem would be sinister were it not for the splendid courage of those final stanzas:

I fight thee in the Holy Name!
Yet, what thou dost is what God saith:
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from death:

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

The man who wrote those lines *felt*, indeed; but upon his lips lay the seal of culture and of temperamental repression. This was the veil of his heart's inner sanctuary—that "Precept of Silence" which one of his most characteristic poems has immortalized:

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you! tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

The "criticism of life" throughout this poetry is by no means insignificant. Lionel Johnson was one of a little band who, through all the turmoil of late nineteenth century thought—through the storms of rationalism and materialism and realism—kept their faces steadfastly toward the east. Truth and beauty shone as twin stars before his quiet gaze; and his supreme achievement was to create works of art which "suffice the eye and save the soul beside." His message, all along, was one of reconciliation. He contrived to be at once the apostle of culture and of devotion, of art and of nature, of modernity and of the ancient. His love for Catholicity and for Ireland nowise lessened his joy in England; nor did his exultation in the forest wilds dull his ears to the call of London's thoroughfares. One marvels, seeing the gracious harmony of his pages, where the imagined hostility could have lain. Now, of course, one cause of this comprehensive view was the aloofness of our poet's attitude. His sensitiveness of temperament was very exquisite; his sympathy with human experience very keen; but he stood a little apart from life. His was the attitude of philosopher and contemplative; never that of the mere academician. Perhaps his own interior struggle served to obviate a natural tendency toward *exclusiveness*, and to unite the poet with his great laboring and suffering brotherhood. It is never easy for a temperament like Johnson's to overcome its intolerance for many aspects of human nature; it is never easy to recognize that the spirit is willing and the flesh weak, without despising the flesh. But if there is one kind of development perceptible in our poet's work, it is a growing tendency toward the human and concrete. It is a long, long cry from the "proud and lonely scorn" of temptation that goes singing through his youthful

"Ideal," to the humbled yet resolute wrestling of his "Dark Angel." For the rest, we shall have to admit that Lionel Johnson's song was for the few rather than the many—that the nun-like delicacy and austerity of his Muse made any popular recognition quite improbable.

As critic, Johnson has met with somewhat more generous appreciation. *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, upon which his reputation mainly rests, is universally recognized as one of the sanest and most scholarly pieces of work called forth by recent fiction. This first volume testifies very clearly to its author's singular openness of mind: "I remember," he says, "but few of Mr. Hardy's general sentiments, about the meaning of the unconscious universe, or of conscious mankind, with which I do not disagree . . . his tone of thought neither charms nor compels me to acquiesce; but it is because I am thus averse from the attitude of a disciple, that I admire Mr. Hardy's art so confidently." Here, indeed, is the true critical temper—leading this artist, to whom spiritual laws were the prime realities, to lay his tribute at the shrine of another artist, and one whose philosophy impresses most readers as distinctly materialistic. But in Hardy, Lionel Johnson recognized the essential humanist, the legitimate descendant of a noble line of English novelists, a master of constructive art, and a truthful portrayer of Wessex life and thought.

"He dwells, in a dramatic meditation, upon the earth's antiquity, the thought of 'the world's gray fathers,' and in particular, upon certain tracts of land, with which he has an intimacy, . . . old names and old houses lingering in decay, . . . pagan impulses, the spirit of material and natural religion, the wisdom and the simplicity, the blind and groping thoughts, of a living peasantry still primitive. . . . He loves to contemplate the entrance of new social ways and forms, into a world of old social preference and tradition; to show how there is waged, all the land over, a conflict between street and field, factory and farm, or between the instincts of blood and the capacities of brain; to note how a little leaven of fresh learning may work havoc among the weighty mass of ancient, customary thought . . . to build up, touch by touch, stroke upon stroke, the tragedy of such collision, the comedy of such contrast, the gentle humor or the heartless satire of it all, watched and recorded by an observant genius."

Such passages—as sonorous as they are sympathetic—bring us to the deeper understanding of Thomas Hardy's work. But the book is even broader in scope, tracing the history of the English novel from the time of Defoe, and characterizing with rare insight its different developments.

"The modern novel," observes Johnson, "differs from its predecessors mainly in this: that it is concerned, not with the storm and stress of great, clear passions and emotions, but with the complication of them; there is a sense of entanglement. . . . Psychology, to use that ambitious term, supplies the novelist with studies and materials; not only the free and open aspect of life itself."

It was characteristic of Lionel Johnson that his appeal should have been ever to the past. "That inestimable debt of reverence, of fidelity, of understanding" which modern scholarship owes antiquity—less a debt, after all, than "a grace sought and received"—was never far from his consciousness. Classicist he always was, from those days at old Winchester; "purist and precisian" in his style, with slight interest in spelling reform or other utilitarian devices. Inevitably, then, past greatness, *the best that had been known and thought*, became for him, as for Arnold, the touchstone by which to try all present achievement. "About contemporary voices there is an element of uncertainty not undelightful, but forbidding the perfection of faith." Johnson wrote in one of his sage little articles in the *Academy*: "We prophecy and wait." Yet, although the personal equation inclined thus to the "serene classics," the critic's attitude toward a living genius was one of wistful appreciation. His every sense was keen in the search for beauty, and he welcomed it in whatever guise: Lucretius and Fielding, Pope and Wordsworth, Renan and Hawthorne—all of these shared his sympathies and comprehension. Critics of Lionel Johnson's type are a gladness to the earth.

The discerning had great hopes of Johnson, with his Celtic dreams, his scholarly methods, and his unwavering faith in spiritual realities. And they were never fully realized. The saddest phenomena of literary history are these fragmentary geniuses—these voices which cry out in the wilderness so enchantingly, and then sink into silence. It is part of the world's tragedy that

So many pitchers of rough clay
Should prosper and the porcelain break in two,

as Mr. Yeats has put it. But is there not a danger of carrying this regret too far—of urging an artist's possibilities at the expense of his actual achievement? The work Johnson has left us is superlatively excellent; it needs neither apology nor explanation; it simply needs to be read. That, indeed, is the prime difficulty, for the world is very busy; and Lionel Johnson spoke with such a gentle sweetness, such a modest serenity! In prose and verse alike, he was stranger to the jealousies and impatiences of mere ambition. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, he was fond of quoting—"sure and sound is the whole world's judgment"; and so to time, that judge so deliberate and so infallible, he committed all. It is pleasant and reassuring to remember Lowell's words concerning the two kinds of literary genius. "The first and highest," he tells us, "may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand *it*; the second understands its age, and tells it what it wishes to be told." Quite manifestly, Lionel Johnson was not of this latter type; but we believe that his place is with higher company.

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc."

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN in the field near the olive grove the air was warm and fragrant with the scent of clover blooms. Poppies and corn-flowers tossed their pretty heads in an adjacent wheat field, and pushed them through the crevices in the low fence, as if quite distracted to join the party in the clover-patch; bees went humming backward and forward, busily carrying stores of honey to their hives and buzzing sometimes perilously near to Marjorie's face, where she leaned on a small mountain of cushions. A long, long pause, broken by Philip's voice from his comfortable lounging place:

"I shall be asleep in about three minutes," he asserted. "This is the veritable Lotus Eaters' Land, 'in which it seemed always afternoon.'"

"Yes," assented Will—

"'Propt on beds of amaranth and moly
How sweet, while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly,
With half-dropt eye-lids still
Beneath a heaven, dark and holy,
To watch—'

"—Marjorie, pretending to read, and really 'steeping her brow in slumber's holy balm.' By the way, what *is* 'moly'? Does any one know?"

"I am sure *I* don't," Marjorie answered drowsily.

"Something *soft*," suggested Philip. "Moly *sounds* soft, don't you think so?"

"Like a feather bed," murmured Jack.

Another long pause, during which there was much hopping and twittering on the part of various small sparrows come down on an excursion from the branches of neighboring trees. They

evidently regarded the party, from their motionless attitudes, as a group of statuary quite harmless and designed for their pleasure.

"Fearless little creatures, those," observed Will. "I always intended throwing sticks and stones at them when I was a boy, but was ashamed to, they were so very confiding. The conflict in my youthful soul was something tremendous at times."

"I had no scruples whatever on the subject," said Philip.

"How could you be so cruel?" said Marjorie. "And they such dear little things. See that one now, he has found a worm and he will not eat it selfishly all alone. He carries it to his mate on the tree there; and just look how graciously she receives it. They would be quite a pattern to some married couples."

"They fight each other sometimes, just the same," put in Jack the scoffer; "also, they kill song birds; also, they eat fruit which they have not planted and which we want; besides which, I am told that worms have a very low opinion of them."

Silence number three, disturbed this time by Marjorie, who raised herself on her elbow to look at Jack. "What is the matter with *you*, boy?" she suddenly demanded, throwing a small twig which struck him on the nose and made him start. "You have scarcely spoken a word all day; and you are looking so red and pompous and mysterious, as if you had some awful secret to guard. Tell me this moment what it is."

"Speak, youth!" commanded his brother sternly. "Your secret, or your life!"

"There is nothing the matter with me," declared Jack guiltily.

"There is," contradicted Marjorie promptly, "and I mean to know it. Tell me, Jack"—coaxingly—"have *I* anything to do with it?"

"Well, yes";—reluctantly—"you have something to do with one of the things. It is a treat you are to have; but you are not to ask me anything about it, for it would be mean to tell, and you will know pretty soon, anyhow."

"Well, I won't ask you, then. But you said *one* of the things; what is the other?"

"Good heavens, Marjorie, how you do badger a fellow! Well, then"—sitting up, with an air of desperation and a very red face—"I have been making a—a pome! Now, crown me with laurels," sinking back.

"A pome," repeated Philip, "what is that?"

"A poem?" cried Marjorie; "oh, you delightful boy, you shall be decked with laurels from head to foot. But where is it? Let me see it."

"Find it," tersely.

Then ensued a deft and rapid diving of Marjorie's fingers into various of his pockets, without success. "Oh, come now, Jack"—sweetly—"where is it?"

"Bring it forth," said Will sadly, "if the hitherto stainless name of Fleming *must* be disgraced, it is best to know the depth of your iniquity."

Some further coaxing and bullying at last caused a crumpled paper to be drawn from one of those mysterious pockets discoverable only by the tailor and the wearer, and not always by the latter.

"You see," explained Jack with much stammering, "I stopped in at old Madame Moreau's yesterday, and there she was busy chattering and telling Monsieur Patanne from Toulouse what a fine match she had in mind for her daughter; and he, not to be outdone, was saying how he was a poor man himself, but he expected his nephew, whom he had brought with him to Martres, to contract marriage with a rich cooper's widow here. And when I was going out, there, by all the gods and little fishes, were the nephew and the daughter spooning away under the trees; and it made me chuckle to think how angry the old people would have been to see them."

"What is 'spooning,' Jack?" asked Marjorie.

"If the verses are as exciting as the prelude," observed Philip, shutting his eyes, "my agitation will be overpowering."

"Well," proceeded Jack recklessly, "the idea amused me. So, this morning I made some rhymes out of it. We are used to making jingles once a week at college, you know. And now, nobody must interrupt until I finish the first verse."

"We promise," said the chorus.

"Ahem!" said Jack, clearing his throat:

IN THE SALON.

An ancient dame sits talking to an antique beau,
And the window panes gleam redly as the sun sinks low,
And she flutters and she bridles, and she plays with her fan,
While he compliments and flatters, as becomes a gallant man.

Upon the wall the portraits grim look down at airs and graces,
While the pair speak on of other things with more shrugs and
grimaces,

And he tells of nephew Arthur, who'll call for him bye-and-
bye,

And fears, poor boy, he'll never make a fortune, though he
try;

But hints there is an heiress, neither young nor pretty, true,
Still, possessing that without which one would matrimony rue.
She, glancing sidewise in the glass, mentions her little Ruth,
Whose charming head is full of romance wild and dreams, for-
sooth!

But, she whispers, as to confidential friend she may,
Old Cræsus has been with her wooing e'en that very day.

So the talk buzzes on in the room.

"And why should it not?" asked Will, of the elements
apparently.

"'Forsooth' always sounds well in verse, don't you think
so, Will?" said Philip. "I don't suppose you thought of
scanning those lines, Jack. And you are quite right, my boy.
What does a foot or two more or less matter? It is an origi-
nal, brilliant, and masterly style of handling a subject that
counts; and that you show in perfection."

"If I had known that 'to compliment and flatter' 'became
a gallant man,' Marjorie," said Will, "I would have amazed
and delighted you long before this."

"Don't mind them, Jack," said Marjorie, "go on with the
next verse, I want to hear it."

Jack looked doubtful, but finally proceeded:

IN THE GARDEN.

Overhead the birds are singing and the south wind blows,
All around the garden borders bloom the lily and the rose;
Daffodils and violets blue are clustering at her feet,
As along the shaded pathway loiters maiden fair and sweet.
While she stands in leafy covert, one white hand shades her
eyes,

And the other plays with fragrant branch of myrtle, idlywise,
There's a footfall and a rustle—and now Arthur's at her side,
And she's the very happiest maid in all the world so wide.

"Oh, sweet, my love!" she hears him say amid the sunset glow,

And as his arm encircles her, scarce knows the sun is low.

Anear them hover butterflies, around them hum the bees,

And high above the branches green are waving in the breeze.

Now, while the flow'rets peep at them, he bends and whispers low;

Being so close, their lips do meet, and so the rose-buds know.

And the birds sing on in the trees.

"Overhead the birds are singing," mused Philip. "Were they ever known to sing underground?"

"'Lilies and roses—daffodils and violets,'" murmured Will, "His acquaintance with the floral kingdom is remarkable."

"'Leafy covert' is good, though," said Philip. "We must admit that."

"I'll wager she would have forgotten her Arthur in a moment if a bee had hummed as close to her as that fellow is to Marjorie. He is going to alight, I fancy, on her chin."

This danger safely passed, "I think your poem is very pretty, indeed, Jack!" cries Marjorie indignantly, "and they are very rude and ungrateful. It is nothing but envy. The next one you shall read to me by myself."

And Jack's rapidly rising ire was appeased, and he stretched himself comfortably on the grass.

"I beg Jack's pardon," said Philip more gravely. "His verse is well enough. I only object to amateur verse-making in general and on principle. I have been guilty of it myself in moments of abject weakness, but when I returned to reason I was my own unsparing critic. An ordinary writer will treat of an ordinary subject in an ordinary manner, and it will produce about the same effect on you as a street song shouted by gamins until you are weary of the sound. One of the masters comes, and he takes up the same trite matter—and your whole soul responds."

"As if Beethoven should come along," suggested Will, "and take the hurdy-gurdy from some wandering player and amaze the man with the lovely melodies he would produce."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Carhart," said Marjorie, in a low voice. "It is like a minor key in music. That always affects any one sensitive to it, even where the motif is other-

wise commonplace. One hears a comic song in a key that thrills. I almost fancy that our hearts must beat in a minor, for when I have listened to certain minor chords, I always feel a deep desire to say to some one—I know not whom—who seems appealing:

“‘Be comforted, oh, my dearest!’”

Will was usually self-restrained, but there was a tone in the girl's soft voice as she said these last words that quite overcame him. He moved a little closer to her and, under pretence of taking some leaves from her skirt, said so low that only she heard: “Oh, Marjorie, if only *I* could speak to you in a minor key, so that some day you would say to *me*: ‘Be comforted, my dearest.’” And surely she could not say now, as she often did, that blue eyes never looked passionate or pathetic.

But one is selfish at twenty years; and she was not thinking of him just then; she only turned away her head with a somewhat pettish: “Don't tease, Will!” And the young man kept quite still for many minutes after this, lying with his hat over his eyes; so that the sparrows, more than ever convinced that he was a statue, showered down sticks and straw lavishly upon him as they built their nests.

“Marjorie,” called Jack, as they strolled toward the château, “do I not look Oriental with these rugs wound around me? Like the Shah of Persia—only more so?”

“You look like the brother of the moon and the grand-uncle of all the stars,” she declared. “Tell me, Jack; *tell* me, like a good boy, what is that ‘treat’ you were talking about?”

“Wait until to-night”—oracularly—“and you will see and hear.”

True enough, soon after she had sunk into her first sweet sleep that night, she became vaguely conscious of sounds that were not all a dream, and presently she was standing at her window peeping out and listening delightedly as guitars and mandolins tinkled, and Etienne's voice sang in the garden:

*Amis, la nuit est belle,
La lune va briller.
A sa clarté,
En liberté,
Amis, allons rever, etc., etc.*

This was Etienne's device to show gratitude to "*la belle demoiselle*" for her good offices with Nicolette and himself; and what could he find better than treating her to a little good music such as he and his friends in Martres knew well how to produce. Therefore he sang: "*Amis, la nuit est belle.*"

"Why, it is beautiful, like a scene in an opera," said Marjorie to herself; and so it was, with the mountains and river and valley in the moonlight, and in the clear foreground the serenaders' figures moving among the trees. Now there arose a chorus, rich, mellow, and harmonious, but somewhat unintelligible as to words:

*Las fillos de Sen Gaondens non n'an d'argents,
Las qui non n'an, qu'en bouléren ;
Faridoundaino, qu'en bouléren.
Aon pays bach, anem, anem !
Coillé d'argent !
En segat blat, et dailla hen,
Faridoundaino, n'en gagneren.*

Which, as afterwards explained to Marjorie, was to the effect that the girls of St. Gaudens were without money, and those without money desired it. "Down to the valleys let us go. Money to seek by reaping grain and raking hay. Tum-te-tum, we shall gain some."

A little whispered consultation, and again Etienne stepped forward, and thinking of Nicolette, no doubt, sang the sweetest of Southern love songs, in one of those minor keys that Marjorie liked so well. "Oh, lady of my heart, my love, my life!" was the refrain which the chorus took up, and repeated in softened echo quite indescribable. The girl leaned from her casement, and the scene looked at once unreal; there was witchery in the warm night air; a light shone in the opposite turret window, which was the guest room; against the curtain she saw a profile too classically correct for Will's. "I am half sick of shadows!" she quoted to herself suddenly; and then drew back into her recess, flushing deeply at such admission, made even in solitude and to herself alone. It was a welcome distraction when the singers burst into a merry little vintage song, and she saw Jack join them in the garden to offer them cigars or wine or something.

"Marjorie," said her aunt, looking in at the door with a smile, "have you no flowers for your admirers?" She remembered a great bunch of poppies which Will had given her that afternoon, and which she had forgotten and left on Jeanneton's kitchen table. Gathering her wrapper more closely around her, she sped through the hall and down the staircase, and groped her way back into the kitchen, where a few rays of moonlight, coming through chinks in the shutters, served to make darkness visible.

"Jeanneton! Jeanneton!" she called; but Jeanneton's snores from an upper apartment were the only answer; for Jeanneton was one of those on whom serenades are wasted, unless they are preceded by a salvo of artillery.

The table was at last reached, the bouquet felt for and found, and, her room regained, it was thrown from her window to the singers. Etienne picked it up, glanced upward to the casement, placed the flowers near his heart, and bowed with native grace. Then the serenaders began to sing "*Bonne nuit, Madame*," from the "*Grande Duchesse*," and gradually descending the slope, their voices died away little by little in the distance.

CHAPTER VII.

"Don't you think, Will," asked Jack the next morning, "that it was very kind and sweet in our small cousin to give those young fellows that pretty bunch of flowers last night?"

"I do," said Will, wondering what was coming.

"So do they. They are to wait upon her in committee to express their thanks, and the bouquet is to be kept in a glass case."

"What do you mean?" cried Marjorie.

"Only, my child, that it is a unique and very neat compliment to throw a party of serenaders a bunch of turnip-tops."

"Turnip-tops?"

"Turnip-tops."

"I never did!"

"You certainly did."

"I did not!" with vehemence.

"You did!" with equal politeness.

"Children, children!" called Mrs. Fleming reprovingly.

"Monsieur Jacques must be right," declared Jeanneton, who

was bustling about the room; "I missed my bunch of turnip-tops from the kitchen table, and boxed Pierre's ears because I thought he had thrown them away."

"And where are my flowers, Jeanneton?"

"Oh, the coquelicots are there, Mademoiselle, all wilted."

"After all, Marjorie, what does it matter? It is a joke," said Will, coming to the rescue; for though he was amused he did not wish to have Marjorie vexed.

"Those fellows must have been amazed when they examined their prize," observed Philip, who wished to prolong the scene for the pleasure of watching Marjorie's little show of temper. But that young woman presently broke into a laugh, as seeing the absurdity of the thing.

"Well," she said gaily, "I must explain to Etienne, I suppose. But, Jack, how did *you* know?"

"Oh"—blandly—"I thought I remarked something peculiar about the foliage of the bouquet—so to speak—when Etienne clutched it to his heart last night when he was skirmishing up at your window; and I strolled down before breakfast to investigate. Sure enough, there were the 'tops' in a vase of water, and Etienne's mother regarding them with respectful mystification."

Here the laughter, restrained before on account of Marjorie, became general, she joining in merrily.

"Come on, somebody," she said, getting her hat, "I am going there now."

Each of the young men evidently cherished a conviction that *he* was "somebody," for they both joined her walking down to the potteries.

"Don't let us go into the house," she said as they drew near. "Etienne will be at the furnaces, and I don't—I *don't* want to see those abominable 'tops.'"

Etienne was at the furnaces, and came from among his men taking off his cap.

"Good morning, Etienne. What delightful music I have to thank you for! And what a voice you have!" He colored a deep red with pleased embarrassment. "And how careless and rude you must have thought me, instead of giving you pretty flowers, to throw you that horrid green stuff!"

There was not the ghost of a smile on Etienne's lips as he answered very politely: "*Mais, Mademoiselle*, I thought they

might be some strange American plants, exotic, perhaps, which only looked like our vegetables."

"Very good," murmured Philip.

"Oh, Etienne, what a whopper!" Marjorie would have liked to say; but reflecting that this would not do, she merely observed: "Well, Etienne, I should think you would know turnip-tops when you see them, even if you are *not* a gardener."

"Turnip-tops, Mademoiselle!" in well-affected amazement. While Will and Philip laughed, Marjorie explained the mistake, and promised to send him a real and handsome bouquet, this time, for Nicolette, and he thanked her in advance.

Coming up the street, Jack met them whistling, his hands in his pockets. "Whither away now?" he called.

"To see Mère Véronique," said Marjorie, looking at Will appealingly.

He groaned. "And are we expected to go, too?" he inquired.

"As you like," with dignity.

"Needs must when an angel leads," resignedly. "But, Philip, you should know what an enchanting visit you are going to make. That the lady mentioned should be aged and rather cross is a mere trifle, and rather her misfortune than her fault. That she should be deafer than any post is an accident, though trying. But that she should keep a horrible parrot which bites you when you incautiously go near it; that she should ask you all manner of indiscreet questions in a perfect *whoop*—these things are unpleasant, and would seem avoidable."

"She is very old and sickly and poor, and last year lost her husband, who was very kind to her; which are all, I think, good reasons for visiting her," said Marjorie.

"But could not one *send* her assistance?" asked Philip, with an evident intention to desert the party.

"That would not be the same thing," answered Marjorie. "It is the sympathy which counts for even more, when one is in trouble."

"I am afraid, Marjorie," objected Will, "that she is not in the least grateful for either sympathy or assistance."

"She may not show it," maintained Marjorie stoutly, "but I know she *feels* grateful."

"I will not abandon you, Marjorie," declared Jack valor-

ously, taking her by the arm, "even if the old lady *did* say that I was a good-for-nothing and would demoralize every boy in Martres, if I only stayed long enough."

Mère Véronique's was one of the grimmest of all the grimy houses in the town, and to enter its dark and narrow doorway both Will and Philip had to lower their heads considerably. On going in, a very remarkably ugly woman peered at them a moment over her spectacles from under her cap-flaps; then called in a shout which, in spite of previous warning, made Philip start:

"Well, don't stand there staring! Who are you? What do you want?"

Jack was evidently preparing an answering bellow, but Marjorie prevented him, stepping quickly to the old woman's side, and saying in her clear tones:

"It is I, Mère Véronique, come to see how you are to-day; and I have brought these *messieurs* with me, and they would like to see your tiles, and—and Pierrot."

"It is a wonder you could spare time," grumbled Mère Véronique loudly, "from your *fêtes* and junketing to come and see a poor old woman like me. Baptiste tells me you hire his horses almost every day to go somewhere. Ah!"—with a prodigious sigh—"when my poor Georges was young we used to keep *jours de fête*, too. But it was for the sake of being together. That is what counts in youth, eh!" glancing sharply at Will and Philip, to their great dismay. "It was my tiles you wished to see, Mademoiselle," she continued, moving slowly to a cupboard close to the curious, carved, and smoked chimney place, and producing some tiles very inferior to Etienne's. "They are relics of my Georges. *Hélas!* he will make no more. But they are superb, eh?"

"Beautiful!" they said; and, "Bully!" muttered Jack.

"What did you say?" turning to him with absolute ferocity.

"That—that—" he stammered, getting very red in his alarm, "that I thought some *boulli* would be good for Pierrot," pointing to the vicious looking parrot, which was swinging in its perch and screaming at them: "*Prenez garde! Prenez garde!*"

"We were talking of the tiles—not of Pierrot," she said suspiciously, "but all boys are rude now. They had some manners in my time, *grâce à Dieu*," putting away the tiles.

"Pierrot is there to speak for himself," waving her hand at the bird, and still unappeased.

"He is looking very well to-day, Mère Véronique," said Marjorie, willing to conciliate, but not venturing too near the parrot.

"He is," admitted the old woman approaching him. "He was the love, the darling of my Georges; and now he is all that is left to me, desolate. Eh, Pierrot, art thou not my only friend, my angel, my little dove?"

To which the little dove replied by a dig with his beak which must have taken a piece out of her finger.

"*Ah, la vilaine bête ! Il m'a tué !*" she screamed, and turned round to surprise Jack executing a wild dance of delight, and to glare at him with such unspeakable wrath as induced that youth to depart as unobtrusively as possible through an open door. When she was somewhat calmed, Marjorie remarked, as a safe subject, that the weather was lovely.

"Oh, no doubt you others enjoy it, with nothing to do but go out all the day, and never the one by himself, I would swear. But which is the favored one of you"—lowering her voice a semi-tone—"that is the question? Oh, you need not look confused—those *gaillards*, they cannot hear," which they certainly could, unless they had been much deafer than the proverbial door-nail, or even than herself. "Well," she suddenly shouted at Philip, "what are you doing here, and how long are you going to stay?"

But that young man had no notion of making a spectacle of himself roaring at the dreadful old person; so he only looked appealingly at Will, who answered for him in her ear that the gentleman did not purpose a long stay in Martres.

"It is quite of no importance," she declared in a confidential whoop. "He may be a little better-looking than you, but I do not like his face. He is a conceited fellow, who is only fond of himself."

"This grows embarrassing," muttered Will; and Marjorie thought so too, for she managed their exit a moment later.

"Well, I hope you enjoyed it, Marjorie!" said Will when they were once more in the outer air.

"No"; she admitted with reluctance, "I think I must go alone after this. But you, Jack"—reproachfully, as that youth came up—"you behaved very badly."

"I know it," he said with manly candor, "I confess it, so there is no more to be said."

While Philip paced up and down the garden path alone with his cigar that night, some internal conflict seemed absorbing him. Whether a man, himself quite cool and unmoved, given up, in fact, to other aims and dreams, was quite justified in trying to enchain the interest of a young and sensitive girl; whether he should spend every available moment in her society; whether he should gently press a soft hand quickly withdrawn, or throw a passionate warmth into dark, expressive eyes when other eyes were shyly raised to his; whether, in short, it would not be wiser and more honorable to leave Martres at once. Then he seemed to see Marjorie's sweet face looking at him, and to hear her fresh young voice. "Bah," he ended, finishing his thoughts aloud: "'Gather we roses while we may.'"

"Hard on the roses, isn't it?" said Will carelessly, coming up behind him; "give me a light, will you?"

"I can't tell you," replied the other with equal carelessness, "unless I knew the exact mission of the roses."

"I suppose you will be over head and ears in work this coming winter, Philip," said Will presently as they walked.

"My dear fellow, I shall scarcely have time to breathe. I am snatching a respite now, perforce. Mr. Adams, the senior partner in our law firm, writes me that several important cases come on in October. If we carry them through, as I hope, they will add immensely to our gain and credit. But that is not all, as I tell you in confidence, that I hope to accomplish this year. Deloraine, whom you know, has been kind enough to take a fancy to me, for some mysterious reason"—shrugging his shoulders. "He promises to use his influence, which is very great in Maryland, to get me a vacant judgeship. Now to be judge before I am thirty," his eye kindling as it could only kindle when he talked of himself, "will be gratifying, I confess."

"I wish you success," said Will heartily; and after a few moments he asked, with seeming irrelevance: "Hugh Deloraine has a daughter, has he not?"

"Yes"; said Philip indifferently. "A rather nice-looking girl, but very delicate. Something of a belle, I understand, for she inherits her dead mother's fortune already, and his very large one in prospect."

"I don't believe, Philip," turning to look at him, "that you could go wild about any woman."

"My dear boy," smiling carelessly, "I should hope not. I am not of that romantic temperament. I want a successful career—position, renown, power—and if a wife can be of assistance to me in those matters, well and good; if not, she would be a mere encumbrance. An excess of affection when I should be at home to think and plan my work would be a fearful bore."

"I really can't believe you, Philip," staring hard at him. "It is unnatural, impossible, at your age, to be so—so calculating—so cold-blooded."

"Impossible or not"—lightly—"it is a fact."

"Then," with some vehemence, "all I have to say is that *your* turn will come some day, and it will be worse than any one else's, you will see."

"Well"—laughingly—"you have done your duty in my case. Lochiel is warned. But I fancy I have quite another 'weird to dree.' Suppose we go in now, cigars being finished and the hour late. You look, Will," he continued, as they passed into the house, "as if you thought your 'weird' might be a particularly awful and tragic one."

Will smiled abstractedly, for he was wishing just then that he could 'dree' not only his own 'weird,' but some one else's—some one much more delicate and easily hurt than he.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RENOUNCEMENTS.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



HE work progresses, Signorino. It charms, reveals, compels to introspection.

But, I am not skilled in the calling. What should an old parish priest know of values, treatment, quality? No, no; his suggestion would be worth nothing. It would be the voice of only sentiment or memory.

He wishes it? Well, if the *maestro* will permit—a lower light just on the crest—there. Softer—softer—so. It is more effective, is it not, her brow? more spiritual?

I am no critic. I may only say how this pleases, or this does not. To tell the cause, to analyze, is that, after all, worth while? The Signorino doubts? So—o? He can spare a moment from his task? It is only a step or two. Now, if he stoops and looks in against the cool gray wall. Is it not beautiful? What cloistered grace; what charm; what humility! Yes; the first of the season. But, the Signorino should see our roses at high flood.

This? I've been watching this one many days. Yesterday it peeped blushing from its loosened sheaths. Last night, when I heard the falling of the cool, sweet rain upon the roof, I knew it would bloom this very morning. And the lustrous rain was thick on its crimsoned burst.

Certainly, Eccellenza—one moment. I will hold aside the branches—but its fragrance and color and light! Is it not wiser, is it not enough, to enjoy in thankful silence?

Let us return by this path through the garden. Ah, the Signorino is a poet; therefore, he should have been born an Italian. He has simplicity, he would make life agreeable, and he is an artist. The Signorino smiles. But it is true.

Will the Signorino be candid? What was it, then, that exacted thought as the portrait grew beneath his touch? Was it a mere desire to emulate the lines of that faded sketch; or

was it the *woman*? Exactly! and he said to himself: "This one could know suffering and survive; could be constant and firm to the end." And he believed. Else, why this lowered light, that altered line; so that—where the original shows but the flash of a dream, this is luminous with peace through pain and remembrance. Thus he has interpreted a life, an experience, a soul.

Maestro will overlook an old man's curiosity; but there, in that far corner, has he not inscribed some title? Pardon, but it reads? Renouncement! Then the Signorino is a poet. And perhaps he remembers the verse—it was with me a moment ago; but now—I can think of only one line:

I must stand short of thee the whole day long.

Yes, yes; he has it. Beautiful. There, the closing lines—I have long thought inimitable. No; I read very little these days, nothing beyond my office. But I have my people's faces; they are all the poetry I need, all the romance, all the tragedy.

The Signorino holds me to my promise? Let us go down by the terrace, since I would point out the spot where the romance began. If, at the close, he wishes, I will show how it is ending—and where.

This way, if the Signorino does not mind. Now, let him look down and across the valley, just at the edge of that dark purple shadow. Twenty-four, five—one can almost tell the number of houses in a glimpse. Yes; very small, the smallest of our hamlets. It will be chill over there, at this hour. That? That would be the wind among the pines. Yes; it is sad, and it is all we have in the long nights, except the silence of the stars overhead.

But the cross, the Signorino can see the cross? Now, a little up and to the left among the trees is the presbytery. The Signorino will go there with me to-morrow? Then I can show him the garden, the bench of Father Philip, the arbor walk leading to the fountain. I can point out the very rock where the woman—whose soul is caught in the portrait—stood transfixed, gazing down the valley, when there was nothing to see but the settling dust of vanished wheels. I can take him to the pale image of our Lady, at whose feet the woman swooned away.

I was very happy over there for eight or nine years. But when Father Philip died—the Signorino understands that he ~~was very~~ old—I was made parish priest here. Well, no; it is not large; ~~but~~ there was a time when my flock was scarce! contained within the walls of the church. Now—a handful, merely a handful. Gone? A few have died; but the most are somewhere in that magical country of yours—that promised land. Only a remnant and the tourist are left to me. Yes; the tourist he comes and increases! The Signorino saw for himself how it was—five this morning. By the week's end a score, perhaps, will have trailed the world-echo through this silence.

In those days we had few visitors. At long intervals one, working his way up country, would stumble on our hamlet, drink his glass of wine, rest awhile, and then away to one of the larger towns. Yes; on this side, but lower down and just beyond the bend.

The Signorino can understand how, for a young man, new in orders and with the apostolic fire hot within him, the same round of faces, the apparent limitation, the narrowness, were a bit disappointing. I was very eager for the multitude; but I was also very young. So they wisely sent me to be a help to Father Philip there on a mountain side. Did I rebel? No; never that. Eccellenza is not of our faith, but he can understand that without obedience there is no virtue, no strength, no power. One has not truly lived that has not tasted the joy of full surrender; the sweetness of resignation, the aftermath of renouncement.

Well, our life over there was uneventful. Our household breathed simplicity and sanctity. To have seen Father Philip and heard the wonderful music of his "*Figlio*." Then there was Rosalia, with her grace, her spiritual impressiveness, and the glory of her voice. She was very beautiful. Oh, yes; God has dealt kindly with our women. But what would you? the spiritual life is there, the goodness, the simplicity, the virtue!

The Signorino marvels that God should have hidden away in that mountain nest such bloom, such grace, such womanhood? Mystery! But there is no mystery—except sin.

She had no thought of her beauty. God made her as she was; and he had regard for her soul. Suitors? Many, many! And as Father Philip grew weaker his solicitude increased.

He would see her married and settled in life. But whenever that affair was broached to Rosalia, her response was always the same: "I should love him well, should I not?"

And to a sharp "Certainly!" was always returned: "Then, not yet, Uncle."

"Not yet?" would be asked solicitously; "and why not?"

"He has not come; but when he does—"

"And when he does?"

Then, keeping silence, she would look down the valley. I could see something shining in her eyes—an acceptance, a rejection, an uncertainty. Was it a sort of clear seeing of the soul, *Eccellenza*—one of those mysterious suspicions of life, a premonition?

The Signorino, I hear, is housed at the Vittoria. A modern luxury, the Vittoria. Forty years ago we could not have offered such comforts to the traveler. Father Philip's parish still clings to the old terms, the simple, intimate welcome. Today, at the luxurious Vittoria, one is removed from us by a parade of conventions. In my time, a traveler would have lived our life and dreamed our dreams.

It was so when he came, when David came.

Years ago, such a day as this, but in the morning, I stood in the shade of the mulberries and watched David breasting the stiff ascent that led to our hamlet. And I could hear him singing, singing for sheer excess of youth and health and hope.

Eccellenza understands that his coming was something in the nature of a novelty; but when he asked for lodgings—well, that was a sensation. If the Signorino will count the houses north from the presbytery—two, three, four—it is the fifth. Giovanni, the schoolmaster, lives there now. In those days it was the home of Bettina, the widow Briganti. A dear old soul, Bettina, of fifty-five years, and she took to David from the first. She had children of her own. Three dead; a married daughter who lived far down the valley; one son in Genoa; and another a wanderer like David himself. Was it so very strange that she loved David as a son?

It is easy to see how such a nature as David's, spontaneous and adaptable, could lay great hold upon us. He amused, aroused, and took us by storm. It was a pleasure to hear his voice at daybreak among the olives. And yet—in all that he said or sang, even in the lightest passage, there was a some-

thing not fully voiced, a strain wandering within a strain, an elusive accompaniment.

Enjoying life after his own design? Well, until—but you shall hear. He was something of an artist, as is plain from that unfinished sketch. But his taste in music was exquisite and sure. And he knew his Horace.

Later on David would spend his afternoons in our garden; and he would spend two or three evenings every week with Father Philip. David had turned up a large surface of life in his day. His points of view were constantly shifting. He drew us out in spite of ourselves. It was an experience not soon forgotten to have seen and listened as he gathered and arranged the contributions of our talk; a chip here, a chip there—and, lo! the gem flashing clear and perfect. But it was his own country that stirred him most and set free his deeper emotions. The Signorino should have seen Rosalia then. She would lean forward, silent yet disturbed. It was not long till her eyes confessed a clear interest. They were expressive, indeed, in the passage of an argument—now praising openly, now condemning in sorrow; here urging, there repressing; one moment quick with admiration, and the next with disagreement. She was all fire, enthusiasm, spirit.

It is clear, is it not, Eccellenza, that where tides set one way we should look for a flood? I could not say just how or when or where it came to pass. But one day, when Father Philip had been called down the valley, and we three sat by the fountain, I felt that a change had come. David had engaged Rosalia's thought. He had won her soul and was playing upon it with marvelous skill. One by one he showed me its hidden beauties. He swept its heights and depths. And I, who had thought to understand, was startled at its glory and its power. It was a bit of charlantry—that unexpected strain; I felt my own heart leap at the revelation. And then I saw their eyes meet and part. His were proud and satisfied; but hers—

Ah, me! Eccellenza, what a wonderful experience is that first moment. Rosalia was a woman from that instant. From that day, that hour, there were abrupt silences and altered rhythms of speech. And her eyes, her laughter! But the Signorino should have heard the exquisite ascension of her soul in song. The flood had come. I knew what that meant

—the ecstasy, the fears, the clamors, and the silences. That was the dream. But the reality!

For many days I could find no peace. David was not of our faith, and Holy Mother Church has an eye beyond this temporal passage. Difficult? Well, and what in life is not difficult; is there any course without its renuncements?

Never by word or sign, never by any slightest signal, did David give hint that he saw, or knew, or guessed. Natures like his could not be insensible to such responding grace, such spiritual beauty. The signs disturbed me. For what might be a passing hour for him, was the beginning of eternity for her. One day he would call his farewell; and the Signorino divines what it would contain for her. We are a simple folk, therefore love with us is an enduring spirit. It is either heaven or the abyss.

One evening, on my return from a two days' absence, Father Philip called me to his room. His eyes were sparkling; a strange smile came and went on his sweet old face, as he signed me to a chair, with a brisk: "I have news for you, Matteo. God has been good to us here in the wilderness. He has heard our prayer. He has chosen us from the whole world to be the instruments of his will."

There was a slight tremor in his voice when he added very softly: "David receives baptism to-morrow!"

The Signorino can understand how it was that I sat upright in my chair—startled, incredulous, dumb. I heard the faintest snuffle and, looking, saw the back of Father Philip's hand brush the corner of one eye. In the fullness of that moment I understood many things; and not least how that a brave soul, venturing between the passages of a life, had surprised a spark in the shadows, and fanned it into fire. Think of it; I have found myself solicitous for that single rose, lest the night-frost or an unkind wind strike at its heart with death.

What, then, had been Father Philip's fear, his toil, and his vigil! Believe me, Signorino, there is no greater joy in the whole world than was contained in that single tear of Father Philip. It was his reward? And why not! He had renounced much to gain it. There was a great contentment in his eyes when he turned to me with: "You like David?"

"Very much indeed," I answered.

I could see that he was pleased. His eyes declared it, and

his voice, also, when he said with a touch of seriousness: "I am under orders to warn you from the garden to-morrow."

"The garden?"

"Then you have not heard, and they have kept the secret?"

"The secret; they?"

"So, Matteo does not understand? Look in that far corner! Those are the lanterns for the evening. We shall dine well to-morrow. They have prepared a *fiesta* for David—a surprise. Not a word, not a hint, and no trespass."

The Signorino should have seen that garden: the rich glow of lanterns in the darkness, their colored fires spilling down, down through the crisp waters of the fountain. He should have seen our feast-table, and the faces beside it! Father Philip was a boy at holiday; Bettina was all smiles and talk; and Rosalia was all expressive of rapture and longing—the surrender! When I looked at Father Philip, his eyes were radiant.

And there was David's response through the violin—a mysterious restraint, an aspiring plea. The whole theme was a spiritual reaching out.

Parting with me for the night, Father Philip said: "It is very clear and very beautiful, is it not, Matteo?"

I gave him my full thought: "She loves him."

"But David, what of David!" he asked. His voice quivered with eagerness, and I could not bear the solicitude of his eyes as I answered:

"What may I say, without knowledge of his past? Perhaps in his own land there is something—a some one—"

"No, no"; he interrupted sharply, "there is nothing, no one."

"In that case," I answered, "it is well. But since he has seen much of life and the world, he will be less quickly moved and will exact more. A week, a month—who knows—and then—" He caught me up:

"Then! Ah, Matteo! I have prayed for it; I have dreamed of it. I am getting on in years. I would see the little one happy. And I have come to love David; to look to him, to hope that—"

His voice faltered and was silent. He pressed my hand softly, and, bidding a good night, left me alone in the garden.

A whole week passed, and yet David did not come to our house. We called at David's lodgings, but Bettina could give us

little assurance. She could not understand. Was David well? Was ever a young man well who rose before daylight, tasted but a bit, and then set off alone towards the hills, returning at nightfall to bury himself in his room? Letters? No; he had received no letters; but he wrote, wrote—it must be half the night through. He had never been the same since the night of his own blessed *festa*, whose recollection was still a burning fire in Bettina's soul.

Speak to him—indeed! What was one to learn from a man who, when asked to try wine from the Castello di Brolio, would sit staring past one at something, as if there were nothing in the whole world but himself and that! Now, what was that? Was it homesickness? Or might it not be (we should forgive her, she was a foolish old creature, but she had not reached her age without a knowledge of the signs), she wondered if it might not be—love?

I glanced at Father Philip. He drew back in an attitude of derision. But I knew that his soft—“*Mache!*” was from a heart that was one with her thought. The next day I heard from Bettina that David had told her: “It is nothing. I must fight it out alone, then, as others do. The renouncement was mine. The rest is in God's hands.”

And Rosalia? The Signorino has seen in some abandoned garden one flower of rare light and promise pining away for lack of care; its heart thirsting for waters that never fall; a wan, soliciting shape that should have been the glory of a hundred blooms? That was Rosalia. And though the truth was known to each of us, no one broke the silence. We were waiting, and waiting is a cruel trial.

The storms here, abruptly, swiftly, with but brief warning, pitch themselves upon the hills and valleys; and over the flood of sunshine suddenly darts a spirit of change, a profound, oppressing silence. Just so did that other crisis come and break and pass. But its lightning—sometimes in the forest stands a tree of life and death, this side scored and blasted, the other still flourishing its green tops among its fellows. And how often is there a similar fate in human life?

It was Saturday evening. The last confession had been heard. I went into the garden for a breath of sweet air, and watched the coming moon slipping up the dark shoulders of the hill, when I heard my name called from the end of the

garden. There in the gray light I found Father Philip and David. And there I learned from David's lips that he stood penniless before the world; that he had voluntarily disinherited himself by his conversion. Tell me, Eccellenza, what is it that moves men's hearts to work such terms against their offspring? He was a hard man was David's father, stubborn and firm. How could it be otherwise than that David himself should show strength where his convictions were at stake? David had written the truth to his people, and there was little hope of parental forgiveness— The Signorino suffers from his eyes? He should have a great care. Yes; his work is a strain, but—moderation!—David was to leave us on the morrow. It was very sudden. It meant—it meant much to one of us. And that one had yet to hear.

On our way back to the house Father Philip leaned heavily on my arm. He said nothing till we had come to the door of his room. He bade me step in for a moment. It seemed an interminable space till he said: "He has not told us all."

"David?" said I.

He shook his head and was silent. I could think of nothing to say. Then he turned to me with: "He loves her."

"Then he has spoken?"

"Not of that; but of his return."

I looked at him in amazement.

"A year and he will be with us again. A year, Matteo! I may not last that long. Perhaps this, too, must be renounced. But you will see to it, my child, you will give me your word, that Rosalia shall know that I loved David like a son; that I desired and prayed for this union? And David—you will tell him how it was that I could not confess that the little one's life was twining itself about his own—that she loved him? I could not tell him that. But, when he has come again, and you see the truth shining in their eyes, let them know that it is exceeding pleasant for me. You promise, Matteo?"

And I promised.

The day slipped around. The hour of parting came. Somehow it seemed as if David were going down the valley for a week or two. I did not realize the truth. Father Philip was very calm; and his voice was steady; not even his eyes uncovered the old grief, the doubt, the longing.

And Rosalia laughed and sang and scattered joy like a spendthrift. In her eyes was an animation that stirred me strangely. I could see that David, also, wondered. I watched closely when their eyes met, but there was nothing like a betrothal in the glance. And I said to myself: "He admires, is pleased, satisfied"; but—ah, me, I've been wondering for years if he really cared.

Almost in the shadow of our Lady's statue David took his farewell—a thousand pardons, *Eccellenza*, but I can never think of that hour without seeing him standing there with Rosalia, hand in hand, his face strangely calm, his eyes filled with a faint, fluttering light, bespeaking both resolution and fear and the blurred utterance of a feeling held in check.

Well, they had come for David with a carriage from the post-town in the valley. Only once did he turn back to wave us a parting signal. Father Philip hung by the gate for a few moments, then turned and went into the house.

Thinking of Rosalia, I sought the garden. She was not there. I walked across to the mulberries, and away down the valley could distinguish a moving speck that left a trailing puff of dust behind it. But the carriage was soon shut from sight by the hill. And then I heard a low moan. There on a ledge of rocks below me I saw Rosalia kneeling, both hands pressed to her head. I stole away softly and sought my room. Some hours later, when the early stars had assembled in the dark tides overhead, something urged me to quit the room. I passed Father Philip's door; it was closed. Through the split panel a streak of light shone, and I knew that he was not to be disturbed. I went into the garden, cool and quiet, and sat in the shadow of the roses. I thought of many things; of David, his country, his future, his return; I thought of Father Philip and his great desire. I thought of love—its power and passion, the height and depth of its course toward an infinity of woe or happiness. And then, just as my thought was opening upon her, there in the pathway, drifting down upon me, white, noiseless—with eyes upturned to the stars, and hands upon her breast—came Rosalia. The apparition startled me. I could but sit and watch.

She paused for a moment at the fountain; then went straight to where the image of our Lady rose pale and slender in the cool fragrance and the moonlight. She dropped to her knees.

I knew her lips were seeking the spot where David had last stood—his hand on hers, her eyes upon him. I could feel the chill of the night creeping through my body; but still she knelt. Suddenly the heart gave way under its burden. I tried not to hear; but the words touched me like fire. I saw her arms stretch themselves out in mute supplication to the Blessed Mother, and heard the cry: "I loved him! David! David!"

She lay motionless among the crushed flowers when I reached her.

Many years have gone since that night. Few changes have occurred in the valley. The olive leaves whiten under the west wind; the pines stir in the darkness with their ancient tones; the roses, the birds, the starlight, the springtime—these come and go; human hearts move on the great dream-path with much the same dawns and dusks. But David—David has never returned.

Pardon, Eccellenza? Collins, that was the name, David Collins.

Eccellenza is going? Then I will move on a bit with him. Only as far as that house at the brow of the hill. No; why it is only a step. And, besides, I would show the Signorino how she sits on the bench, just outside the door, her blind eyes—blind these ten years—open against the light of the setting sun. He will mark how it is toward the West they are turned. Somewhere in the track of that wonder-veil of gold is David. I think that if death were to touch her there at twilight, it would please her greatly, since her soul would have a radiant pathway back to youth—to him. David would be an old man now, almost as old as myself. What! The Signorino has heard of him! Dead! David—dead! killed at Petersburg! And they found this on him? Did the Signorino say next his heart—her miniature?

But, how is it—this picture—and you here, in the very valley in sight of the woman? It seems incredible; it— Your uncle! You are David's nephew? The eyes; quick, let me see. Now, blessed be God! But, come, we shall be in time to see her before the light fades and they have led her into the house. It is only a step now—just around that bend. We shall tell her—listen, my child, listen! You hear voices? And that cry—that cry! Faster! We are too late, too late!

Yes; the night is here, but the dawn; oh, the blessed dawn!

JAPANESE SKETCHES.

BY A. LLOYD, M.A.



JAPAN is at the present moment an interesting country for everybody. It has arisen from insignificance to a dignified place among the powers in a little more than the average years of a generation of the sons of men; and we are all asking with the deepest interest whether the advance is going to be maintained or not, whether the rise of Japan is to be a blessing or a curse, and whether the new civilization—with its outspoken materialism which has come into bloom in the Far East—is a step forwards or a step to the rear. Catholics, more than all others, ought to take an interest in the Land of the Rising Sun. For them Japan has a past as well as a present, and more than a present, a future. Nigh four hundred years ago, just about the year that witnessed the revolt of England from the Holy See, the first Christians from Europe landed on the shores of Japan. For a hundred years, with varying alternations of success and failure, the faith of Christ was preached and thousands of converts gathered in through the labors of St. Francis Xavier and his holy band of devoted missionaries. It is no derogation from the Faith to say that the treasure of the Gospel was at times contained in "earthen vessels," that mistakes were made both in conduct and tactics, that opportunities were lost and advantages misused. When the storm of persecution and hostility burst upon the infant Church of Japan, the fidelity of the martyrs, and the steadfast constancy of the confessors, showed that the seed sown had been the good seed of the Word, and that it had been sown by no unworthy hands. No country can point to nobler martyrs than those who sealed their faith with their blood in the seventeenth century in Japan, and I doubt whether the annals of any country can record more striking instances of constancy than that afforded by the Catholic fishermen and peasants of South Japan who, deprived of all means of grace, without priests, books, ceremonies, sacraments, always in peril of im-

prisonment and death, persevered for over two centuries in the practice of the Faith, and were at last discovered, in 1854, after two hundred years of subterranean existence, quietly keeping their forty days of Lenten sorrow.

The Catholic heritage of Japan has been a magnificent one. Its present is noble, if not exactly magnificent; for the Catholics of Japan, still a somewhat despised folk, are putting up a brave battle against sin in the midst of discouragement and poverty, and it is only a man whose soul is dead who can dare to smile at the mean and humble surroundings of many a Catholic missionary. Our Lord was content to be a poor man, and they who can follow him in his poverty are worthy of envy.

And as for the future? With such a past and such a present, the Catholic Church deserves a future in Japan. It is one of my objects in these papers to show that she is likely to have it, because she alone has a message to deliver which appeals to the felt needs of the Japanese people.

Japan is distinctly a religious country, though the forms in which its religious sentiments are expressed are somewhat different from our own. The Japanese has many religions, and the faith of the military *Bushi* of the ruling class is very different from that of the merchant, just as again that of the merchant differs from that of the farmer or peasant. But all the religions of Japan overrun their ecclesiastical boundaries and get fused with one another, so that though we talk of Shinto, Buddhist, Confucianist, the average individual Japanese would find it hard to tell you which he is. He is sometimes one thing and sometimes another, according to circumstances.

In the highest classes I have found a very deep religious feeling. It was my privilege to be present at a memorial service conducted by Admiral Togo last November, in honor of the naval officers and men who died before Port Arthur and in the Japan Sea, and naught but a deeply religious feeling could possibly have inspired that ceremony.

I once met on the lonely top of Mount Tsukuba, the solitary two-peaked mountain that rises out of the great plain to the northeast of Tokyo, a widow and her son, whom I accidentally disturbed at their devotions. The mother had taken her boy to a lonely shrine in fulfilment of a vow. It was a Buddhist shrine before which they were praying—and the statue was that of a mother holding in her arms a babe!

In the lower middle and lower classes we get a faith not so high as that which animated the gray-haired warriors of the navy or the lonely widow with her son. If Togo's ritual seemed to point to the Communion of Saints, and the widow's prayer to the Catholic Doctrine of the Incarnation, the cult which I am now going to describe will, I think, show also that the Catholic Faith has a proper answer to give to many aspirations of the Japanese heart.

The Japanese has a proverb which says *tsudai moto kurashi*, "just under the candlestick is the darkest place in the room," and if you could see a Japanese room with a tall wooden candlestick, holding a dimly burning candle enclosed by a shade of semi-transparent paper, you would see how true to life the proverb is. It is true also in another way. Tokyo is the candlestick of Japan—the light-giving centre of Japanese illumination. A few miles out of Tokyo you come upon dark spots which seem to be absolutely untouched by Western civilization and light. They are at the foot of the candlestick, and the bright rays of Western light have passed them over on their way to enlighten other places.

Such a place is Haneda. It is eight miles from Tokyo, at the mouth of the river which you cross at Kawasaki by train on your way from Yokohama to the capital. In old days you went by train to Kawasaki, and then on foot to the mouth of the Kawasaki River; now an electric car takes you in an hour from Tokyo as far as Anamori. When you alight from the car at Anamori you go over a bridge under the stone *torii* or gateway, and so up the street towards the temple, or shrine.

The *torii* is a meaningless gate which is found at the entrance to every Shinto temple, and very often in Buddhist temples as well; for Buddhism and Shinto were in the past very neighborly creeds, and borrowed a great deal from each other. Not unfrequently one temple served for both cults, so that it is very difficult to say sometimes to which religion the temple belongs. Some people say that the word *torii* comes from *tori*, "a fowl," and that these gateways were used for tying the sacrificial fowls to, a theory which I can well understand if the Japan fowls in olden days were at all like the fowls which are now found in the province of Tosa, creatures with tail feathers sixteen feet long. A man must walk behind them, to carry their train, whenever they go for an airing!

At any rate the *torii* is of no earthly use now, save as an ornament; but it is a common thing to present a *torii* to the temple as a thank offering for a prayer that has been heard, and to judge by the avenue of little wooden *torii* leading to this temple, it would seem that the god of Haneda must be a powerful god; for the *torii* stand there by the thousands, some made of costly white stone, the offerings of wealthy worshippers, and others of the simple wood that the poorest can afford to give.

The number of these votive *torii* would lead you to infer that the worshippers that visit this shrine are very numerous, and so they are. The Electric Railway Company would not have run a line down to this out of the-way hamlet on a lonely mud-flat if the pilgrims to the shrines had not been sufficiently numerous to justify their doing so. For the accommodation of the numerous worshippers there are many tea-houses. When a Japanese tea-house or inn enters upon the pilgrim business, it has its trade mark and name printed in white on pieces of dark blue cotton, which it sends round to all the other houses in the same line throughout the country. These strips of cloth are hung out in front of the inn, but not for mere ornament. The pilgrim who is making an extended tour finds in them a convenient Hotel Directory, and when he has by their means "spotted" the right place for his next night's sojourn, he goes to the landlord and gets from him a letter of commendation to take with him. In this way the pilgrim innkeepers are in continual touch with one another. Very often, too, the parting guest receives as a present a little white cotton *tenugui*, or napkin, with the name of the hotel printed in blue upon its surface. The *tenugui* is in constant use during the pilgrimage, serving as towel, handkerchief, duster, and headgear; and when the pilgrim has done with it, it is sometimes hung out on a pole, where it serves to advertise the merits of the hotel, by showing to all the world how many guests from distant localities have deigned to lodge there.

We will suppose, then, that fatigued with our journey, we have reached the hostelry—its name, the *Komeya* or Rice-hotel. We are not in a hurry to go on, so we sit down and wait, have a cigarette, and a cup of tea with a biscuit. Having done this, and when we are rested, we go through the

little village street towards the temple, which is now quite near. Perhaps we have brought our children with us, or perhaps we have left them behind us, with a promise to bring them home some present, or perhaps there is a neighbor's child who must be propitiated with a gift. Our eye is caught by a very unpretentious little place of business, and we turn aside to make a trifling purchase. If we have brought the children they will perhaps be satisfied with some oranges and a paper bag of peanuts; though I doubt it. Certainly the children at home will need to be pacified with one of the straw images which form the staple curio of the place. The mud-flats of the delta of the Rokugo River produce one thing only, and that is grain, and where there is corn and rice there is straw. Straw-plaiting is the staple industry of the district, and a good industry, too, when one considers how large a market there is for the Japanese straw hat which travels to many lands. In their leisure moments the Haneda people make little figures of straw—lions, dogs, men—which they paint with gaudy colors and suspend from thin bamboo rods. If you have a parent's heart you will not pass that shop without laying out a few *sen* on a straw dog, unless haply you should prefer a dried fish, or one of the card-board dice which are also offered for sale. You will have to carry this about with you for the rest of the day, and every one will know that you have been to Haneda.

Sitting by the roadside you may find a poor miserable leper who will excite your compassion. But if you do so at Haneda it will be a mere accident. A Japanese often makes the following distinction between the two great religions of his country. Anything joyful is Shinto, anything mournful is Buddhist. I am not speaking here of the great military ruling class who despise Buddhism altogether, but of the great bulk of the people who worship they know not what in their ignorance. A leper is a mournful subject, and the Inari shrine at Haneda is of Shinto origin. A leper, therefore, would be out of place at a temple where men pray for happiness and prosperity; but still, misery knows no rules, and the leper is a poor miserable wretch turned out from his family to die. Why should he not beg by the roadside, here as elsewhere?

It is the glory of Catholicism to have been the first in Japan to care for the leper. There is a Buddhist temple at

Kumamoto, built, I believe, in memory of Kato Miyamasa, where lepers congregate, but at this temple no effort is made to alleviate the sufferings of these wretches. The first Leper Asylum in Japan was the Catholic asylum at Gotemba, the second was the Catholic asylum near Kumamoto. The example set by Catholics has been followed by Protestants. The Presbyterians have asylums at Gotemba, and at Meguro, near Tokyo; and Miss Riddell's (Anglican) Leper Hospital, at Kumamoto, has done much to call the attention of Japan to its numerous lepers. What a pity it is that Frenchmen are such poor beggars! The world in Japan and out of it hears but little of the heroic work of the Gotemba and Kumamoto Fathers, who in singleness of heart have done so much and are doing it for the alleviation of suffering. Perhaps what I have written may meet the eye of some wealthy Catholic who may be touched by the sufferings of the lepers. If it does not—well, there is One who sees in secret, and who will reward openly.

Having thrown our penny to the leper, we pass on to the shrine, a typical heathen building, where the eye is confused by the multitude of mysterious and apparently meaningless symbols. There are many stone lanterns, the gifts of pious worshippers whose prayers have been answered. There are brass gongs hanging up before the inmost shrine to call the attention of the deity within, who may be "asleep, or on a journey," like Baal in the Book of Kings. Characteristic of the temple are two stone images of foxes, sitting up and "begging," with frills around their necks. This is a shrine of Inari, the Rice-Goddess, the friend or the foe, according to circumstances, of the men with whom she comes in contact, the goddess who knows the future and can give good counsel to the perplexed.

The foxes are the attendants of Inari, and it is through them that the future can be known. For the fox has the power to assume at will the form of a man and to mix in human society. He, therefore, learns a great deal, and if you can only get on the right side of him he can give you very much useful information. Hitherto we have only been visiting the shrine for our pleasure. But suppose we have come on business—to consult the Fox-God—what then? Well, we should wend our way back to the tea-house, and let the landlady know that we wished to consult the *kannushi* or head

priest of the temple. And the landlady, being a woman, would ask us whether we wished to inquire about a marriage or about our business speculations; for those are the two things as to which men all over the world are most interested to know the future. We should have to satisfy her curiosity somehow or other, and then she would go to the priest and make arrangements for us to spend the night alone in the shrine.

When the devotee is thus alone in the sanctuary he listens to the voices of those who come to the shrine during the night to worship. Possibly these are the unhappy ones among men who come to pray, in their hour of sorrow and shame, when none save the Unseen can see them. But that is not quite the popular belief about them. To the superstitious these mysterious worshippers are foxes in human form, who have come to serve in the temple of their mistress Inari, the goddess of rice, and the words that they utter on such occasions are not the sighings of a contrite heart, but vaticinations of the future, to which the devotee must listen with rapt attention, as containing something that it is of importance for him to know. On the morrow he will go to the *kannushi*, tell him what he has heard, and receive the interpretation thereof. This interpretation is called by the Japanese *tsujiura*: the same name is given to pieces of white paper on which sentences have been written in invisible ink. You buy a sheet for a very small coin, expose it for a few minutes to the heat of the *hibachi* fire, and there is your fortune in black and white. But that is not a genuine *tsujiura*: the genuine article is connected with the mystic voices heard in the Fox Temple.

A friend of mine once told me of an experience which he had. It was not at Haneda, but at another Inari temple near Osaka; but the *tsujiura* ceremony is the same everywhere. He was a rice broker, and had had so many unlucky speculations on the Rice Exchange that he thought of giving up the business entirely. But before doing so, he thought he would consult the oracle. So he made an arrangement with the *kannushi*, and in due time was locked up in the dark, uncanny, idol temple. Had it been in the summer he would probably have had many nocturnal visitors, but it was winter and he had to wait a long time; for even foxes will not readily leave their snug little lairs when the thermometer is down below zero. However, at last some one came, and the sound of the wooden

geta on the stones showed that it was a party of two. My friend listened with breathless attention. The foxes in human form approached the shrine, sounded the gong, clapped their hands, breathed a silent prayer with bowed head, and then at last one of them broke the silence.

"How far is it to Takaeda?" said he.

"Not very far."

"Then let's go there and spend the night."

And with that they walked off, and for the rest of the night there was silence.

The next morning he went to the *kannushi* and told him what he had heard.

"Ah!" said the reverend gentleman, who received him in full canonicals, "the one asked how far it was to Takaeda, did he?"

"Yes."

"And the reply was that it was not far?"

"Yes."

"Hm!—And did you notice the direction in which they went?"

"Yes; they turned to the left."

"That's good," said the priest. "The left is the fortunate direction—it is a good omen. And they asked the distance to Takaeda. Taka-eda means 'high branch'; it shows that your fortunes are going to rise. And they said it was not far—which shows that your fortune is going to rise soon. It is quite clear that you had better go back to Osaka, and go on with your speculations."

My friend was overjoyed, and hastened back to his haunts on the Osaka Rice Exchange, where he plunged manfully into speculation as the Fox-God had told him. But Taka-eda proved a broken branch, and let him down badly. He lost and lost, and at last was forced to give up the business of a rice broker.

And these people, you will say, are the countrymen of Oyama and Togo, of Ito, Okuma, and the other makers of New Japan—the men renovated and inspired by the Bushido that men vaunt as the best thing that the world has yet seen!

We might have found some of the same contrasts in the days of Christ and his Apostles, had we visited Imperial Rome. On the one hand, a newly established empire, built up on the foundation of an Imperial House, which claimed divine descent, by the labors of men of great culture, refinement, and of the

loftiest spirit, of Horace and Mæcenas, of Cæsar, Augustus, Germanicus; on the other, in the slums across the Tiber the crassest of superstition and the most degraded of religions. Substitute Japanese names for the names of the great ones at Rome, and you have, save for the one fact that the Japanese is more æsthetic than the Roman, an exact replica of Imperial Rome in the Japan of to day.

It was the Catholic Faith, in its pristine fervor and purity, it is true, that saved Imperial Rome, when philosophy failed it, when the Roman Bushido failed it, when the luxury of Imperialism sapped the strength of the primitive Roman simplicity. It is the Catholic Faith, restored to its pristine fervor by the necessities of the twentieth century, that will be the preserver of Japan, when, in the inevitable course of events, the old order changes, entirely giving place to new, when the theory of a divine monarchy is found to be untenable, when modern materialism, so congenial to the spirit of the middle classes, has swept down the lofty but badly-grounded idealism of the *samurai*, and when the ancient religions of the land cease to have any message for the Japanese people.

A prominent missionary of the English Church, the Rev. L. B. Cholmondeley, of Tokyo, in a recent Annual Report of the Guild of St. Paul, well describes the attitude of Christianity in Japan as one of waiting. There has been a great deal of evangelistic seed-sowing of all sorts—and the wide toleration of the Japanese government has given a free course to every form of Christian preaching. All Japan knows about Christ—and the labors of Protestant preachers on the fields of battle, among soldiers and sailors, may be said to have brought the news of Christ to every village in the land. And yet, almost simultaneously with this great wave of Christian knowledge, there has come a *pause* which every Christian body has felt—Japan is waiting for the next development, waiting for the leader or leaders, whether Japanese or foreign it matters not, so long as they have the signs of Apostleship, who shall be able in God's name to gather into the net of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church the multitudes of Japan that have been persuaded, or half persuaded, or that are looking for help and guidance under the new conditions of the fresh century which has made the past impossible.

That leader can come from Rome, and from nowhere else,

from Rome which has been shorn of all political importance. If the Catholic Church can now rise to the opportunities which God is placing before her, she can have triumphs in Japan for Christ such as she has not had for many a long year. Amongst her most potent allies in winning Japan for Christ, she will find some of the best minds among the Buddhists themselves. I will illustrate what I say by some quotations from a Japanese magazine, the *Katei Shūho*, or Home Weekly. It is a paper managed entirely by Japanese; it is not a Christian but a Buddhist organ, and is intended to reach the great mass of middle class families which form the bulk and the backbone of the nation.

The activity of Buddhism deserves a passing mention before I go on with my subject. The Amida-worshipping Buddhists are quite active in the propagation of their faith. You will find Buddhist missionaries in China, Korea, Siam, India, engaged in a mission of reform, and striving to arouse their drowsy Oriental neighbors to the same zeal in the common Buddhism which animates them. You will find them in Hawaii and Manila, in the cities of the Pacific slope of America, nay, as far East as Chicago, striving to keep their own countrymen faithful to the creed of Sakya-Muni. They also understand how to face hardships in the bleak, inhospitable regions of Saghalien and the Far North. And, quiet though their methods are, when compared with the pushing restlessness of European and American, they have no intention of allowing themselves to be driven out of their home fields without at least a struggle in self-defence. And yet the contents of this Buddhist magazine, as I put them before my readers, ought to show that there is a distinct readiness to accept and welcome all that fund of good teaching which a healthy and manly Catholicism has to offer.

Both the numbers which lie before me as I write are for the current year. And in each of them there is an article on the "Year of the Fiery Steed." A full description of what is meant by the "year of the fiery steed" is beyond my power. Suffice it to say that in the Japanese astrological calendar there are twelve signs of the zodiac, each sign bearing the name of some animal. In old clocks these twelve signs were applied to the hours of the day, and old people used to talk of something happening at the hour of the rat, and something else at the hour of the ox. This custom has now gone: we reckon

time from one o'clock till twelve, and the day will soon come when the hours will run from one to twenty-four; but in reckoning years the old astrological calculations still hold good, the years run in cycles, according to the signs of the zodiac, and the year of the horse comes once in twelve years.

But in addition to the twelve zodiacal animals in the Japanese calendar, there are also five elements which also run in cycles through the years, and which are applied in turn to their animal designations. Thus the year of the cock may be combined with any one of the elements of wood, fire, earth, metal, and water, making the wooden cock, the fiery cock, or the earthen cock, as the case may be. The same holds good with the years of the horse. There is a year of the horse every twelve years, and a year of the fiery horse once in every sixty. And the thirty-ninth year of Meiji (1906) is a year of the fiery steed. I hope my readers have been able to follow my explanation. It is like finding out from tables at the beginning of the missal or prayer book when Septuagesima Sunday will fall some twenty-five years hence. A similar train of reasoning will tell you what animal will preside over the destinies of any given year, and what its particular nature is going to be. It has been said that, the horse being a spirited animal, the year of the horse is nearly always a year of commotion and distress, and when it is not only the year of the horse, but of the fiery horse, then the calamities become great and serious—fires, floods, famines, and commotions abound throughout its course. This year the fiery steed has already begun to show his turbulent nature; there have been several fires in Tokyo and elsewhere, there is a famine raging in the north, and we have had premonitory earthquakes. And so the women folk are full of anxious fears, and Dr. Mayeda, a well-known Buddhist priest, writes to tell them that the year of the fiery steed means a year of great heat, that we shall have a broiling summer and an excellent rice harvest. The warning does not seem quite unnecessary; in the columns of the *Japan Times* there has during the last few days been a long article, translated from the Japanese, by our great seismologist, Professor Omori, demonstrating that catastrophical earthquakes do not recur according to zodiacal cycles, and that there is no special reason for anticipating a big earthquake in this year any more than in others. Even with this warning, a panic of a coming earthquake the other day sufficed to break up a concert

which was being given in honor of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and to send every one home in terror to await a catastrophe which never came.

It is a natural transition from talking of superstitions about the "year of the fiery steed" to discoursing about the follies of astrology and soothsaying. In common with all the great heathen nations of antiquity, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Chaldæa—in common with all the great heathen nations of to-day, India, Siam, China—in common, I had almost said, with some at least among the Christian nations where people ought to know better—Japan has a great belief, in her inmost soul, in the utilities of soothsaying. The necessities of my life, combined with the innate politeness of my nature, force me to be a strap-hanger in the Tokyo street cars, and my natural curiosity impels me while strap-hanging, to study the advertisements which adorn those vehicles. In most cases I find that out of ten advertisements, four are those of fortune tellers, who puff themselves as the friends of suffering humanity. They offer their services, not only in the selection of auspicious days for marriage ceremonies or removals, not only for the recovery of lost or stolen articles—all of which services they may claim to have rendered to mankind (at least by profession) during these many centuries—but in more modern and up to-date ways, as sure and infallible guides in the intricate operations of the Rice Exchange and the Stock Market, and confidently assure wealth and prosperity to those who are wise enough to become their patrons. One advertisement in particular claims to do business according to the "Takashima" methods. Takashima is the name of a very wealthy and prosperous gentleman, much given to occult practices. He has done well for himself, and he is said to do well by his friends. It is rumored that there have been times when even Cabinet Ministers and men high in the Councils of the State have come to him for counsel and direction. I have myself known of a man, a shrewd business man, (one of Japan's best), who pulled down a costly residence, and rebuilt it in another part of the city, with a different aspect, at the cost of thousands of yen, and of great personal discomfort to himself and family, simply because a soothsayer had told his mother that if he did not do so some disaster would befall the family. It is a healthy sign for the future to find a Buddhist priest of prominence, like Dr. Mayeda, writing

to warn his readers that there is a much surer way of prosperity than committing one's fortunes to a soothsayer. It is "to lay your plans well in the morning, and make up your accounts accurately at night." Where these two principles are observed there is no need of the soothsayer.

The Japanese are, indeed, a strange mixture of conflicting habits of mind and temper—just like ourselves. There are the Bushidoists, who have no god but the State, embodied in the person of the Emperor; there are the Intellectuals, who claim to have no god at all, and despise Christian and Buddhist alike. But when you peep into their houses you see the strong belief in the reality of the unseen world clearly marked in the power of the soothsayer. And sometimes you find a compromise—a peculiarly Japanese one—known as the cult of the *Shichi-fuku-jin*, or "Seven Gods of Happiness"—a collection of miscellaneous deities, some of Indian and some of Chinese origin, who are supposed to have a direct influence on the happiness of man, and especially of Japanese man. Of the seven deities some are more popular than others,* but there are three whose traces confront one at every turn: *Ebisu*, the God of Trade; *Daikoku*, the God of Wealth; and *Benzaiten*, or *Benten*, the Japanese Venus. Whatever other deities may claim the worship of the ruling classes, there is no doubt that these three popular representatives of the "Gods of Happiness" are, like Inari, the real deities of middle and lower class Japan. It is the worship of the Almighty Dollar in a poeticized form. Buddhism in the past has not been unmixed with soothsaying and astrology, neither is it now. It has also, in its constant policy of agreeing with human tendencies rather than running counter to them, readily adopted the Seven Gods of Happiness amongst the objects of its worship. It is an encouraging sign, therefore, to find a Buddhist priest directing his readers to better things than the worship of *Benten*, *Ebisu*, and *Daikoku*. The magazines before me contain several articles on Domestic Life—one of them with a title which looks strangely unfamiliar when written in Japanese *Kana* letters, "Home, Sweet Home"; and the burden of all these articles is the need of elevating the Japanese home by purging it of its materialistic elements. Where the family is given to the cult of the gods of material happiness, where it suffers itself to be guided by soothsayers rather

*The seven deities are Ebisu, Daikoku, Bishamon, Benzaiten, Hotei, Jurōjin, Fukurokujin.

than by principles of right and duty, and to be alarmed by vague rumors of earthquakes and other impending calamities, there can be no healthy family life, and, as a necessary sequel, no healthy national life. Dr. Mayeda is, therefore, very strong in his insistence on the necessity of having a healthy religion as a basis of home and national life, and vigorously advocates the introduction of religious teaching into Japanese schools of every side. Dr. Mayeda is a prominent priest of the Amida sect of Buddhists, and it has always seemed to me that some day it will be discovered that the belief in Amida, the Buddha of Eternal Life and Light, whose mercy is over all creatures, will help towards a belief in him whom we worship as the Eternal Son of God, and that whilst, whether in Japan or in England, there is nothing so loathsome as a family from which the light of faith has utterly died out, there is also a striking resemblance between the best family life of the West and the best ideals of Japan. For it is not all men in Japan that are worshippers of *Ebisu*, *Daikoku*, *Benten*, and the Fox-God. There are men and women here also, as amongst ourselves, with high ideals of duty, life, and conduct; nay, with that true, though dim, realization of the Unseen and of man's relations to it, which invariably tends to the active manifestation of the highest ideals of human life.

And this, then, is the work of those who sit in the Bark of St. Peter and cast their Gospel net into the waters of Japan—to strengthen all that is good in this motley people, and to point them to the God “that heareth prayer,” whose worshippers have no need of divination or soothsaying, and no fear of fiery steeds or wandering foxes.

I could write more, but it is better to stop. I have tried to point out how much Japan is in need of the elevating influences of the Christian Faith. It will probably never be my fortune to see in realization the whole of my “heavenly vision” of a united Church of Japan, purified and gathered in, around the “Vicar of Christ,” the man whose especial duty it is to “hold the fort” until Christ himself comes to take the command of his forces. My writing will not, however, be in vain if it induces one soul to devote itself to the work of the Catholic missions in Japan, or causes one prayer to ascend to the Great and Holy Father of us all that “his kingdom may come on earth as it has come in heaven.”

IRELAND UNDER CHARLES II.

HIS POLICY TOWARDS CATHOLICS.

BY WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.



HERE has lately been issued by the English Rolls Commission a collection of documents relating to the affairs of Ireland in the period immediately following the Restoration of Charles II.* Many of the papers set out or epitomized in the volume, which has been admirably and impartially edited by Mr. Robert Pentland Mahaffy, B.A., are of much historic interest. Regarded as a whole, they make it perfectly clear that the Stuart king was honestly desirous of doing justice to his Catholic subjects, who had manfully, albeit disastrously for themselves, proved their loyalty to his unfortunate and untrustworthy father. His Majesty was, however, sadly hampered in the execution of his creditable designs by the fact that their full accomplishment would necessarily involve hardship to the English Protestant settlers, whom Puritan policy had placed in possession of the lands and houses of Irish Papists. The Cromwellian planters could always appeal to their co-religionists and fellow-countrymen in England, and Charles could not afford to undertake any risk which might imperil the permanency of his newly acquired sovereignty. That the dissolute monarch was always a Catholic by conviction is as certain as anything can be, but he lacked courage to sacrifice temporal place and power to the demands of conscience. That he judged aright as to what would have occurred, had he pursued a less temporizing course, the history of what took place when his less politic brother, James II., ascended the throne, amply attests. The more one examines his career, the more marvelous appears the adroitness with which he managed an aggressively and intolerantly Protestant people, and even cajoled them into offering enthusiastic welcome to the fervently Catholic princess whom he made Queen of Eng-

* *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland preserved in the Public Record Office, 1660-1662.* London: His Majesty's Stationary Office. 1905.

land.* Despite his faults, the ability and shrewdness of the man almost extort admiration, however impossible it is to approve his conduct, viewed from a conscientious or moral standpoint.

Not only had Charles to deal with the claims for restoration to their older possessions or territories of the Irish gentry and peasantry who had been ruthlessly transported by Cromwell from the more fertile portions of the country to the least hospitable districts of Connaught, he had also to satisfy as best he could the demands of the many gallant cavaliers and soldiers who had followed his fortunes while in exile, or lent their swords to every foreign prince who had warred against the hated Commonwealth. That the king's position was one of grave embarrassment goes without the saying, and that the records now published prove that he and his representatives in Ireland often resorted to evasive and shift measures is scarcely to be wondered at. To satisfy all parties was absolutely impossible, in face of the danger, which always threatened, of a new revolt in England. Amongst the papers referred to one may well be quoted as illustrating the difficulties which had to be faced. As epitomized in the *Calendar*, it reads as follows:

Petition to the Lords Commissioners for the Government and Management of his Majesty's Affairs in Ireland of Captain John Campbell, of Lord Killownie's Regiment of Horse, showing that:

Five years ago † petitioner had certain lands set out to him in the counties of Meath and Kilkenny, for his arrears as due for his service against the rebels in Ireland, and for other arrears purchased.‡ These lands he quietly enjoyed ever since.

* Catherine, second daughter of John, Duke of Braganza, who recovered the Crown of Portugal from Spanish usurpation. She was born at Viciosa, on the 25th of November, 1638. Charles, who had positively declared that he would marry none but a Catholic princess, sought her hand. The alliance was a notable gain for Portugal, then sorely pressed by the intrigues of Spain. When she arrived in England, on the 14th of May, 1662, tremendous efforts were made to induce her to go through the marriage ceremony, but although she consented to stand before the Archbishop of Canterbury along with her intended husband, she refused to respond to the usual questions. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., has testified to the fact that Charles and Catherine were privately married "according to the Romish ritual," by Lord Aubigny. The queen refused to be crowned in a Protestant church, and was merely a spectator of her husband's coronation. The licentious conduct of the king imposed sore trials on Catherine, but eventually, to her own discredit, she ceased to protest. She died at Lisbon, on the 31st of December, 1705.

† This petition was lodged early in November, 1660.

‡ Many of the more opulent of the Parliamentary soldiers purchased the claims of their more needy comrades to the satisfaction of their arrears of pay out of the land of Ireland to which they were entitled.

By a gracious declaration given under the Sign Manual and Privy Signet at Breda on the 4th-14th of April, 1660, and sent to the Duke of Albemarle for communication to the army, the king declared that all grants and purchases of any estate made to and by any officers, soldiers, or others who were then possessed of the same, and that all things relating thereunto should be determined by Parliament. This promise was confirmed by a further letter of confirmation, dated the 26th of May, promising special care to the soldiers under his Grace's command who had served in the king's interest.

Afterwards the king, noticing the interruptions given to several of the officers and soldiers by the Irish proprietors and others employed under them, put forth a proclamation quieting the possession of the soldiers and adventurers in Ireland till Parliament should take care therein, as by the said "Declaration letters" appears.

Nevertheless, Thomas Luttrell, of Luttrellstown, Esq.,* notwithstanding that petitioner has been in possession for five years of Mooretown and Rowlestown, County Meath—which is a good title until petitioner is evicted by course of law—and notwithstanding he (Luttrell) has accepted lands in Connaught in lieu of those lands which he now enjoys, and notwithstanding that all who promoted the rebellion in Ireland are excepted out of the Act of Indemnity, dated the 5th of April, 1660, and that Luttrell is not excepted from the operation of that Act—has entered into possession of these lands under pretence of an order which, upon misinformation, he secured from the king, and detains them from the petitioner.

Lord Mountgarret also threatens to dispossess petitioner of the rest of his estate which formerly belonged to him (Mountgarret).

He prays for restoration and for freedom from disturbance by Luttrell, either till Parliament declares itself, or till he be evicted by due course of law. To this he is entitled, even if he had no other title than bare possession. †

This is a lengthy extract, but it illustrates the nature of the petitions which were being constantly addressed to the king by Cromwellian planters, sore pressed by the older proprietors of the lands they had so greedily grabbed.

*Catholic ancestor of the infamous Luttrell, Lord Carhampton, whose cruelties mainly brought about the Rebellion of 1798. The first of the Luttrells to attain rank was Sir Thomas Luttrell, who, on the 16th of November, 1553, was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland. Few families in any country ever exhibited a more marked tendency towards evil than did the Luttrells through successive generations. The last of them, Lord Carhampton, was a monster of cruelty and vice.

† *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1660-1662.* P. 82.

As a matter of fact, Luttrell had resumed possession of his property under an order signed by Charles on the 6th of October, 1660, which declared invalid any grant to his detriment "made in the name of the late usurper, or of any other usurped power." Later on, another order was issued restoring to Luttrell certain property of his within the city of Dublin which had been conferred on one Hewson, probably a relative of Colonel Hewson, who had been its governor under Cromwell. Luttrell appears, however, to have been a grasping knave, and although he had received restitution of his original possessions, he sought still to retain the lands in Connaught which the Protector had assigned him at the time of the great Transplantation. Accordingly, on the 21st of October, 1661, the king by an order issued at Whitehall, London, commanded that he should forthwith restore the latter to Sir John Bourke,* of DerrymacLaughna, County Galway, "who has specially merited our favors." Similar orders had to be issued against Luttrell in favor of the Earl of Clanricarde,† the Countess of Mountrath, and others whose properties in Connaught Luttrell was base enough to seek to hold, despite the fact that he had received full compensation by restoration to his own. The difficulties which the king had to face were almost interminable, and there is really some ground for assuming that he earned his cognomen of the Merry Monarch through a perfectly natural seeking of respite from the worries by which he must have been constantly beset. On the whole, however, Charles appears to have been inclined to pursue a broad and statesmanlike policy with regard to Ireland. Adopting the tactics which he followed until he was lying on his death-bed, he persisted in masquerading as a resolute Protestant for the satisfaction of his British subjects, who would have driven him back to exile if they had known that he was at heart a Catholic. A remarkable instance of his capacity for double-dealing is afforded by two documents in the collection edited by Mr. Mahaffy. One of these sets forth the replies of the king to a number of queries sub-

* Sir John Burke, or Bourke, was married to a daughter of Richard, sixth Earl of Clanricarde, by his union with Elizabeth, sister of James, Earl of Ormonde.

† William, seventh Earl of Clanricarde, [married first, Lettice, daughter of Sir Henry Shirley, by whom he had three sons, and second, Ellen, daughter of Donough, Earl of ClanCarthy, by whom he had one son, Ulick, who fell at Aughrim fighting for James II., and two daughters, Margaret, who married Bryan Magennis, Viscount Iveagh, and Honor, who was the wife of the distinguished soldier, Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and who married, secondly, James FitzJames, Duke of Berwick, illegitimate son of James II.

mitted to him as to the manner in which he desired his Catholic subjects in Ireland treated. His Majesty was emphatic in his commands that those whom he styled "moderate Papists," *i. e.*, those who were willing to recognize his sovereignty, as practically all the Catholics of the country were, should be admitted to the commission of the peace, to practice at the Bar, and generally to public office and employment, on taking the oath of allegiance and without being compelled to take the abominable oath of supremacy, which denied the authority of the Pope in matters spiritual as well as temporal.

These replies of the king were given on the 22d of December, 1660. Their author had probably already decided to restore to Ireland her separate Parliament, of which she had been deprived by Cromwell. Definite action in this direction was taken two months later, in February, 1661. Meantime, however, it was necessary to dissemble lest English susceptibilities should be aroused. Accordingly, on the 22d of January, 1661, a proclamation, summarized as follows by Mr. Mahaffy, was issued from the Council Chamber, Dublin Castle:

We are given to understand that sundry unlawful assemblies have of late been held by Papists, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Quakers, and other fanatical persons meeting in great numbers, who meet in hundreds or thousands under the pretended authority of some foreign jurisdiction or of some local presbytery. In these assemblies some have taken upon them on their own heads to appoint public fasts and days of humiliation or thanksgiving for his Majesty's subjects, and to give holy orders and induct into ecclesiastical benefices, and to deprive ministers—who have good titles by the laws of this realm—at their pleasures by their arbitrary orders, by the force of such of their parishioners as join with them and go along with them. At these meetings they speak evil of dignities, cast dirt in the face of the lawful magistrates, and usurp the essential rights of sovereignty itself. All these assemblies, whether of Papists, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Quakers, and other fanatical persons, are unlawful and mischievous. We forbid the king's subjects to convoke them, either under the name of days of humiliation, days of thanksgiving, or consistorial days, or under any other pretence whatsoever, or to be present at them or to execute their decrees.

On the previous day, the 21st of January, 1661, the Lords Justices and Council had issued another proclamation to the adherents of the State Church, in which they canonized the "Royal Martyr," declaring: "We cannot doubt of the happy condition of our late dread Sovereign of ever blessed memory, Charles the First, being assured by the voice of truth itself that whosoever loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it, in which respect martyrdom—wherewith he was undoubtedly crowned—hath been justly styled the baptism of blood, and the anniversary days of the death of the Martyrs have been ever observed by the Church of God as the birthdays of their glory, so that it might seem half a crime to shed a tear for him whose soul the Lord hath delivered from death, his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling; whom his bloody enemies did advantage more by their malice and cruelty than they could have done by the pretension of Allegiance and Loyalty, snatching him from the sweet society of his dearest consort, and most hopeful and Royal issue, and from the Government of all his Kingdoms and people to place him in the bosom of the blessed Angels and Saints triumphant." This being the assured conviction of the authorities of Dublin Castle, it was ordered that "on the thirtieth day of the present month" all the king's lieges should assemble "at their several parish churches and join with their respective ministers in public prayer that God will be graciously pleased to avert his judgments from this nation due unto so horrid and bloody a crime, and to discover more and more those who have been the principal contrivers and actors in that unparalleled murder, and to establish and radicate his Majesty in the just possession of his hereditary crowns and kingdoms." In addition, those to whom the proclamation was addressed were enjoined to "shut their shops for the day." Why it should have been supposed by any one that the divine justice threatened vengeance upon Ireland because of the execution of Charles I. by English Puritans baffles comprehension. It is, however, by no means unlikely that the proclamation was really issued as a device for testing the loyalty of the Cromwellian planters. It is easy to imagine the sour faces with which many a Puritan draper or grocer "closed his shop" on the 30th of January, 1661, and went slowly and solemnly to Christ Church or St. Patrick's to listen to panegyrics on the dead king from Episcopalian di-

vines, when they would have much preferred to hearken to some drum-thumping minister of the Praise-God-Barebones type.

It is doubtful, indeed, if the feelings of mutual hostility between the rival Protestant sects were not fully as intense as those which they collectively cherished towards Catholics. Under the Act of Settlement,* the interests of the Established Church, of which Charles was the Supreme Head, had been as well protected as Parliament could protect them. By virtue of its provisions the Episcopalian clergy were entitled to recover possession of all the endowments which had been stolen from the ancient Catholic Church of the country at the time of the Reformation, minus, of course, those which had been conferred at the same period on greedy courtiers and other persons in authority. During the existence of the Commonwealth, however, there had been a great influx of Nonconformists into Ireland, and these folk were by no means willing to recognize the supremacy of the Establishment. Mostly of English birth or descent, they were fervent in their hatred of the native Catholic and Celtic population, but they were equally fervent in their detestation of the domination of Episcopalian Protestantism. The *Calendar of State Papers* casts interesting light upon their attitude. On the 4th of October, 1660, the Earl of Mountrath,† Lord Justice, and Major William Bury, one of the Royal Commissioners for the Government of Ireland, wrote from Dublin Castle to London to Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State, as follows:

We consider it our duty to address you concerning a matter which affects the public peace here. There have been lately two sermons preached here by Mr. Samuel Madder—who, we now find, writes himself Mather—and who preached here by an appointment from the late usurper (*i. e.*, Cromwell). Upon his apparent readiness to accept his Majesty's government he was allowed by us to continue preaching.

* Act 14, Car. II., cap. ii. Irish Statutes. Vol. II. P. 315.

† Charles Coote, first Earl of Mountrath, son of Sir Charles Coote, who made himself famous, or infamous, by the murderings and plunderings which, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., he carried on, with much profit to himself, against the Irish Catholics. The Earl of Mountrath had supported Cromwell and held high positions in the Parliamentary army. Cromwell appointed him Governor or President of Connaught, and this office he held at the time when the Restoration became inevitable. Recognizing how the tide was flowing, he promptly offered his services to Charles, and was rewarded by the title named as well as by plenary recognition of his right to hold the vast estates which he or his father had won from Papists at the point of the sword. He died the 18th of December, 1661, of smallpox, and was interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, in the following February.

The sermons gave offence here, as tending to sedition and tumult, and we thought well to take evidence on oath of certain persons who heard these sermons.

One, Mr. Egerton, deposed before us as to the character of the sermons, and this evidence Mr. Madder denied not, but labored to gratify. He declared himself opposed to Episcopacy and the Book of Common Prayer, yet denies utterly that he preached anything against the civil government. He says that he is ready to obey any civil government which God places over him, and declares that what he spoke was spoken in the matter of ecclesiastical government. In proof of this he appeals to his sermons themselves, which, he says, he was asked by persons well-affected to the king to have printed.

Mountrath and Bury had no belief in Madder's assertions as to the character of his sermons, and asked him to hand over the notes of his discourses. With this request he declined to comply, on the ground that in them "there might be things more criminous than anything which he said, for that he did not preach directly from his notes." The Lord Justice and Commissioner declared that they were puzzled as to what course to adopt touching the redoubtable Madder. Shortly afterwards, on the 3d of December, 1660, Jeremy Taylor, bishop-elect of Down and Connor, handed Mountrath and Bury a letter sent him by some person whom he had employed to watch the proceedings of the Nonconformists in his future diocese. It would appear that before Dr. Taylor delivered the letter he tore off the signature. At any rate, it is now mutilated in this way. In part it ran as follows:

In your last you gave me a charge to have an eye to the actings of the Presbyterians. In my last to you I could say but little, but now I wish I could not say so much.

They had a meeting last Monday week, in which it was concluded that articles should be drawn against you, and the charge of drawing them was put on Gregory, Drydall, Ramsay, and Hutcheson, who met on Tuesday last with their brethren at Newtown. Your charge by them was read unto the rest containing stuff to this purpose: that you were Socinian, that you denied original sin, and that you were an Arminian, and so a heretic in grain.

On the 12th of December Mountrath and Bury sent on the letter to Nicholas, telling him that Taylor had informed them

it was written by one Robert Maxwell who feared that, if it became known he was the author, he "might contract hatred thereby from some ministers of the Presbytery in the County Down." The earl and the major had, however, something more to report concerning other enemies of the Established Church. They went on to inform the Secretary of State:

We lately received letters from Captain Webster, a captain in the army, and a paper found on a Popish priest for making collections of moneys, for what end we know not; and the like is done, as we are informed, in several parts of the country. We enclose the paper.

The Popish priests appear here boldly and in large numbers, and, though this is more penal in England than in Ireland, yet as these men have always been incendiaries here we think it wise to secure them and prevent them from saying the Mass and preaching. Priests who, when out on bail, think themselves entitled to continue preaching, we have ordered to be committed, as they reflect scandal on the king's government.

The letter concluded with an almost plaintive expression of the writer's sense of the difficulties by which they were surrounded and of hope that Charles and his immediate advisers would recognize "how we, his Majesty's servants here, are beset on all sides by parties of seeming different persuasions and on several and differing interests, and in several parts of the kingdom; and how opposite soever they seem to be one to another, yet from them all we find a concurrence of desires to interrupt and disturb his Majesty's Government." It is impossible to assert that matters in this respect in Ireland to-day differ very much from the aspect which they presented well-nigh two centuries and a half ago. In view of all the circumstances, Mountrath and Bury suggested that care should be taken to prevent the importation of munitions of war, saying: "We are jealous in the matter of powder, because we are informed that the Irish Papists are anxious to provide themselves with it as far as they can, and because of their insolency." That the Catholics everywhere throughout the country were behaving with the strictest prudence would be absurd to assert, but that their "insolency" was far surpassed by the conduct of the Nonconformists is unquestionable.

That there were occasions, however, in which the poor Papists were quite justified in manifesting the "insolency" of

which they were accused is quite certain. An instance of this kind is recorded in a despatch, dated the 19th of October, 1660, sent by two Cromwellian officers serving in the army which was now the king's. These worthies were Captain Livesey Sharples and Cornet John Jibbes. They wrote the Earl of Mountrath as follows:

Hearing of a convening of the Irish in the parish of Killewan, about seven miles from here, and not positively knowing the place of the convention, the party which we sent out being divided, five of them happened on the place where they were all met at Mass and, seeing the priest in vestments, seized upon him. As they wanted force, by reason of the rest not coming in, the priest was rescued by the multitude, their arms taken from the soldiers, and they ill-treated and beaten with stones and clubs. Upon the return of the party we sent out another, which brought in some men who confess that they were present when the soldiers were ill-treated, but will confess no more, nor can the soldiers positively swear to them. They can, however, swear that the priest was one who was formerly taken by some of Major Moore's troop, and let out by Captain Foster, High Sheriff of Monaghan, upon bond not to officiate again as priest. The prisoners we keep here till we know your pleasure—but we may say that they threatened the men with hanging and other torture.

In or about the 20th of October, 1660—the precise date cannot be ascertained—a petition was presented to the king, from Arthur, Lord Viscount Magennis of Iveagh, showing that the petitioner: “being under years when the distractions in Ireland broke out in the time of King Charles I., put himself into the service of the said king, and was the last of the Colonels to submit—as appears by his articles made by Commissary-General Reynolds. The enemy prevailing, petitioner left the kingdom, and has ever since been in his Majesty's service in foreign parts, and is now a captain in the foot company of his Highness the Duke of Gloucester. Yet his lands are seized on, and he has not wherewithal to find food and raiment.” The petition was forwarded to Lord Chancellor Eustace* for examination, and that functionary reported in favor of the granting of its prayer. On the 23d of February, 1661, the king issued an order to the Lords Justices, commanding the

* Sir Maurice Eustace, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His father was William Fitz-John Eustace, of Castlemartin, County Kildare.

restoration of Lord Iveagh* to his ancient possessions. Later his son, the next Viscount, stood by James II. against William of Orange, and with Sarsfield, Lord Clare, and the rest of the "Wild Geese," followed the Stuart monarch into exile anew. As a necessary consequence, he was attainted and his territories confiscated anew. The Viscountcy of Iveagh is now held by Cecil Guinness, head of the famous Dublin firm of brewers, who is descended from the Magennises, and in whose favor the title was revived by her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. It is needless to say that the dignity of this ancient Irish peerage is in no danger of being impaired through its present possessor being unable to provide himself with "food and raiment." Although the Lord Iveagh of to-day is not a Catholic, there is no Irish nobleman more generally respected by the majority of his fellow-countrymen for his indiscriminating exercise of benevolence and his princely display of fitting state.

Meantime, the working out of the reversal of the distribution of property enacted by Cromwell and the Puritan Parliament was being carried on with infinite difficulty and constant contention. Mr. Mahaffy epitomizes the situation very accurately, when he says that innocent Protestants and innocent Papists (*i. e.*, those who had not borne arms against Charles I., either on behalf of the Cromwellians or the Irish), who had not accepted lands in Connaught, should be the first restored to their original properties. After these were to come innocent Protestants and Papists who had accepted such compensation. Persons who were deprived of estates in Connaught or Clare were protected by the provision that they should be given equivalent grants in those divisions of the country. Next to these, in order of restitution, came such Papists as had constantly followed the ensigns of the king in Connaught. A certain proportion of lands was set apart for the satisfaction of the claims of those who contracted debts for the support of the Royal army previous to 1649. In the case of all the lands referred to, certain rents were reserved to the Crown, which are still payable, except in the case of tenants who have purchased under the beneficent provisions of the legislation which will remain forever to the credit of Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Mr. George Wyndham, lately

* This was Arthur, third Viscount Magennis of Iveagh, whose mother was a daughter of Sir John Bellew, of Bellewstown, a fervent Catholic. Lord Iveagh died in Dublin, on the 1st of May, 1683, and was buried in St. Catherine's Church, Thomas Street.

Chief Secretary. The Lord Lieutenant was directed to review the judgments of the Cromwellian Courts, granting land in Connaught and Clare, and to rectify any injustice which they might have inflicted; and the king willingly accepted the offer of six months' rent made by some adventurers and the whole year's rent offered by others in return for this generous settlement. Commissioners were to be appointed to settle Protestant plantations and to see to the erection of Protestant churches. Certain exceptions from redress were, however, carefully made. All those who had joined in the famous plot of 1641, for the surprising of Dublin Castle, as well as any of those who had participated in the trial of Charles I., "or who were of the guard of halberdiers assisting to put the bloody sentence of death in execution," were so excepted. Elaborate arrangements were made for carrying the new settlement into effect. The Commissioners appointed were the Earl of Cork, Lord Conway and Killulta, Lord Valentia, and some thirty other soldiers or lawyers. From the outset of their proceedings, the Commissioners found themselves involved in serious complexities and difficulties, by reason of the fact that many of the Cromwellian adventurers and planters had indulged in numerous forgeries and frauds, thus getting possession of a far larger amount of land than they were entitled to, either by reason of their original personal grants or those which they purchased from other speculators. As has been already shown, however, the king frequently cut short the labors of the Commission in somewhat peremptory fashion, by ordering the immediate restoration of prominent Catholic loyalists to their estates and residences, with a supreme disregard for the regular working of its functions. That Charles really desired the pacification of Ireland, and the rendering of justice to his Catholic subjects in that country, is as certain as anything can be. To this fact, as much as any other, is ascribable the loyalty with which the majority of the people clung to the cause of his unfortunate brother, James II.

That the king had a settled policy in regard to Ireland is made quite manifest by several of the documents calendared by Mr. Mahaffy. We have, for example, the fact that his Majesty summoned his Irish Parliament to assemble on the same day—the 8th of May, 1661—for which he convoked that of England. By this exercise of the Royal authority he re-conferred on Ireland her original legislative independence.

Desperate efforts were made by the representatives of the Cromwellian faction to secure the exclusion of Catholics from the House of Commons.

The Earl of Orrery, Lord Justice, wrote to Nicholas on the 20th of February, saying: "We are waiting for the return of Bills transmitted to England in order to the calling of a Parliament, but that Bill on which the Protestants are most intent is the Bill for administering the Oath of Supremacy to the House of Commons here, it being in effect our foundation stone." On the 11th of March the king issued an order to the Lords Justices directing the appointment of Sir William Dumville, or Domville,* Attorney General, as Speaker of the House of Commons, but on the 20th of April Mountrath wrote to Nicholas, telling him that he and Orrery had written the English Lord Chancellor invoking his influence with Charles to secure that freedom of choice of a Speaker should be left to the Commons "in accordance with the established practice." Mountrath continued that he and his colleague were agreed that such a concession would have satisfactory results. This, he explained, would be because "such have been the endeavors of my Lord Orrery and myself in the elections that we are confident we shall be able to give his Majesty a good account of their proceedings in order to his Majesty's service, which, I may with confidence say, is our great ambition." On the 18th of May, Mountrath was able to report that Sir Audley Mervin had been elected Speaker, adding: "I am glad to say the members of Parliament do as well here as yours do in England, and hope this will prove a happy Parliament for the church (*i. e.*, the Protestant) and the kingdom." The truth was, of course, that the House of Commons had been unscrupulously packed by means of the various so called Boroughs, created by James I., the representatives of which were mainly the mere nominees of members of the overwhelmingly Protestant House of Lords.†

* Sir William Domville, Attorney General for Ireland, Member of Parliament in the Irish House of Commons for the County Dublin, a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. He married a Miss Lake, daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, of Cannons, Middlesex, England, who had held the position of Secretary of State to James I. Sir William played a prominent part in securing the restoration of the Royal authority in Ireland following the death of Cromwell.

† In the House of Lords, the English Protestant Primate of All Ireland, John Bramhall, seated on the woolsack, read the king's commission constituting him Speaker of that assembly. The House of Commons was composed almost exclusively of Protestant English settlers, with the exceptions of one Catholic and one Anabaptist, both returned for Tuam. The Speaker, Sir Audley Mervin, in his official address to the Lords Justices, observed: "I may warrant-

In Dublin, and throughout the other portions of Ireland, there were enthusiastic rejoicings at the announcement of the intended marriage of the king with the Infanta of Catholic Portugal. The majority of the people naturally welcomed the intelligence, the significance of which they fully appreciated, indicating as it did his Majesty's leaning towards the ancient faith. On the 22d of May 1661, the Houses of Lords and Commons adopted a joint address to the king in which they declared:

Our joys have lately been so full that nothing was left to increase them but the confident expectation of seeing our happiness entailed upon posterity, and that it was not in our eye how this could be better effected than by your Majesty's timely marriage to such a person as might bear some proportion with your high birth and royal virtues, as well as with your princely inclinations.

The Lords Justices have declared to us the most welcome news of his Majesty's intentions to match with the Infanta of Portugal, a princess whose beauties and excellencies are far renowned, like the powers and arms of that ancient crown, made famous by her triumphs in the remotest places of the habitable world.

We profess our infinite joy and satisfaction, first adoring and magnifying the Divine Majesty for the guidance of your royal heart unto so happy a choice.

We shall loyally support your Majesty in your royal intention, which promises blessings, not only upon your loyal subjects, but likewise upon such other parts of Christendom as enjoy not the prosperity of his Majesty's royal crown and dignity.

Mountrath testified that "bells, 'bonefires,' and ordnance are attesting the public joy about the news of the king's intended marriage." The Catholics of Dublin, at any rate, had not misjudged the king's gracious intent in their regard. On the 4th of June, 1661, Charles issued from Whitehall a mandate to the Irish Lords Justices "concerning the Papist inhabitants of Dublin." This was to the following effect:

ably say, since Ireland was happy under an English Government, there was never so choice a collection of Protestant fruit that ever grew within the walls of the Commons' House. Your Lordships have piped in your summons to this Parliament, and the Irish have danced. How many have voted for and signed to the returns of Protestant elections? So that we may hope for, as we pray, that Japhet may be persuaded to dwell in the tent of Shem." This Parliament, with various prorogations, continued to exist until the 8th of August, 1666, when it was dissolved.

"The Roman Catholic inhabitants of Dublin have asked to be restored to their possessions and privileges, and we now have received full information in the matter from the Duke of Ormonde testifying to their loyalty. Those who remained loyal till the withdrawal of King Charles I.'s authority, in 1647, and heirs, etc., of such of them as are dead, shall be restored accordingly. You shall require the Commissioners appointed for settling the security for arrears before the 5th of June, 1649, and all persons deriving from them or possessing the petitioners' said estates, to forbear disposing of them, and to deliver to the said petitioners the possession and profits thereof." That the king was thoroughly sincere in his desire to place the Catholics of the country on terms of complete equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects is convincingly shown by two other orders, also addressed to the Lords Justices, and both dated at Whitehall, the 22d of May, 1661. One of these is thus epitomized in the *Calendar of State Papers*:

Divers of our subjects who formerly lived in Limerick, Galway, and our other towns were expelled therefrom and are still, by reason only of their race and religion, prevented from returning there. This is bad for our trade, as it drives many of our traders abroad, where they engage in trade to the enrichment of foreign princes. Those who had formerly the right to trade in these parts shall continue to have that right, and without making any national distinction between our subjects of that our kingdom or giving any interruption upon pretence of difference of judgment or opinion in matters of religion, but that all shall act and deal together as becometh our loyal and dutiful subjects. Mayors, sheriffs, and other officers of our cities, towns, and corporations, shall take notice of this order, and it shall be published in the different cities, etc.

On the same day the king issued another proclamation ordering that Popish lawyers should have as full freedom to practice in the Irish law courts as they enjoyed under Charles I., on merely taking the oath of allegiance and, therefore, without being required to swear the obnoxious oath of supremacy. Impartial perusal of the collection of state papers now published will convince every reader that the Merry Monarch, who, according to Rochester, "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," consistently endeavored to render justice to his Irish Catholic subjects.

Current Events.

Russia.

The proceedings of the *Duma* have been watched with mingled feelings of hope and fear ever since, with great pomp and circumstance, the elected House was opened by the Tsar on the 10th of May, almost on the very anniversary of the assembling of the States General in France in 1789. On one side of the hall in which the Tsar delivered his speech were assembled the officials of the empire, admirals and generals, members of the State Council, governors of cities and of provinces, decked out with all the magnificence which clothes can give; on the other side appeared the representatives of the people, to a great extent roughly clad in high, unpolished jack-boots, wearing every shade of rusty black clothes, some with faces burned to mahogany color, others with dead pale, intelligent features and tangled hair and beards. The contrast between the right and left sides of the hall is declared by an eye-witness to have been dramatically striking. "One could imagine the aristocratic phalanx regarding this strange intrusion with the frozen stare of doomed combatants watching the entry of destroying beasts into the arena" In the ranks of the elected representatives there is a Catholic bishop from Poland, and there are besides 29 Catholics, some of whom are priests. The greater part, of course, belong to the Orthodox Church; Mohammedans, however, have 11 representatives and the Jews 10. Three Tartar priests contribute to the variety. As at present constituted, there are 503 members in all, of whom at the opening of the assembly 20 belonged to the Right, 33 to the Centre, and 327 to the Left or Opposition. Of the latter group 202 avowed themselves members of the Constitutional Democratic party, and 125, nearly all peasants, called themselves Independents. A strange feature of the assembly is that the government is not supported by any one of the parties, even the Right and the Centre being parts of the opposition. The twenty members of the Right, more autocratic than the Tsar himself, blame him for having issued the Manifesto of October 30, by which autocracy was abandoned. The Centre accepts that document, but differs from the Constitutional Democrats as to the way of carrying out its provisions.

The state of things in Russia at the opening of the *Duma*

may be briefly summarized as follows: The head of the State is believed to be sincerely desirous of giving a fair trial to what may be called a constitutional *régime*. He is surrounded, however, by bitter, self-interested opponents of any limitation of the absolute power under the protection of which they have grown rich and powerful. These forces of reaction are elated by the success which has attended M. Durnovo's repressive measures in the last few months, and they hold all power in their hands. The foreign loan had filled the treasury. The army had proved itself willing to be the instrument of absolute power. The strongest desire of the largest element in the *Duma* is for more land, and if this were gratified the reforms desired by the intellectuals might fail to obtain their support. In the background, as the sanction which gives efficacy to law, is the revolutionary party, ready to wreak vengeance in case of failure and to plunge the country into anarchy.

Whether such a catastrophe will be averted depends upon the wisdom and the moderation of the strongest party in the *Duma*—the Constitutional Democrats. The extremists on either side are anxious and ready to take advantage of any mistake which may be made. Up to the present time nothing is more surprising than the moderation which has characterized their proceedings. The demands, however, which they have been making have been extreme. They have thought to obtain, by asking, more reforms and a greater measure of self-government than have been secured in other countries by centuries of political conflict. But when the government treated these demands with what looked like studied contempt, the *Duma* accepted the situation calmly and proceeded to elaborate its plans and to work methodically for their realization in other ways.

The first demand of the *Duma*, while it showed a generous spirit, seems lacking in political intelligence, especially after the brutal attempt since made upon the lives of the King and Queen of Spain. This was for an amnesty for the ten thousand persons in prison for political offences, including even those who were guilty of assassination. It was made in the Address to the Throne in reply to the Tsar's speech, and with it were included universal suffrage for women as well as men, the responsibility of ministers to the *Duma*, as well as the abolition, in its present form, of the Council of the Empire.

Other demands were that every sphere of legislation should be subject to revision by Parliament; that the death penalty should, in all cases, be abolished; that the lands of the great landlords should be compulsorily expropriated for the benefit of the peasants, at a fair price—not therefore confiscated; that the lands of the Crown, of the monasteries, and of the Church, should be granted to them; and that the claims of the many and various nationalities should be conceded. All these things the Crown was asked to do by a stroke of the pen. To ask the Crown of its own act to make such vital departure from the established order, looks like an abdication, on the part of the *Duma*, of the work which it itself is called upon to accomplish in the course of years. The Tsar refused to receive directly the Address. He insisted upon its being transmitted to him through a Court official. No reply was given in his name. He left it to the government to refuse the demands of the *Duma*. Whether this was done to avoid personal responsibility is uncertain.

The *Duma* bore the affront involved in the Tsar's refusal to receive its President in a way which disappointed its enemies. The House treated it as a matter of small moment, and even when it learned that not one of its demands was granted, it satisfied itself with passing unanimously an order of the day, drafted by peasants and moved by a peasant deputy, in which a Ministry animated by such disregard of the wishes of the nation was declared to be unfit for office, and requiring it to give place to one enjoying the confidence of the people's representatives. No attention has so far been paid to this resolution. In Germany and in this country, as well as in Russia, ministers look upon themselves as primarily responsible to the Kaiser and President. To be responsible to the *Duma*, the Ministry declared, would involve a radical alteration in the fundamental laws recently promulgated; even the discussion of it was said to be beyond the province of the house. No less direct was the denial given to the other demands. The distribution of public and Church lands among the peasants, and the expropriation of private lands, were declared to be absolutely inadmissible, and no alternative proposal was made in the reply. All right of the deputies to interfere in matters of administration and police was flatly repudiated. The government shortly afterwards proceeded to show its independence by

executing eight persons convicted of rebellion, for whose pardon the *Duma* had made an earnest appeal.

The attitude of uncompromising opposition taken up by the government might have led the *Duma* to take an equally foolish course on the other side, a thing which would have been gratifying to the officials on the one hand, and to the Socialists and Revolutionaries on the other. Instead of that, it set to work at elaborating its agrarian proposals in a more united and business-like way than before. While it is true that the blank denial of all agrarian reform has led some eighty peasant deputies to join an organization of a somewhat revolutionary character, called the Group of Toil, which would set aside the *Duma* altogether, the main body are determined to effect their objects by parliamentary means and to work patiently to secure them little by little. The proposals of this group were almost unanimously rejected. The hope for future progress lies in a solution being found for this agrarian question, in some moderate and reasonable reform which will prevent the peasants being thrown back on the Revolutionaries.

In order to bring about the solution of the agrarian problem, a problem which all parties recognize as imperatively requiring settlement, the government, subsequently to the reply made to the address, abandoned its *non possumus* attitude and offered certain concessions. These are, however, considered to be wholly inadequate. For the needs of the peasants, in order that they may live, some 180 millions of acres are required. The amount the government proposes to provide by its scheme is barely 10 millions. The Socialists, at the other extreme, would abolish property altogether, including even fisheries, water-mills, and mines, and would give no compensation at all to the present owners. They then propose to divide the whole of Russia into ten-acre lots. The programme of the Constitutional Democrats, which has been accepted by the peasants, is to expropriate only so much as would provide the population enough for its sustenance, not so much as each family could farm; and to pay a reasonable price for all land taken from private owners. The cost of this is variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand millions of dollars, which the friends of the peasants say they would be able to pay, being less than the present dues and rents. The plan would involve the destruction of all estates of over 2,000 acres.

The news received within the last few days of the fearful massacre of Jews which has taken place at Bjelostok in the province of Grodno, in Western Russia, dashes to the ground the hopes that were being entertained that the reign of lawlessness in power had come to an end. It is asserted that the government connived at atrocities which included the murder of 600 persons in open daylight. As the butchery went on for eight hours, without interference from either the soldiers or the police, there is every reason to believe the truth of this assertion. At all events, the government has come to be generally looked upon as incapable and blind. So many disturbances are breaking out through the length and breadth of the Empire that a general uprising is feared. The one safeguard of the public weal is the fact that the government has spent all its money, having already exhausted the recent loan; while the financiers are willing to negotiate only on the condition that the demands of the *Duma* are granted.

Germany. After having sent the telegram to Count Goluchowski which excited so much comment, the German

Emperor determined to pay a visit in person to the Emperor-King. What was said in private by the two monarchs has not been revealed. By sending a joint telegram, however, to the King of Italy they have let the public know that the Triple Alliance is in as full force and vigor as ever—a statement which will, of course, be accepted as a complete refutation of the opinion widely entertained that it had lost all real power.

One of the German generals has recently declared that the German people are a race of rulers, and that it was their business to conquer the world. Whether this is really to happen in the future or not, the measures taken to strengthen the military and naval forces necessitate ever-increasing burdens in the present. The taxation recently sanctioned by the Reichstag imposes upon every traveler by rail, whose fare amounts to seven dollars and a half, an addition of more than one sixth of this amount, while a journey for which the ticket costs 16 cents will contribute an additional cent towards the expenditure of the State. Opponents of cigarette smoking will not be sorry that what is considered an oppressive duty has been imposed upon these pernicious articles, and that the collection of this

impost involves minute and vexatious inspection. Death duties also have been imposed, reaching in some cases to as much as 25 per cent of the whole inheritance. Very nearly 60 millions of additional taxation has been sanctioned by the Reichstag. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when more than two millions more were asked for the South-West African Colonies, the Reichstag could only be persuaded to vote a twentieth part of that sum, and the grant of this sum was accompanied with a demand for the withdrawal of the troops stationed in the southern districts of the colony. This demand enraged the officer, Colonel von Deimler, who is on the point of departing to take command of these troops. What right he had to make a speech in the Reichstag our ignorance of German parliamentary methods makes us unable to explain. The enraged soldier declared in the face of the assembly that he would pay no attention to their wishes: "So long as I have the honor to hold the command, the southern districts will not be abandoned, unless my Emperor issues a command to that effect, and it is he alone who has to decide, and no one else." This declaration brought down upon him the most severe of rebukes. The leader of the Radical Left asked how a representative of the government could have the audacity to declare before the House: "You may decide what you like, the South will not be abandoned." "If a Sovereign speaks in that tone we may take it quietly. But if, here in this House, an officer dares to employ such expressions—why we have left the region of Parliamentarism; we are dealing with the *Soldateska*." The Catholic Centre supported the Radicals in this condemnation, and when the proposal was made, shortly afterwards, to establish a Colonial Secretaryship, they joined with the Social Democrats in defeating it.

However devoted the members of the Reichstag may be to the maintenance of their powers and privileges, their devotion to duty is not great enough to make them attend regularly the meetings of the Parliament. To secure a better attendance, the government has found it desirable to introduce a Bill for the payment of its members. The amount of pay is not exorbitant, amounting to about \$750 a year. The Bill provided also for free traveling on the railroads under certain conditions and at certain times. It passed its third reading by 210 votes against 52.

The new Foreign Secretary, Baron von Tschirschky und Bögendorf, in his first important speech before the Reichstag declared that the period of estrangement with England was past. The visit of the burgomasters of the principal German cities to England, and the warm manner in which they had been welcomed, together with the utterances of the members of the English Cabinet on this occasion, would meet, the Baron said, with the most cordial reception on the part of the Imperial Government. The peace of Europe, its own interests, and friendly relations with all foreign powers were the objects which his government sought. The Baron defined as follows the attitude of his government towards the rest of the world: "The Imperial Government will trust to itself; it will stand on its own feet; and it will pursue its way and not allow itself to be diverted from its path by Press manœuvres, be they never so skillful, or by any other kind of political aspersions." The declarations of the Foreign Secretary with regard to the unimpaired strength of the Triple Alliance gave great satisfaction in Italy and, by fully recognizing the loyal attitude of their country, he went far to remove the bad impression caused by the Kaiser's telegram to Count Goluchowski.

The Navy League represents "the most momentous political idea of the last two decades of German history." Such is the declaration of the First Burgomaster of Hamburg on the occasion of the annual meeting of the League in that city. The League embodies the desire of the Germans to become a world-power; and that this desire, while it originated with the Emperor, is widely shared in by his people is shown by the fact that the number of members has increased during the past year by about a quarter of a million, and now reaches the remarkable figure of close upon a million. Other countries have their naval leagues, but the largest of these, after the German, numbers no more than 20,000. The promoters of the League are by no means satisfied with the results already attained. Their navy is, they declare, by no means strong. Its ships are inferior. The necessity for a stronger navy arises from its being impossible for Germany to become a world-power unless it dons strong armor on the sea and displays its power abroad. They declare that Germany has as much right as England to build a fleet, to have colonies, and to conduct an extensive foreign trade. To the meeting at Hamburg Prince Henry of

Prussia was sent by the Emperor as protector of the association. A detachment of torpedo boats, and other vessels of the Navy, was sent in honor of the event. To the Emperor a telegram was sent, in which it was declared to be the growing conviction of the people that a strong navy, together with the army, constituted the best pledge of peace. It does not seem probable that the project for disarmament, which the British Prime Minister has so much at heart, will be adopted by either the German Emperor or his people.

Austria-Hungary. Prince Hohenlohe held the office of Prime Minister of Austria for three weeks only. At the end of this brief period—brief even on the continent—he resigned, and by doing so became, it is said, the most popular man in Austria as the unflinching defender of its rights. The cause of his resignation was a conflict with the Prime Minister of Hungary, Dr. Wekerle. The legal relations between Austria and Hungary are very complicated, so complicated indeed as to be, perhaps, beyond the comprehension of foreigners. What seems clear is that, while legally united, the two countries mutually hate each other. It is equally clear that the Hungarians are anxious to make the bond of union as weak as possible. In pursuance of this idea Dr. Wekerle insisted upon his demand that the tariff should be voted in Hungary as a Hungarian tariff alone, and not as an Austro-Hungarian tariff as hitherto, and that the future economic relationship between Austria and Hungary should be regulated not by a Customs and Trade Alliance, or economic compact, but by a special commercial Treaty. This demand emphasizes the separate entity of Hungary, and compliance with it was regarded by the Prince as detrimental to Austrian interests. The Emperor acceded to the Hungarian Premier's proposals, accepted his Austrian Premier's resignation, and by doing so is considered to have infringed upon the rights of the Austrian Reichsrath. The people of Austria are, consequently, exasperated not only with the Hungarians, but with their own Emperor.

The Reichsrath took the unprecedented course of meeting, although there was no responsible Ministry in existence, and with practical unanimity—itself also almost unprecedented in recent Austrian Parliamentary annals—voted a protest against

the modification of the juridical *status* without its consent. The leader of the Catholic Centre declared that it was intolerable that decisions affecting Austria should be taken over the head of the Parliament and without its consent, and that it was the duty of the House to rise like one man to defend its rights against attack "from whatever quarter attack might come"; another member made the allusion clear by saying: "even against the King of Hungary." The celebrated Burgomaster of Vienna, Dr. Lueger, declared that Austria was on the brink of an abyss, and burst out into the following apostrophe: "O Emperor, wilt thou become answerable to history for allowing this ancient Austria, rich in honor and in victory, to perish in such miserable fashion?" The feeling in Vienna is that, as things are at present, the Magyars enjoy 70 per cent of the power and pay 30 per cent of the cost.

Baron von Beck, long the confidential adviser of the Heir-Apparent, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, has accepted the Premiership as successor of Prince Hohenlohe. He has formed a cabinet, most of the members of which have seats in Parliament, and are not, as is usually the case, mere officials. This gives it a greater degree of strength. What adds to this strength is the fact that the leading nationalities, the conflicts between which have often made the Austrian Reichsrath so much like a bear-garden, have representatives among its members. The leader of the German People's party, a member of the German Progressive party, the leader of the Polish party, as well as another Pole, the young Czech leader, and a young Czech, together with a few officials, make up the list of its members. Baron von Beck, in his first statement to the Reichsrath declared, amid the applause of the Chamber, that he was opposed to the claim of fiscal independence made by Hungary, unless and until a complete arrangement is made of the economic arrangements between the two halves of the monarchy. As the Emperor is believed to have privately conceded the Hungarian demands, his difficulties have been increased, and the outlook is quite uncertain.

The election of the Hungarian Parliament resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Independence party, of which M. Kossuth is the leader. The Liberal party, so long in power, has been formally disbanded. The former opposition is now

supreme. M. Kossuth has a following of some 250; the Minister of the Interior, Count Julius Andrássy, leads only 75; while the Premier, Dr. Wekerle, is, strange to say, merely an ordinary member of the Andrássy party. After an absence of thirteen months, due to the conflict with the Coalition, the King went to Budapest to open the Parliament. While he was received with the cheers and jubilation which the occasion demanded, yet there was an undertone of sadness, due, perhaps, to uncertainty as to the future. For many questions are still unsettled, the military demands of Hungary are only postponed. In his speech from the throne on the following day great enthusiasm was excited by the announcement of guarantees against the recurrence of an unconstitutional *régime*—the King will no more resist the nation's wishes. Preparations are being made for the universal suffrage which it is the main object of this Parliament to bring into force. Whether the conflict with Austria on their economic relations, which has supervened, will dash the roseate hopes of future peace is still undetermined.

The result of the General Election
France. is seen in the following list of
Deputies. Radicals and Socialist

Radicals number 246; Republicans of the Left, 77; Dissident Radicals, 7; Independent Socialists, 22; Unified Socialists, 53; Progressives, 64; Royalists, Bonapartists, and members of the Action Libérale and Nationalists, 117. The old *Bloc* gains 56 members, for the most part Radicals and Socialist Radicals. The government majority will enable it to dispense with the support of the Unified Socialists. It might be interesting but would be difficult to explain the various political ideas of which these numerous parties are the indication. But one thing is clear, and that is that the French electors acquiesce at least in the separation of Church and State made by the recently dissolved Assembly. For the first time for many long years the Bishops of France have met together to take the situation into consideration, and especially to discuss the question whether the public worship associations can be accepted in any shape or form. Their proceedings were in secret, but it is rumored that the majority were in favor of acceptance as the less of two evils.

The first work of the present ministry will be to deal with the deficit in the Budget, amounting to some one hundred and eighty millions of francs. That there should be such a deficit shows how acute was the crisis last year, and how near France was to war with Germany; for the greater part of the money was spent in strengthening the fortifications and making ready for the expected conflict. Old age pensions, and the imposition of an income tax, are among the proposals of the government. The establishment of the equilibrium of the Budget constitutes the main anxiety.

Italy.

Yet another Cabinet has vanished and its successor has appeared upon the scene. It is hard to find reasons for the change, except in the desire which animates so many members of the Italian Parliament to figure before the public. Their tenure of office is so precarious that they can hardly be said to wield any power. The late ministry was defeated upon a mere question of order. It considered it a matter of importance that the proceedings of a Committee appointed to consider the purchase of certain railway lines should be accelerated. This proposal the Chamber refused to accept, and the government was defeated by 179 to 152. It at once resigned, and after a short interval a new ministry has been formed by Signor Giolitti, who is Prime Minister for the third time. The railway question and the relief of the distress in the South of Italy are the matters which urgently demand attention. The Sonnino Government had prepared measures for the settlement of these questions, and so satisfactory were their proposals that they have been adopted by the new government. Dexterity in the manipulation of parliamentary groups is the distinguishing note of the new Premier, and his cabinet contains representatives of the various fractions which make up the majority. He represents the triumph of opportunism over principle; the former Cabinet tried, it is said, to act in just the opposite way, and could not live. The return of Signor Tittoni to the Foreign Office is, perhaps, the most satisfactory result of the change.

Spain.

The attempt made upon the lives of the King and Queen of Spain has, of course, excited the horror of the whole world, and raises the question what can be done to extirpate such a brood of vipers as the anarchists have proved themselves to be? It is easy enough to punish those who are guilty of outrages; but what can be done to prevent the existence of men holding such opinions, and ready to act upon them with such recklessness? The solution of this problem involves, no doubt, an amelioration of the conditions of human life. How this is to be brought about is a question demanding the most earnest attention of the student as well as of the practical man.

Whether the marriage of a member of the English Royal House with the King of Spain will in any way affect the position of Spain, or increase her influence among the Powers of the world, is a question difficult to answer. There are some who think that there are several signs of a revival of some degree of that influence which long years ago the country possessed throughout the world, that Spain is not one of the decaying powers of which Lord Salisbury spoke. Of this hopefulness for the future the popularity of the King is the principal cause, a popularity which has been increased by the recent attempt upon his life and by the brave manner in which he passed through the unlooked-for ordeal. The deep-rooted dejection which has long kept Spain in the background is giving place among Spaniards to the prospects of better things. The King's contagious activity, his genuine Liberalism, the proofs he has given of an alert intelligence, his readiness to cooperate with the Mediterranean powers, have served to lift the load of a depression. Spain is said to be breathing freely at last and to be looking forward to a future of progress.

General.

Elections have taken place in Belgium where, since 1884, the Catholic party has been in power.

Liberals and Socialists joined their forces in the hope of defeating and driving them from office; but without success. The strength of the Catholic position is somewhat weakened; but

the party still possesses a working majority.—Another of the great engineering achievements which are the chief glory of our age has been inaugurated by the President of the Swiss Republic and the King of Italy. The Simplon Tunnel forms another link to bind together the nations of Europe, and is itself an indication of marvelous scientific skill and commercial enterprise.—In Servia the long-delayed step of dismissing the officers who were guilty of the atrocious murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga has at last been taken. It will be remembered that most of the powers withdrew their representatives from Belgrade to indicate their condemnation of the deed. All, however, have been content at this demonstration, and have renewed their relation with the Servian government, with one exception, that of Great Britain. The dismissal of the guilty officers will, it is hoped, overcome her reluctance.—The movement for the extension of the suffrage has extended to Sweden and has caused a conflict between the Upper and the Lower House of the Riksdag. The King refused to dissolve the Second Chamber. The ministry consequently resigned, and a Conservative government has been formed.—Denmark also has had a general election. There seems to be almost as many parties in this small country as fall to the lot of the larger nations. The government party is placed in a minority by the election, but by receiving the support of parties the Moderates will retain power.

New Books.

KEY TO THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

By Devas.

This able volume,* by a writer whose name is not unknown to political economists, offers a theory of modern progress and civilization which interprets them by the history of the Catholic Church: "The world record made intelligible by the Church record; this is the indispensable and flexible instrument of research, bringing deductive reasoning into agreement with inductive, theory with fact, hypothesis with verification; this alone puts the relation of the natural and the supernatural in a light that all can endure." To treat such a tremendous subject exhaustively would demand a genius of the first rank, and would absorb an industrious lifetime. Mr. Devas modestly aims at a suggestive sketch in which some crucial points and salient questions of the grand scheme are emphasized. He takes Newman for his guide; and draws upon such disciples of the great Oratorian as Ward and Tyrrell. His familiarity with a wide circle of English and Continental writers enables him to treat his problem in the light of present-day thought and modern experience. Unlike so many of our apologists, he does not pretend to make all the dark places clear, nor to straighten out all the crooked paths. He does not claim that all the good has been on one side and all the evil on the other. But he does strenuously insist that, as far as our dim vision may penetrate, we can see that the progress of the world depends on the permeation of life by the ideals and doctrines of the Gospel. The chief part of the book—the subject in which the author is at his best—is devoted to a consideration and explanation of what he calls the ten most striking Christian antinomies. These are: 1. The Church appears in opposition to intellectual civilization and yet to foster it; 2. The Church appears in opposition to material civilization and yet to foster it; 3. The Church represents a religion of sorrow and yet of gladness, teaches a morality which is austere and yet joyful; 4. The Church appears the opponent and yet the support of the State, its rival and yet its ally; 5. The Church

* *Key to the World's Progress: Being an Essay on Historical Logic.* By Charles E. Devas. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

upholds the equality of men and yet the inequality of property and power; 6. The Church is full of scandals and yet all holy; 7. The Church upholds and yet opposes religious freedom and liberty of conscience; 8. The Church is one and yet Christendom has ever been divided; 9. The Church is ever the same and yet is ever changing; 10. The Church is ever being defeated and yet ever victorious. Here we have an examination of some of the most popular commonplace arguments against the Church. Mr. Devas treats them temperately, fairly, and, on the whole, effectively, though the scope of his work obliges him, in some instances, to content himself with suggesting the principles of the solution, instead of giving a full answer. The copious extracts from Newman and others of his school, and the numerous references to a wide range of notable authors, with which Mr. Devas' pages abound, render the book a valuable key to a wide course of useful historical study. He deserves thanks for a book which will contribute to fortifying the Christian apologist.

The celebration of which this volume* is a record took place, it will be remembered, last year in various centres throughout the country. The event commemorated was the grant made, in 1665, in response to the petition of some Portuguese Jews, by the Dutch West India Company, giving permission for the settlement of Jews in New Netherland. This event might well be celebrated with fervent gratitude by the children of Israel; for it was the first step in their passage out of their third house of bondage towards their modern land of promise, in which they enjoy, not merely milk and honey, but the inestimably more precious blessings of religious freedom and complete political equality. Under the strain of adversity and persecution the Jews have displayed a superb vitality, and unflinching loyalty to their national ideals. They are now to be subjected to the far more crucial trial of liberty and prosperity—and it is of ancient record that when Israel waxed fat he was prone to turn towards strange gods. The various addresses delivered in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, and collected in this volume, from eminent non-Jewish Americans, testify handsomely to the value of the con-

* *The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Jewish Settlement in America.* Published by the Executive Committee. New York: The New York Co-operative Society.

tribution which the Jew has made to American progress. If we do not find any representative Catholic names in the list of speakers, their absence is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the exercises had a quasi-religious character. No section of their fellow-citizens surpass Catholics in admiration for the good qualities of citizenship exhibited by the Jews of America, and in their satisfaction at the disappearance of those disabilities under which the ancient race so long labored. The greeting of American Catholics to them could not be more happily and truthfully expressed than by borrowing the words with which Mr. Grover Cleveland concluded his address to the meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York: "In the spirit of true Americanism, let us all rejoice in the good which the settlement we commemorate has brought to the nation in which we all find safety and protection; and, uninterrupted by differences in religious faith, let us, under the guidance of the genius of toleration and equality, consecrate ourselves more fully than ever to united and devoted labor in the field of our common nation's advancement and exaltation."

The purpose of this excellent es-
FORTIFYING THE LAYMAN. say* is to point out and suggest
 By Fr. Hull. some antidote for the dangerous

influences which confront the Cath-
 olic laymen who come in contact with the agnostic, sceptical
 spirit of the day through magazines, the daily newspaper, general
 literature, and through the society into which their avoca-
 tions throw them. Father Hull, whose wide experience of
 men and cities qualifies him to handle his subject in sound,
 practical fashion, addresses himself to the problem as it poses
 itself in England and some English colonies. But, as far
 as the question under consideration is concerned, conditions
 throughout the English-speaking world are, in the main, uni-
 form. His analysis of the situation holds good for this coun-
 try; and the means which he recommends to counteract the
 evil are as appropriate here as elsewhere. He discusses the
 "leakage" question, its causes and remedies. He finds that
 much of the religious indifference and ultimate loss of faith
 among laymen is due, not to the growth of any positive anti-
 Catholic convictions, but to a mental atrophy due largely to

* *Fortifying the Layman.* By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

the failure of the layman's directors to provide him with solid literature. A final chapter on the training of the young is deserving of the careful study of any one who is charged with the grave responsibility of equipping Catholic youth to meet the dangers which will afterwards beset them in the intellectual world.

THE APOCALYPSE.

By J. J. Elgar.

A commentary on the Apocalypse must be either scientific or ridiculous. The nature of the mysterious book which closes our canon

is such as to give boundless opportunity for fantastic conjecture and superstitious extravagances, if the commentator is not restrained by sound, critical scholarship. We regret that the work before us* is not scientific. The author lets fly into a mass of grotesque interpretations which are utterly destitute of objective value. The battle of Chalons, he says, is prefigured in the Apocalypse; the ravages of Alaric are there foretold; so, too, the heresies of Arius and Luther. In fact the binding of Satan for a thousand years, after which he will return to earth again, is explained to us as meaning the chaining of the Evil One from the beginning of the sixth till the beginning of the sixteenth century, at which time the Prince of Darkness issued forth once more to carry on the work of the Reformation. The question as to who is responsible for the evil deeds that were wrought during that millenium of captivity would probably be frowned on by our author as a temerity. The "four living creatures" are thus interpreted: "The four living creatures are commonly taken to be the four Gospels, typified by the four Evangelists, who are symbolized by the lion, the calf, the man, and the eagle. St. Mark is compared to a lion, because his book begins with the preaching of John the Baptist, which was like the roaring of a lion. St. Luke is likened to a calf, because his Gospel begins with the priesthood, which has a calf for its emblem. St. Matthew has the face, as it were, of a man, because his Gospel begins with the manhood of Christ. . . . St. John, like an eagle, soars aloft." This book is of no service to the clergy, nor is it of the kind adapted to fortify the layman. One is almost surprised to find that it bears the *imprimatur* of Westminster.

* *The Apocalypse; The Anti-Christ and the End.* By J. J. Elgar. New York: Benziger Brothers.

CHRISTIAN ORIGINS.

By Pfeiderer.

The views of Professor Pfeiderer, of the University of Berlin, have long been known to students of Scripture and early Church his-

tory, and now are put forth in a popular summary,* which will doubtless convey them to the multitudinous "man in the street." *Christian Origins* will be to Pfeiderer's fame what *The Essence of Christianity* was to Harnack's; it will introduce one of the most radical and destructive German critics into the reading of the ordinary man. Few who call themselves Christians are so deadly in their attack on the traditional views of Christ and early Christianity as Pfeiderer. To him Christ is a child of his time, with all the limitations imposed by the superstitious and apocalypse-loving Judaism of that day; the asceticism of the Gospel has its source in the wild Messianic expectations, which had prevailed since the time of Daniel; the teachings as to the danger of wealth, the blessings of poverty, and the contempt of the world, sprang from a mind by which all earthly things were viewed as about to perish in a terrible cosmic catastrophe. St. Paul is regarded as decisively influenced by the mysteries of Mithra and the worship of Adonis; even the earliest Gospel (St. Mark's) is built on an apologetic plan; and as for the organized hierarchy of the Church, it came into existence under the pressure of Gnostic speculation. These are some of the conclusions of this revolutionary book. They are reinforced by great learning, they are grouped together in masterly array, and they are stated with a positiveness and assurance which will cause untrained minds to mistake conjecture for ascertained fact, and to identify hypothesis with demonstrated history.

One of the most remarkable features of the book is its disregard of the difficulties which stand in the way of its thesis. The hallucination theory of the appearances of the risen Christ is stated as confidently as though it were a settled thing among scholars that no other explanation is admissible; whereas, in point of fact, an insuperable objection to such a theory rises straight out of the words of our earliest written witness, St. Paul. Again, it is calmly affirmed that Christ was a deluded, though highly spiritual, offspring of a debased Judaism,

* *Christian Origins*. By Otto Pfeiderer. Translated by D. A. Huebsch. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

whose religion would never have amounted to anything more than a Hebrew sect but for the genius of Paul. This is an outrage on history. It was not to Paul that the early success of Christianity was due. Indeed, as Pfeiderer himself points out, St. Paul's work and word divided the infant Church into parties which threatened the whole movement with disaster. If there is anything clear in human history, it is that the world was won to the Gospel singly and solely by the personal power, the spiritual beauty, and the heavenly promises of Jesus. And no such result could ever have taken place in that Graeco-Roman world, if Christianity had been merely the re-affirmation of Jewish apocalypse, however ardently championed by the great convert of Tarsus.

It is precisely here, in the misapprehension of the miraculous personal power of Christ, that this book falls short. A writer who misses this fundamental and essential point is destitute of the psychological insight and historical imagination necessary to an historian of Christian origins. This is the ground on which the genius of M. Loisy shows its most splendid side, and that of Herr Pfeiderer its most fatal weakness. Observations of similar import we might make on this author's theory as to the Lord's Supper, Baptism, and the Episcopate; but perhaps we have said enough to indicate that the book before us, brilliant though it is, needs to be corrected and restrained in its most important positions before it can be taken as a scientifically reliable narrative of the origins of the Christian faith.

NEWMAN.

By Bremond.

Sympathy, both of intellect and of heart, long and exhaustive study of sources, keen powers of analysis, candor, and a finished style—

such are some of the qualifications of Father Bremond for the function of interpreting Newman. But, indeed, he is already too well known as a contributor to *Newmaniana* to make necessary any introduction of his latest work,* a study which we do not hesitate to declare very important for all who desire to penetrate into the depths of the great Oratorian's mentality and character.

The volume is what its title affirms, a psychological biog-

* *Newman: Essai de Biographie Psychologique.* Par Henri Bremond. Paris: Librairie Bloud. *Newman: Méditations et Prières Traduites par Marie-Agnès Pératé. Avec une étude sur la piété de Newman.* Par Henri Bremond. Paris: Librairie Lecoffre.

raphy. It undertakes to describe Newman's traits—emotional, intellectual, religious—by analysis of the various situations of his life, and his reaction to influences of every description, and by constant reference to the passages of his writings in which he reveals the inner life of his soul. The volume is so well filled with reference to Newman's own works, and to books which have been written about him, that it might indeed be regarded as a very satisfactory hand-book for the student.

In great measure the present volume is taken up with the consideration of criticisms to which Newman has been subjected, notably those of Dr. Abbott, whose *Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman* sums up pretty much all that can be said in the Cardinal's disfavor. The reader of Father Bremond's pages will not fail to be impressed with a deep sense of the author's honesty and objectivity in considering these criticisms. Reverent and affectionate, he is at the same time thorough and discriminating in the discussion of his subject. He takes cognizance of all that has been written or said on the other side, goes into each question patiently and fairly, and readily allows that in many instances his hero falls short of perfection.

Father Bremond expresses very great regret that the correspondence of Newman subsequent to 1845 has never been given to the world. It is an open secret that the great convert suffered from grave misunderstandings after his entrance into the Church, and Father Bremond alludes to him at this period as "the suspect." The withholding of his correspondence from the public has had the effect, we are told, of convincing people that it contains frightful secrets and confessions of bitter regret; therefore, the sooner his letters are published the better. "I am thrice convinced that to honest men they will give more edification than anything else. . . . Seekers of scandal have nothing to hope for from these letters of Newman."

The chapter to which the rest of the book leads up is that devoted to Newman's inner, religious life. Suffice it to say that the reader will find it full of interest. In a word, the present volume is no mere eulogy, but a serious attempt to write history; and no admirer of Newman can afford to be ignorant or ignore its contents.

The second volume named above consists of a translation of the well-known book of meditations and devotions by Car-

dinal Newman, published posthumously. It is prefaced with an introduction by Father Bremond which is really a study of the characteristics manifested in the various devotional writings of Newman.

BOOKS ON PRAYER.

By Fr. Poulain.

Four years ago (February, 1902),

THE CATHOLIC WORLD welcomed

Father Poulain's volume on mystical theology as the work of a

man well fitted by temper and training to give helpful instruction on an important and interesting subject, which is at the same time intricate and to most persons very obscure. Since that date the author has been prosecuting his studies along the same line and adding to the value of his book by incorporating in a new edition the results of reading, reflection, experience, and investigation. He now presents to the world a fifth edition of his *Opus Magnum*,* nearly double the size of the first, enlarged and bettered in every sense, and surely deserving of a place in all libraries of ascetical literature. It would be difficult to think of a field which Father Poulain has neglected in his search for information. His volume is, as his countrymen are accustomed to say, *fort bien documenté*. As a guide to the teaching of the Catholic masters in the field of higher spiritual experiences, his book is more useful to the student than any other we could name. His list of more than one hundred and fifty authors at the end is no mere catalogue, but a seriously constructed bibliography, and his pages contain ample evidence that he knows what the books of these authors contain. Even the reader uninterested in the subject of mysticism or unsympathetic with the tone of the author could not but admit that, as an exposition of Catholic traditions, the present work is worthy of high commendation.

The author has had the happy thought of publishing apart, under the title of *Oraison de Simplicité*, extracts from the second and fifteenth chapters of his treatise, which will serve to enlighten and encourage souls in their progress toward degrees of prayer beyond meditation.

It seems scarcely worth the mention; but we note that in his comment on Father Faber (p. 39), the author seems to make more of the English writer's statement of the connec-

* *Des Graces d'Oraison. Traité de Théologie Mystique.* Par le R. P. Poulain, S.J. 5e Edition. Paris: Retaux. 1906. *L'Oraison de Simplicité. La Première Nuit de Saint Jean de la Croix.* Par le R. P. Poulain, S.J. Paris: Retaux. 1906.

tion between the Sulpitian method of prayer and the ancient fathers than the text really justifies. Father Faber merely meant, it would seem, that by way of contrast with the Ignatian method, and in a negative way, so to speak, the less formal and more effective Sulpitian prayer was less removed from the simple and unmethodical usage of primitive times than the method which has been popularized under the name of St. Ignatius.

HEARTS AND CREEDS.

By A. C. Ray.

This is an entertaining story.* It gives us a glimpse of the various elements that render society in Quebec unique on the North American Continent. The old world dignity and courtesy which traces its lineage back to what was best in the *ancien regime*, in the days of *Le Grand Monarque*, comes in contact with English assumption of supremacy in things social and political. And the opposition of these two elements is aggravated by the antagonism of religions. The hero, Amédée Leduc, a worthy representative of an old, honorable, French family, marries Arline Lord, a Protestant girl, who takes him because, high-spirited and wilful as she is, her family resent her friendliness towards the rising young Catholic politician. But she soon begins to make him miserable by her contempt for the Catholic society into which she is thrown. Then her ambition is awakened by a Parisian adventurer, the villain of the piece, who persuades her to establish a *salon* that shall be a power in the political world. In carrying out this scheme she manages almost to wreck her husband's prospects, and completely, for a time, to wreck her and his happiness. Although the writer's standpoint is the Protestant side, she does justice to Catholic influences, and shows herself familiar with Catholic life. The only slip that she has made is to assume that the Church permits a non-Catholic to become a godfather in baptism.

CHAPTERS ON MARRIAGE.

By Fr. Martin.

This excellent little pamphlet,† of which the worth is out of all proportion to the size, deserves unqualified commendation; it ought to be in the hands of every young girl and young man who

* *Hearts and Creeds*. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *Canis; or, Little Chapters on Courtship, Marriage, Home*. By Charles Alfred Martin, of the Ohio Apostolate. St. Louis: B. Herder.

expect to marry, or who ought to look forward to that state. With good sense, good taste, delicacy, and reverence, the author discusses the meaning of marriage, the ideals that the young man, or the young woman, should have with regard to the married life; and the conduct which, before and after, is required to realize and preserve conjugal and family happiness. The sacramental character of marriage, the beneficent results of this exaltation of the mere civil contract, the reasons for the various regulations with which the Church safeguards the celebration of marriage, are briefly but clearly explained. The writer, avoiding declamation and anathema, talks in a friendly, sympathetic, fatherly tone that cannot fail to capture the trust and confidence of the reader. In a future edition the proof-reader might be more alert; for in this one he has permitted the type-setter to take liberties with the names of De Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill, and Sir Thomas More.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

The name of Charles de Condren stands worthily among the roll of saintly priests and eminent ecclesiastics which France gave to the Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As an epigrammatic estimate of his character, the saying of St. Jane Frances de Chantal is frequently quoted: "It seemed to me that God had given our blessed father (St. Francis of Sales) to teach men, but that he made Père de Condren fit to teach angels." On the death of Cardinal de Berulle, in 1629, he was appointed Superior-General of the Congregation of the Oratory, which office, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to have his resignation accepted, he held till his death in 1641. Great as was the influence which, during his day, he wielded in the realm of souls through this position, it is probable that it sinks into insignificance, when compared with the far-reaching results of his personal relations with one of his friends; he was the spiritual father and trusted director of M. Olier, the founder of the College of St. Sulpice. He was not a voluminous writer; but his treatise entitled *L'Idée du Sacrifice de Jésus Christ* is worth many volumes, and ranks as one of the classics of spirituality. It is now placed at the disposal of English readers in an excellent translation.*

* *The Eternal Sacrifice.* By Charles de Condren, Superior-General of the Oratory of Jesus. Translated from the French by A. J. Monteith. St. Louis: B. Herder.

It is not rash to say that the great majority of the laity, through want of knowledge, miss a great deal of the spiritual edification and nourishment that they ought to derive from a thorough understanding of the symbolism expressed in the rites, formulæ, and sacred vestments of the Mass. How few even of our better educated classes could, if occasion arose—and such occasions do arise—give an inquiring non-Catholic such an explanation of these matters as would remove from his mind the too-prevalent impression that the chief action of Catholic worship is surrounded with a quantity of meaningless ceremonial that convicts Catholicism of reducing worship to mechanical externalism. Although there exist many volumes providing adequate instruction on this subject, we think that none of them are so suitable for the laity as the one which is now furnished by the indefatigable pen of Father Arthur Devine.* While it does not ignore the devotional side, it is primarily explanatory, and as its sub-title indicates, treats its subject from the historical, as well as from the liturgical and exegetical point of view. The author has taken pains to consult and follow recognized authorities in each department, and without entering into minutious detail, or unimportant controversies, gives ample information on every point connected with the actual celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The arrangement is simple, the language plain and clear. The highest commendation that could be given to a popular work of this kind is to say that it ought to be on the book-shelf of every Catholic home. But the praise has been lavished so recklessly on undeserving productions, that it has almost lost its value. In this instance, however, it can be conscientiously awarded. We must congratulate the author on having produced, probably with much less labor, a work incomparably more useful than his *Ascetical Theology*.

Were this volume † in English, it would be a suitable sequel, or complement, to the work of Father Devine. It is a doctrinal and devotional treatise on the Holy Sacrifice. The book is suitable for meditation and spiritual reading, either public or private. Less profound and mystical than the treatise of Father de Condren, it yet recalls it in many pages. Recom-

* *The Ordinary of the Mass Historically, Liturgically, and Exegetically Explained.* By Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *La Doctrine de la Sainte Messe Exposée aux Fidèles.* Par L'Abbé Gremault. Paris: Lethielleux.

mended by the most flattering approbations of several French bishops, it will, we trust, secure a wide circulation among French Catholics, and contribute its share to that revivification of Faith which so many Frenchmen, whose judgment deserves confidence, prognosticate as the result of the new phase upon which the Church is entering in France.

LEX CREDENDI.

By Tyrrell.

The purport of this latest work of Father Tyrrell,* the appearance of which has been awaited with keen curiosity, is set forth by the

author in the following passages, which are a summary of a more detailed explanation contained in the Preface. Speaking of his former volume he says: "I tried to show that the Creed was primarily a *Lex Orandi*—a law of prayer, and of the spiritual life." "In this volume," he continues, "I pursue much the same theme, strengthening some of the positions taken up in *Lex Orandi*, criticizing and establishing some of its underlying assumptions, defending myself against certain misunderstandings due to the fact that in addressing myself largely to 'Pragmatists' I seemed to some—in spite of fairly explicit precautions—to accept their doctrines far more than I do. But as I called the former book *Lex Orandi*, because it dealt with the *Creed* under its aspect of a rule of prayer, so I may call this book *Lex Credendi*, for in substance it is a treatment of the Lord's Prayer viewed as the rule and criterion of pure doctrine—as the living expression of that Christian spirit whereof faith in God and his kingdom, together with hope and charity, is a constituent factor. As no single article of faith is rightly intelligible torn apart from the living organism of truth which it helps to constitute, so neither is faith itself fully intelligible as considered apart from hope and charity, its correlatives, which, together with it, constitute one simple and really indivisible life of the spirit. Our grasp on faith is simply included in our grasp on that life in its totality—in our grasp on God, who is at once the object of our faith, hope, and love."

The book consists of two parts. The first is a treatise on the Spirit of Christ. The author shows that the spirit of Christ, as portrayed in the Gospels, is free from every blem-

* *Lex Credendi*. A Sequel to *Lex Orandi*. By George Tyrrell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

ish of "Sentimentality," "Mysticality," or "Practicality," yet, in its simplicity, embracing and overpassing all the excellences which these tendencies exaggerate and violently tear asunder, Christ is not light alone, nor is he love alone. He does not appeal exclusively to either the head or the heart, but to both together. "All idea of priority, or principality, or true separableness among these elements of the spirit-life must be abandoned, if we are to read the Gospels aright, and to grasp the conception of perfect manhood there presented to us. If we would arrive at such a conception, we cannot do better than try to apprehend the spirit of Christ just as it breathes itself forth in that prayer whose words he has adopted, but whose sense and inspiration (of which they are the vehicle) are all his own, and can only be determined in the light of all his teaching and action." Accordingly, Father Tyrrell proceeds, in the Second Part, to a profound analysis of the spiritual and moral content of each petition of the prayer. His guiding principle is "to enter into the spirit of that prayer as being the most authentic and deliberate self-utterance of the spirit of Christ; as giving us a key to the Gospels, and a revelation of the governing intuitions, affections, and aims of Christ's life upon earth; and as, therefore, defining for us that spirit-life whose development is a test of doctrinal truth, just because doctrine is shaped by its exigencies and is but a statement of intellectual implications."

One cannot fail to notice that the author has been at pains to anticipate and obviate the occurrence of misinterpretations like those to which, he complains, his previous work has given rise. Whether or not he will be successful depends less upon prudential cautions on his part, than on the attitude of mind which the reader or critic will bring to the study of it.

Will *Lex Credendi* meet with impartial consideration on its merits? Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, that have been disseminated by those who love dearly an ecclesiastical scandal, we have no doubt that the book will be judged on its merits. Some persons, who accept traditional calumnies as historical axioms, pretend that Father Tyrrell's former *confères* are sure to inaugurate against him a campaign of disparagement; that, so say the busybodies, all the influence and fame that he enjoyed will now be ascribed, by his foes, exclusively to the letters which he had the right to affix to his

name; with their disappearance he will soon be lost among the nobodies; and that a world of insinuation will be conveyed by a deprecatory shrug, or by an ostentatious display of charitable reticence.

Sufficient answer to these malevolent prophets is the review of *Lex Credendi* published in the May number of the organ of the English Jesuits. This handsome tribute closes with the following passage, as admirable for the spirit, as for the critical acumen which it displays: "We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the writer's theological speculations, often vaguely outlined rather than plainly expressed, and, consequently, liable to be misinterpreted in very diverse senses, according to the preconceived ideas of his critics, we find this volume an altogether worthy continuation of previous work published with full theological censorship and ecclesiastical sanction. Father Tyrrell looks forward rather than backwards. He writes for the coming generation, whose minds can hardly fail to be storm-tost by the daring theological discussions that now surround us on every side, rather than for the faithful of earlier days, reposing securely in Peter's bark during a time of favoring breezes and unruffled waters. But of his zeal for what is highest and what is truest we have no doubt. His book, we are satisfied, is calculated to do far more good than harm, and in wishing that it may meet with the appreciation that it deserves, we are happy in the knowledge that any success the work may achieve will assuredly not be a *succès de scandale*."

The June number of *The Lamp*, published at Garrison, N. Y., is a noteworthy number, in that it is devoted exclusively to an exposition and defence of the primacy, both of honor and of jurisdiction, of St. Peter and his successors, the Bishops of Rome. It selects evidences from the writers of every century, from the Acts and the Gospels, and gives special attention to England and the Holy See. The number contains a very useful and important summary for one who would speak or write in defence of the Holy See.

Dr. Barry's article, entitled "Dante and the Spirit of Poetry," which appeared in the May CATHOLIC WORLD, was originally delivered as an address before the Literary Society of Wolverhampton, England, of which Dr. Barry is President.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (12 May): Notes the assembly of 50,000 Catholics at Albert Hall for discussion of the Education Bill. Speeches were delivered by six life-long Liberals in denunciation of the manifold iniquities of the Bill. "Altogether the meeting, in its numbers and enthusiasm, in the intensity and energy of the convictions it represented, and in the sum of the dynamic and spiritual forces it gave expression to, stands without parallel in the annals of English Catholicism."—Recalls a passage from Pallavicino's history of the Tridentine council, in which the Cardinal, in giving a preliminary account of the religious revolution, says that the chief answer put forth against Luther might have been less bitter, and he allows that it may be that Luther's opponents, by declaring him a heretic before the time, made him to become one.

(19 May): Summarizes the amendments proposed by Catholics regarding the Education Bill.—Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., in replying to a statement made by the Bishop of London, shows what the Catholics have done in the cause of education.—In a letter to the editor W. H. Kent, O.S.C., objects to the reference that indicates that Jansen was a disloyal member of the Church. Furthermore Fr. Kent fails to see any trace of Christian charity in the treatment meted out by a Roman prelate to the writers whose work is, as we are told, to be censured in a forthcoming Syllabus.

(26 May): The Education Bill is the occasion of a strong debate in Parliament. A few amendments were made whose benefit to Catholic and Protestant schools alike was of a doubtful kind.—Rev. George Angus replies to a friend, to whom the perusal of his article entitled "Unreality" was painful.—The writer of *Literary Notes* comments upon a quotation taken from THE CATHOLIC WORLD concerning John Stuart Mill's relation to the present condition of women in England. The recent demonstration on the part of women suffragists was, he thinks, a fitting commemoration of the first hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Stuart Mill.—At the annual meeting of the Catholic Union pro-

tests were registered against the Primary Educational Bill now before Parliament. Prominent among those who spoke were the Duke of Norfolk, Rev. Dr. William Barry, Mr. W. S. Lilly, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward.—The Roman correspondent quotes Pius X. as saying that he believed that women should not vote.—The "News from France" contains a letter addressed by Cardinal Gibbons, in the name of the American hierarchy, to the Bishops of France.

(2 June): Offers a tribute to the new Queen of Spain.—The first clause of the Educational Bill has been passed. This means that schools that were formerly Catholic "will pass to the local authority, who may appoint Protestant teachers who may give instruction in the municipal religion every morning, while on two days in the week Catholic amateurs—but never the teachers—may give religious lessons to the Catholic children."—Literary Notes contains a reply to Dr. Hinsley who, in a letter in *The Tablet* of May 26, criticises the literary reviewer for his defence of some "modern philosophers and others."—The Catholic opposition to the Educational Bill continues in strength and volume.—News from Rome informs us that on May 27 sixteen Carmelite nuns were solemnly declared blessed; also that the Pope has quite recovered from his attack of sickness.

The Month: Considers, *à propos* of "Mr. Birrell's Education Bill," the extent to which the supporters of the Bill have grasped the realities of the situation; and indicates how the Bill may be amended into a form which will leave at least some reliable guarantee for the continuance of Catholic schools. It would seem clear that if to procure peace is the object in view, not the present Bill but a Bill developing the existing system on its own lines is what the country needs. Catholics, though the Bill provides for them, fear bigotry and prejudice, jobbery and undue parsimony on the part of local authorities; hence arises the necessity of amending the Bill.—Makes a plea, on behalf of the elementary schools, for "Fair Play and Freedom." The Catholics, in order to safeguard the teaching, tone, and atmosphere of their schools, want a fair share of the educational rates and

taxes for the maintenance of their own schools. The freedom Catholics demand is the liberty to manage their own schools, subject, of course, to reasonable tests of efficiency. The teacher not only should be a Catholic, but should be, and should be known to be, immediately responsible to Catholic managers, who represent the authority of the Church.—R. H. Benson describes the impressions produced by the ceremonies of Holy Week. —Recounts many curious legends regarding "St. Elmo's Fire," which is the name given to certain ghostly lights that are seen about the tops of masts and a ship's spars in the heavy atmosphere preceding a storm, or towards its close.

The National Review (June): The Episodes of the Month include a lengthy discussion of Bismarck, and the present policy of the German Empire, occasioned by the publication of *The Life of Lord Granville*; also a review of the crisis at Tabah, and the present status of the Education Bill. "Mr. Chamberlain has pointed out in his admirable speeches, which show that he understands the British people as thoroughly as M. Clemenceau understands the French people, this Bill will perish, not because it offends this denomination or that denomination, but simply because it is a rank injustice which outrages all lovers of fair play."—"The Military Advantages of an Alliance with England" are set forth by A French Officer; and the Bishop of Manchester in "The Education Bill" writes: "What, then, is the main principle of the Bill? The principle is contained in two maxims: the first being, that there must be absolute public control of all public elementary schools; and the second, that teachers being civil servants must not be subjected to religious tests any more than other servants of the State."—In "The Native Crisis in Natal," by F. S. Tatham, is a protest against the action of the Imperial Government, which all but neutralized the action of the Colonial Government of Natal in putting down the uprising of the blacks. "It is of the first importance," says the writer, "that the white man's rule be established and maintained with unfaltering hand." "There are abundant evidences to show," he continues, "that the chief factor of unrest among the blacks is a semi-religi-

ous body, affiliated to the negro Church of America, and called 'The African Methodist Episcopal Church.' An energetic element of American negroes has been imported, with the distinct and definite aim of expelling the white man and building up an omnipotent black republic in South Africa. There is a limit to what the whites of Natal will endure from the Imperial Government, from whom they naturally expect both support and sympathy. That limit has been perilously approached during the last few weeks."—In "The Future of Belgium" Emile Vandervelde maintains that Belgium's best safeguard, at present, is her *entente cordiale* with Great Britain. But with Authority declining, and Democracy increasing in Europe, she may yet choose her own independent destiny.—John Milne writes on "Earthquakes." He concludes: "An earthquake in London would, however, be dangerous and expensive, but it would also be instructive, give work for the unemployed, and rouse feelings of sympathy between neighbors. London and other towns in this country have heard churchbells ring without the aid of man, and great stones have fallen from steeples on more than one occasion."—"A Rejoinder," by Charles Lister, on "The Value of a Public School Education," is also an apology for Eton.—Conscientious Objector writes on some of the short-comings of Mr. George Wyndham. "An impression has been generally created that he, Wyndham, is apt to treat his responsibilities lightly and to play with words."—"American Affairs" are reviewed by A. Maurice Low.—"England's Position in Colonial Markets" is treated by J. Holt Schooling.—"Latin as an Intellectual Force in Civilization," by Professor Sonnenschein, is a glowing tribute to the influence of Rome.

Le Correspondant (10 May): A. de Lapparent describes the San Francisco disaster, and at the same time gives some interesting data regarding earthquakes. From the observation of J. Milne, made under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the conclusion is reached that California is, on account of its topography, especially predestined to earthquakes.—In an article entitled "The Count Paul Stroganov," De Lanzac de Laborie reviews the life and works of that

celebrated Russian reformer who was a favorite of Alexander I.

(25 May): Francis Mury describes the steps that are being taken in China to establish some sort of a political constitution. At the bottom of the movement are the trade Corporations, to which the Chinese belong body and soul. These Corporations are very powerful; they rule the economic and at times the political interests of China. It is in the interests of this movement that the high Chinese functionaries are at present visiting the countries of Europe and inspecting their institutions.—In the "Revolutionary Peril" Henri de Naussanne discusses the moral and material conditions of the crisis between organized society on the one hand and the Anarchists, Socialists, etc., on the other.

La Quinzaine (16 May): In a recent brochure, entitled *Solution Libératrice*, M. G. Aubray advocated an organization of free worship by private or public reunions. Cult or parish associations had no place in his scheme. M. A. Hahn criticises this pamphlet, and claims that its author does not distinguish that which actually is the *law* from that which might be if the primary intentions were carried out, or from that which might be promulgated under a sectarian majority.—A. Ducrocq reviews at length the life and novels of Robert H. Benson.—The events leading up to the Council of Algiers from the time of William II.'s visit to Tangiers, in 1905, as well as the decision reached by the Council, are related by Henry de Montardy.

(1 June): L. Flandrin sketches the French Salons of the present year; the *Beaux-Arts*, and the *Artistes Français*, noting the death of those artists who have died in the past ten years, Puvis de Chavannes, Delaunay, Français, Cazin, Henner, Bouguereau, Carrière.—A. Prat gives a sketch of Eugénie de Guérin's *Journal and Lettres*.—G. Stenger depicts the Bourbons up to the year 1815.—P. Archambault says that European civilization is finally turned toward a democratic form, and the Church is the greatest, perhaps the only, force capable of regulating and controlling its organization. Hence "Catholic democracy" is the need of the hour.

La Democratie Chretienne (8 May): Contains a short article on

the Apostolic Mission House at Washington. The writer describes the work done at the college and gives us a few instances of the success of priests who have completed their course there and are now in the field of active missions. In conclusion the author prays that France may soon have such an institution without which, at the present time, the body of the French clergy is incomplete.

Études (5 May): Antoine Malvy writes of the efforts of the Russian prelates for reform in the Church of Russia. He also suggests a course of action approved of by the archbishop of Finland, one who is well able to speak on Russian affairs.—A. d'Alès contributes an historical sketch of St. Hippolytus. This article treats chiefly of the person and work of the saint, and of the literary and hagiographical tradition concerning him. The question about the *Philosophumena* is left for future treatment.—The value of physical theories is discussed by Pierre de Vregille.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 May): P. Gayraud writes that the administration of Church properties provided for in the Law of Separation can be tolerated by the Holy See, as a similar law was tolerated before.—P. Vigoroux directs attention to the new interest manifested in liturgical studies and sketches the development of the liturgy of the Mass.—P. Péries discusses a case of conscience: under what circumstances a teacher can read, or favorably review, books which have been formally condemned by the Church.—F. Dubois writes at length concerning the problems presented by Bremond's *Newman*, *Psychologie de la foi*, and says: "To pretend that the Newman theories do not tend to displace the viewpoint and alter the prospective of apologetics would be to fly in the face of evidence; moreover, it seems impossible to deny that this change is an advance not a retreat.—P. Ermoni mentions a study by P. Delehaye on "St. Expedit." The Savant Bollandist is more radical than the Italian critics (De Feis, Fedeli, Gighoni). He concludes it to be doubtful if the St. Expedit venerated to-day is the same as the martyr mentioned on the 18-19 April in the Hieronymian *Martyrology*. If he is the same, his mention in the

Martyrology would not be a sufficient reason to make his cult legitimate, for this *Martyrology* presents very extraordinary anomalies; it mentions Eusebius of Cesarea and Arius. . . . The cult paid to St. Expedit to-day is vitiated in its origin.—A reply to a correspondent says that the condemnation of the *Essais* of P. Laberthonnière does not seem to include the brochure out of which the first chapter of the book was constructed.—Makes mention of *Lettres Indiscrètes*, published by Jean de Bonnefon, to whom they were confided by their writer an Abbè, doctor of the Sorbonne, before his death. They are addressed to Cardinal Richard and criticise the administration of a diocese.—A letter to the editor by a *curé doyen* suggests the wisdom of permitting the French priests to lay aside the soutane when traveling in the streets, lest they receive a knife-thrust or a pistol-bullet. "I am as ready as the next to die for my faith; but I feel no enthusiasm about dying for my soutane."

(1 June): J. Airandi writes on the Catholic press, and urges that more work and better work be done. "By its antecedents, by the honorable position it still occupies, by the real merit of its editors and contributors, by the confidence towards it displayed by the most eminent members of the episcopate and the priesthood, the *Univers* would seem designed to fulfil this function. With regret and great sorrow, I must say that it does so only to an unsatisfactory extent. . . . There is discord in the ranks of the *Univers*. There is a schism in the staff; of the celebrated journal which led the fight so long, in whose columns resounded the vibrant and and never to be-forgotten appeals of Louis Veuillot, the first of French journalists, there remain but two mutilated and decapitated pieces, raging against each other in a fratricidal war, to the great joy of their common enemies."—Reviewing Father Lucas' book on Savonarola, P. Turmel writes: "Of course, no one any longer thinks of taking seriously the trial at Florence; it was an abominable parody of justice. On the other hand, we are aware of the value of the heavenly mission with which the eminent Dominican believed himself invested. Savonarola appears to us as a soul eminently

religious but *exalté*. We see in him a man who wished to regenerate the Church, who sacrificed everything, even his life, to attain this noble end; but who was the dupe of mystical illusions. On all the points the historians are in agreement. . . . If we condemn him we must at least extend him the benefit of extenuating circumstances. One must, above all, wish that Providence may now spare the Church such sad trials as those she has passed through. One must wish that religious authority may never be, I do not say unworthy of its mission, but unequal to its task; that it may of itself take the initiative in necessary reforms, without waiting for the imperious and menacing calls of the public conscience. Revolt, even when caused by flagrant abuses, is always supremely deplorable. The question is: Can it be avoided? and history seems to answer, No. At any rate, the Papacy which was successful in getting rid of Savonarola, has perhaps to regret a success without which it would probably have avoided Luther."

Rassegna Nazionale (1 May): C. Caviglione dedicates twenty-six pages to a careful *résumé* of Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, just translated into Italian.—In the series of sketches of Italian Ladies of Olden Time, B. Felice presents Clarice Orsini, wife of Lorenzo the Magnificent. (16 May): F. Tocco writes on the Franciscan ideal, incapable of being actually realized in the world, but brilliant enough to illumine our life, still, after six centuries, to dissipate our clouds and give us hope.—X. contributes a brief description of Father Tyrrell's new book, *Lex Credendi*.—C. Caviglione criticizes adversely an article in the *Studi Religiosi* by P. Minocchi on the new clerical culture, saying the authority of the writer in the field of the dead languages and his position as a priest will unfortunately give weight to the contradictions and errors he is here responsible for.—S. Monti severely criticizes the book of *un uomo semplice* who attacked P. Semeria as a calumniator, declared him open to the charge of heresy and impiety, and called his theology very novel and wonderful.—To Giulio Vitali the publication of *Il Santo* and its condemnation gives sad thoughts on the present state of consciences. There has

been a reappearance of religious hatred, notably on the part of "clericals" waging a campaign of ignorance against the nobler and more illuminated clergy. Some clericals—not Christians, however—would wish Fogazarro expelled from the Church for having spoken a single sincere word; some liberals—surely very narrow—would wish to ostracise him for his submission. But, in fact, when the book and its condemnation shall have passed away, the moral value of his act will remain.

(1 June): E. Ferraris, writing on the Biblical Question and the Society of Jesus," draws attention to the strictures passed by P. Schiffini, S.J., on the Dominican, P. Lagrange, and quotes from the latter's reply: "I need not answer a man who treats me as a liar and insinuates that I am a traitor to the Church. A proper answer would be too severe; or, rather, would not be given in writing." The simultaneous attack made by P.P. Schiffini, Delattre, and Fonck, is said to suggest "a word of command." "Not only is the historical method opposed by an *à priori* method, but an honest method is opposed by a method of insinuations. Schiffini does not discuss the theories of Lagrange, he attacks his intentions." Lessius, Maldonatus, Petavius, Bollandus are mentioned as types for imitation by their descendants. "It is possible to silence free speech in the Catholic Church, but there remains the vast Protestant world, there remains the world of independent thinkers. Eliminate a Richard Simon or a Loisy and there rises a Renan. I should cry *Caveant*."

Civiltà Cattolica (9 May): Publishes the Italian translation of Fr. Meschler's commentary upon St. Ignatius' rules for "thinking with the Church," to show the essential connection between Christian Catholicism and agreement in thought and in speech with the Pope as regards things of faith.—Considers anti-clericalism in Italy a brutal denial of liberty of conscience and the worst enemy of national unity.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

STUDENTS of Irish History will derive much benefit from a careful reading of the suggestive outline prepared by Charles Johnston for his course of lectures at the Champlain Summer-School during the week beginning July 23. It is hoped also that many Reading Circles will consult the following synopsis in arranging plans for the coming year.

THE MAKING OF THE IRISH RACE.

The Four Great Races of Western Europe: Iberian, Ligurian, Scandinavian, Central-European—Their Physical and Moral Characteristics—Representatives of These Four Races in Ireland: Fomorians, Fiibolgs, Tuatha De Danaan, Milesians—Physical Character—Traditions of Each Race; Their Ethical Basis—Successive Migrations to Ireland—Milesian Supremacy—Organization of the Four and Later Five Kingdoms of Ireland—Wars Between Them—The Cycle of the Red Branch in Ulster—The Leinster Cycle of Find and Ossin—King Cormac—Niall of the Nine Hostages.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Dr. Isaac Taylor—*The Origin of the Aryans*. Borlase—*The Dolmens of Ireland*. Col. Wood-Martin—*Irish Lake Dwellings*. Dr. Douglas Hyde—*The Annals of the Four Masters; The Story of Early Gaelic Literature*.

ST. PATRICK AND CLASSICAL LEARNING.

The Ireland to Which St. Patrick Came—His Coming and Journeys Throughout Ireland—The *Confession*—His Successors: Bridget, Columba, Columbanus, Gallus, Fursa, etc.—Religion, Art, and Culture Carried by Irish Scholars to Scotland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, and Iceland—Irish at the Court of Charlemagne—Scotus Erigena—Irish Knowledge of Greek and Hebrew—The Danish Incursions—Gradual Subjugation and Absorption of the Danes—Brian's Victory at Clontarf.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Professor J. Bury—*St. Patrick*. (1905.) Lady Ferguson—*Ireland Before the Conquest*. Margaret Stokes—*Early Christian Art in Ireland*. Charles Johnston—*Ireland, Historic and Picturesque*.

THE NORMAN INVASION.

Roderick O'Connor and Dermot MacMurrough—Earl Strongbow Invited to Aid Dermot—Henry II.—De Courcy and De Lacy—Norman Keeps and Dungeons—The English Pale—The Fitzgeralds—Rebellion of Silken Thomas—The Wars of the O'Neills—Shane O'Neill—The Battle of the Yellow Ford—Spenser and Raleigh in Ireland—Contest Between Irish and English Law.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Dr. P. W. Joyce—*A Short History of Ireland*. Dr. George T. Stokes—*Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church*. T. Bunting—*The Ancient Music of Ireland*.

WARS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The Plantation of Ulster—The Stuart Kings—Thomas Wentworth, Lord Strafford—the Irish Rebellion of 1641—Owen Roe O'Neill—The Battle of Benburb—Death of O'Neill—Coming of Cromwell—Sack of Drogheda—Ireton in Ireland—Jacobite Wars of 1688-1691—Siege of Derry—Battle of the Boyne—Flight of the English King—Battle of Aughrim—Siege of Limerick—Sarsfield—French Aid—Tyrconnell—Treaty of Limerick.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: John Taylor—*Owen Roe O'Neill*. W. J. Fitzpatrick—

Ireland Before the Union. John F. Finerty, President of the United Irish League—*Ireland.*

THE RENASCENT IRELAND OF TO-DAY.

The Penal Laws of the Eighteenth Century—Grattan's Parliament—The Volunteers—Lord Edward Fitzgerald—The Rebellion of 1798—Robert Emmet—Daniel O'Connell—Catholic Emancipation—The Young Irelanders, Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, John O'Leary—The Fenian Movement of 1867—Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland—The Land League—Land Bills of Gladstone and Balfour—Home Rule Bills—County Councils—Wyndham's Land Bill—The Gaelic League.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Sigerson—*Three Centuries of Irish History.* Edited by T. W. Rolleston—*Writings of Davis.* T. W. Russell—*Ireland and the Empire.* Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer—*Ireland's Story.* Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League—*Literary History of Ireland.* W. F. Wakeman—*Handbook of Irish Antiquities.* Dr. P. W. Joyce—*Irish Local Names Explained.*

Charles Johnston began his studies of Irish history under the domination of his stern father, well known in the House of Commons as "Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg," who was a vigorous opponent of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Having convinced himself by long reading that he could not affiliate with the policy of the Orangemen, Charles Johnston is now a valiant defender of Ireland's history as presented by the late John Mitchel and other impartial historians. His recent book, *The Story of Ireland*, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and should have a place in every school library, side by side with the approved histories of England. The larger work of Dr. Joyce, entitled *The Household History of Ireland*, and his condensed volume, *The Concise History of Ireland*, published by Longmans, Green & Co., are still held in high esteem and must be consulted by all who wish to know the latest developments of critical research.

A circular issued by the State officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York contains the cheering statement of progress in these words:

We are greatly encouraged by the reports we are receiving from localities and parish schools, as to the progress made in the study of "Irish History." The hearty co-operation which we are receiving from the clergy, and the earnest efforts of the teachers and others in charge, cannot but be conducive to the advancement of this important subject. In connection with this matter, it occurs to your officers that this subject can and should be recognized by the officials of the State department of education, and granted a certain number of counts toward a certificate. Is there any reason why Irish History should receive less consideration than English History, or Roman History, or Grecian History? All these are electives in the various high schools of the State, and receive a certain number of counts toward the State certificates. If this were done, the pupil taking up the study of Irish History would add to his store of knowledge and at the same time gain a material increase in the number of counts toward the certificate he is striving for. Pupils should be encouraged to become familiar with the history of the land of their forefathers, and, as an incentive, prizes should be offered for those becoming most proficient in the study. We would recommend that suitable prizes be furnished by the County Boards.

Hon. James E. Dolan, the National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is a fine type of his race. His work in urging the study of Irish History, and in forming special night schools, has met with remarkable success.

Daniel F. Cohalan, on behalf of the United Irish-American Societies, has reported the good news that the New York State Board of Regents, at a meeting held April 26, 1906, approved the giving of credit marks to the study of Irish History. Eugene A. Philbin and Edward Lauterbach, members of the Board of Regents, ably presented the arguments that were unanimously ratified.

Irish History was made part of the Boston school curriculum recently by order of the School Board. In the grammar school grades the History of Ireland will form part of the supplementary reading in connection with the study of American History, just as the History of England, France, and Spain is called on for reference in this study.

In the high schools Irish History will be an elective and taught in connection with the two history courses, on modern European history, beginning with the year 800. This arrangement has been incorporated in the new schedule of studies for the high schools which has been revised by Superintendent Brooks and approved by the board. The text-book to be used is *Ireland's Story*, by Johnston.

Commenting on the refusal of certain officers of the French army to disgrace their uniforms by entering Catholic churches to take part in the Government's work of taking inventories of the Catholic property, the *Freeman's Journal* says: "It is easy for a Catholic to enter into the feelings of these French officers, when they are face to face with the alternative of either committing a revolting sacrilege or of ruining their military career. In the morning of life they joined the army, filled with enthusiasm at the prospect of serving their country. Prepared to sacrifice their lives if need be for France, they never anticipated that a time would come when they would be called upon to trample under foot their religious convictions in carrying out orders of their military superiors. When the crucial moment came, and they had to make a choice whether they would be loyal to their conscience or whether they would endanger their professional career, they did not hesitate, but willingly braved all consequences rather than be guilty of disloyalty to their God."

Peter Rosegger, the peasant writer, was a sickly child who proved too weak to be put to the regular work of the farm. In some odd corner he unearthed an old wormeaten book, *Writings of the Life of Jesus Christ, His Mother Maria and Many Saints of God*. He puzzled through it until he could read it all. His family was delighted with his achievement, and he was soon in great demand to read to the sick and the dying and the corpse watchers. He was apprenticed to a tailor, but he was so much more interested in the newspapers out of which the patterns were cut than in the garments that he was not much of a success. With his first savings he bought a *People's Calendar*, which he read aloud to the peasants. Not having enough money to buy the next season's number, he supplied the want by writing one himself, and thus began his literary career. Up to his twenty-second year he had only two months' schooling. He is to-day recognized as the national poet of Styria, a Ph.D. in the Rupert Carola University, a medal has been struck in his honor by the Austrian Government, and he has been made a Chevalier of the order of the Iron Crown.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York :

- Lex Credendi.* A Sequel to *Lex Orandi.* By George Tyrrell. Pp. xviii.-256. Price \$1.75.
The Problem of the Pentateuch. An Examination of the Results of the Higher Criticism.
 By Randolph H. McKim, D.D., LL.D. Pp. xvii.-136. Price \$1.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York :

- The Lover of Souls.* Short Conferences on the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By Reverend Henry Brinkmeyer. Pp. 180. Price \$1. *Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals; with an Introduction, Parallel Passages, Notes, and Moral Reflections.* By Very Rev. Cornelius J. Ryan, D.D. 2 vols. 2d edition. Price \$4.50. *In the Brave Days of Old.* Historical Sketches of the Elizabethan Persecution. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New Edition. Price 70 cents. *Great Catholic Laymen.* By John J. Horgan. Pp. 388. Price \$1.50. *Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children.* By Madame Cecilia.

KENEDY & SONS, New York :

- Billy Glenn of the Broken Shutters.* By Anthony Yorke. Illustrated. Pp. 261.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York :

- Excerpta ex Rituali Romano.* Pp. x.-423. Price \$1 net.

THE GRAFTON PRESS, New York :

- The Boy and the Outlaw.* By Thomas J. L. McManus. Pp. vi.-408. Price \$1.50.

MAGDALA COMPANY, New York :

- Miriam of Magdala: A Study.* By Katherine F. Mullany. Pp. 100. Price \$1.

THE HOBART COMPANY, New York :

- A Soldier's Trial: An Episode of the Canteen Crusade.* By General Charles King. Pp. vii.-333.

J. FISCHER & BROTHERS, New York :

- Kyrieale sive Ordinarium Missæ.* Edition A. Gregorian Notation. Pp. viii.-80.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston, Mass. :

- The Court of Love.* By Alice Brown. Pp. 211. Price \$1.25.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass. :

- The Irish in America One Thousand Years Before Columbus.* By Martin J. Mulloy. Pp. 146.

HERBERT B. TURNER & CO., Boston, Mass. :

- Enigmas of Psychical Research.* By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D. Pp. ix.-432.

B. HERDER, St. Louis :

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NEWMAN AND LITTLEMORE.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.



VENTURE to say that no one, whose education has caused him to be affected in even the smallest degree by the great Religious Movement of 1833-1845, will be satisfied with a visit to Oxford, unless it be supplemented by a journey—nay, in most instances, a pilgrimage—to Littlemore. And within the sixteen years which have elapsed since the death of Newman, the mass of literature which has illustrated the life-work of that wonderful man has brought home to the mind of every educated reader something, at least, of what the name of Littlemore meant to a generation that is gone.

Some day, perhaps, the little Oxfordshire village will bear upon it a mark or token of the events—silent, like all God's works, but none the less stupendous—of which it was once the scene. Already single visitors have done a little—as witness the pretty crucifix which hangs above the pulpit of what was at one time Newman's church, and its touching Latin tribute from a "Stranger" (as though any lover of Newman, still less a pilgrim from the great English-speaking Republic of the West, could be a stranger in Littlemore). On the cross are painted the words: "*In piam memoriam J. H. N., hujus sacelli fundatoris, Deo dedit Advena, anno MCMII.*"—a fresh and pleasant illustration of the motto, "*Cor ad cor loquitur.*" And

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VOL. LXXXIII.—37

the same loving hand has adorned the room in which Newman wrote and prayed, with a framed photograph of the well-known engraving of the Richmond portrait, though here the gift has been forestalled by another portrait in the Cardinal's dress, presented by one who (and surely there is symbolism here) divides his life between Oxford and Rome, and is equally at home and deservedly respected and loved in both cities.

But these tributes, though they express what thousands feel, are but individual acts of reverence. One hopes for more—for something, at least, which would make impossible such stupid vandalism as that which broke up and turned into fire-wood the pulpit in which the "Parting of Friends" was preached. Not, indeed, let me hasten to add, that there is danger of any such thing occurring under the present enlightened vicar, as is sufficiently proved even to a stranger, by his allowing the aforementioned crucifix (the gift of an American Catholic) to hang near his pulpit; but even his loving appreciation of the great days cannot bring back what the blunder of a predecessor allowed to be destroyed; neither can we count upon an unbroken succession of men like Canon Irvine.

Littlemore is reached from Oxford by a branch from the Iffley Road. At what is known as Iffley Turn stands the house called Rose Bank, where Newman's mother passed the evening of her life. And from this point, or a few yards further up the hill, is seen a splendid panorama of Oxford. At one's feet, almost, are the domes and spires and minarets of what is still and ever will be the great intellectual pulse of England. There lies the fair city in all its outward majesty, and there, within its heart, lay of old the supreme treasures of the Divine Presence and Divine Truth, which Protestantism hastened to destroy when it robbed them of their home. And here again we are dogged by symbolism; for we continue our walk to Littlemore, and by that very act we turn our back upon Oxford, as Newman did when he was driven by the urgent unworldliness of his soul to give up "much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends."*

To and fro along this road, often several times in the week, for many years together, Newman was accustomed to walk or

* *Apologia*. Preface. P. xv.

ride; for Littlemore was part of the pastorate of St. Mary the Virgin, of which church he became vicar in 1828, after holding a curacy at St. Clement's

This road which he so often trod has its Newman memory, and one so characteristic that it will bear re-telling here. He was one morning riding with Dornford to Littlemore; perhaps it was at this time that Newman possessed his Irish horse, "Klepper." If so, he would no doubt find it easier than on a hired hack to keep pace with his companion, who was proud of his military character (he had served in the Peninsular War) and loved to ride at a good speed.

"In those days," relates Mr. Mozley in his *Reminiscences*, "the first milestone between Oxford and Iffley was in a narrow, winding part of the road, between high banks, where nothing could be seen fifty yards ahead. Dornford and Newman heard the sound of a cart, and the latter detected its accelerated pace, but the impetuous 'captain,' as he loved to be styled, heeded it not. It was the business of a cart to keep its own side. They arrived within sight of the cart, just in time to see the carter jump down and be caught instantly between the wheel and the milestone, falling dead on the spot. The shock on Dornford was such that he was seriously ill for two months, and hypochondriac for a much longer time. The result in Newman's case was a solemn vow that whenever he met a carter driving without reins, or sitting on the shaft, he would make him get down; and this he never failed to do. Several years after this sad affair, I was walking with him on the same road. There came rattling on two newly-painted wagons, drawn by splendid teams, that had evidently been taking corn to market, and were now returning home without loads. There were several men in the wagons, but no one on foot. It occurred to me that as the wagoners were probably not quite sober, it was only a choice of evils whether they were on foot or in the wagons. But Newman had no choice; he was bound by his vow, and he compelled the men to come down. We went on to Littlemore, were there for some time, and then turned our faces homewards. Coming in sight of the public house at Littlemore, we saw the two show-teams, and something of a throng about them; so we could not but divine evil. It was too true. The wagoners had watched us out of sight, and got into their wagons again. The horses had run

away on some alarm, one of the men had jumped out, and had received fatal injuries."

For a long time Littlemore held a large share in Newman's heart. The souls of its people had been committed to his care, and, in taking the vicariate of St. Mary's he had accepted the trust.

In 1835 the church, so perfect in its architectural lines, was built, the first stone being laid by Newman's mother. In the following year it was consecrated, but before the day of the ceremony Mrs. Newman had died. These events are commemorated by a carving in bas-relief on the northern wall of the church. A figure representing the founder stands—the plan of the church in her hand, while her Angel Guardian points to the scaffolding of the church which occupies the background. An inscription below sufficiently explains the motive of the carving,* and yet, much to Newman's annoyance, some friend suggested that it was sure to be mistaken for the Annunciation. To prevent this, the plans of the church in Mrs. Newman's hand were added, "and this," sighed Newman, "is all that can now be done to correct misapprehension."

Littlemore became to Newman a place of retreat, far away from the storm and stress and turmoil of the University. For days together, and sometimes for weeks, he would live in retirement and solitude, seeing no one but his parishioners, but giving himself to their service as though he had nothing else to think of. Besides constantly visiting them in their houses, he organized classes for teaching the children catechism, and singing. He also provided the school with as capable a mistress as he could find. Twice each day he called his people together into the Church for morning and evening prayer. In this way he spent the Lent of 1840. But, two years later, Littlemore became his home. A row of cottages running out of the main street of the village stands now as it stood then, and this place, unpicturesque as it is, and utterly unpromising from a poetical or æsthetic point of view, was destined to become the object of pilgrimage for hundreds to whom the career of Newman is an enigma, as well as for thousands more who, directly or indirectly, owe their faith to him.

The full significance of Newman's retirement to a work-

* The inscription reads: "Sacred to the Memory of Jemima Newman, who laid the first stone of this Chapel, July 21st, 1835, and died before it was finished, May 17, 1836, in the 64th year of her age."

man's cottage at Littlemore cannot be gauged unless one realizes something of the position which he held at that time in the University of Oxford.

It is, indeed, scarcely possible to exaggerate the greatness of that position or the power which, in the later thirties and up to 1845, he exercised over the University. Nothing at all like it has been seen there since. Pusey, indeed, was for many years a great name, and he enjoyed the well-merited respect due to piety and learning. In a totally different way Jowett's influence was very considerable. But neither Jowett nor Pusey, separately or together, ever wielded a tithe of the power which Newman, without effort—nay, almost unwillingly—possessed at the very time when, by his own deliberate act, he withdrew from the undisputed preëminence, academic and spiritual, from which none could have deposed him had he chosen to retain it.

We can scarcely open a book dealing with the Oxford Movement without seeing at once how the whole ethos of the place was centred and ruled by that one great and commanding personality.

Principal Shairp's words on this subject will bear quotation. He says :

"The influence" which Newman "gained without apparently setting himself to seek it, was something altogether unlike anything else in our time. A mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him, till now it was almost as if some Ambrose or Augustine of older ages had reappeared. In Oriel Lane lighthearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper: 'There's Newman.' When, head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step he glided by, awe fell on them for a moment, almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed."

But, as one of his Oxford contemporaries remarked years afterwards: "It was impossible that any man could be more happily unconscious, that, as he walked rapidly along the High Street, his head a little elevated, and looking straight before him, there were seldom wanting strangers to whom he was being eagerly pointed out by some Oxford man. Photography had not in those days made the features of all celebrated men familiar to all the world; and the well-known

print by Robinson after George Richmond did not appear till he had been for some time a Catholic, although the picture was taken before."

But it was as a preacher beyond everything else that Newman became the best known man at Oxford, and in speaking of him in this capacity no apology is needed for calling to our aid the pen of Newman's friend and contemporary who has just been quoted.

After alluding to "the teaching which aroused the deep sleep of the University of Oxford between 1828 and 1841," he remarks that no one will "need to be told that there was a something which neither the press nor the most skillful pencil can ever perpetuate, in the whole manner and delivery of the preacher. What that was we utterly despair of giving even a faint idea to any man who did not witness it. To those who are justly penetrated with the force and beauty 'of these sermons in their printed form,' one can only say with *Æschines*, what if you had heard himself pronounce it? And yet nothing could at first sight be more opposite to the manner of the great Athenian orator. The Sermons ('Parochial and Plain') were all not only written but, according to the custom which, many years before, had become more than a custom, all but a law, with Anglican preachers, were read. Action, in the common sense of the word, there was none. Through many of them the preacher never moved anything but his head. His hands were literally not seen from the beginning to the end. The sermon began in a calm, musical voice, the key slightly rising as it went on: by-and-by the preacher warmed with his subject; it seemed as if his very soul and body glowed with sternly-suppressed emotion. There were times when, in the midst of the most thrilling passages, he would pause, without dropping his voice, for a moment which seemed long, before he uttered with gathered force and solemnity a few weighty words. The very tones of his voice seemed as if they were something more than his own.

"There are those who, to this day, in reading many of the Sermons . . . have the whole scene brought back before them. The great Church [St. Mary the Virgin's], the congregation which barely filled it, all breathless with expectant attention. The gaslight, just at the left hand of the pulpit, lowered, that the preacher might not be dazzled; themselves per-

haps standing in the half-darkness under the gallery, and then the pause before those words in the *Ventures of Faith* (Vol. IV.) thrilled through them—They say unto him *we are able*—or those in the seventh Sermon of the sixth volume, *The Cross of Christ*.

“Nor should the manner of reading the Psalms and the Scripture lessons in the service which preceded the sermon be passed over. Its chief characteristics were the same.

“Why is it that while many things at the time even more impressive have faded from the memory, one scene, or perhaps one cadence, remains fixed in it for life? Thus* it is that one who more than forty years ago* stood just before him almost a boy in the College Chapel [at Oriel], has at this moment in his ears the sounds of the words: ‘O magnify the Lord our God and worship him upon his holy hill—for the Lord our God is Holy.’”

Then follow words describing the deep religious feelings of a sincere and conscientious man at the time when he still believed the Anglican Church to be part of the Church of God. And the closing passage relating to the way in which the writer, as a Catholic, looks back to what at one time he sincerely believed to have been the reception of the real Body of Christ in Communion, contains what, in my judgment, is one of the noblest and most complete similes in English literature—its truth and fullness enhanced by the exquisite language in which it is clothed. “Those,” writes the author in question, “were days never to be recalled in this world.” Converts may thank God that he has given them blessings far beyond anything of which they then dreamed. They have found, in coming into the Church of God, from which they then shrank with a fear not wholly blameable because it sprang from a misguided conscience, that ‘the things we feared are nowhere to be found, the things for which we hoped are beyond all that we could ask or think.’ . . . But the things that have gone by will never again be seen. And they still look back to those distant years, as the children of Israel, long after they had been put in possession of the ‘land flowing with milk and honey,’ must have felt in remembering those mornings when the glow of dawn was setting fire to the eastern horizon in the wilderness, and when they went forth from

* These words were written in 1869.

the camp, to gather from the desert sands the supply of manna for the day."

But more cogent than the testimony of any individual contemporary to the magnetism exercised by Newman, is the fact, beyond all others convincing, that on the feast of St. Peter, 1840, which fell that year on Monday in Commemoration Week, the Church was full to overflowing, because Newman was to preach; whereas, on a saint's day at any season, a dozen would not have been reckoned an unusually small congregation.

In the providence of God it happened that the very circumstance which seemed at the time to deprive Newman of his chief weapon of influence, tended directly to increase its power tenfold.

As all the world knows he was, in 1826, made one of the tutors of his College. His view of the duties incumbent upon him is briefly explained in his own words: "I have," he writes, "a great undertaking before me in the tutorship here. I trust God may give me grace to undertake it in a proper spirit, and to keep steadily in view that I have set myself apart for his service forever." The tutorship, as he himself tells us, he regarded as distinctly a fulfilment of his ordination vow—as a pastoral charge. "To have considered that office to be merely secular, and yet to have engaged in it, would have been the greatest of inconsistencies."*

But Hawkins took a totally different view, and Hawkins was then, as provost, in a position to make his view prevail.

Without regarding a tutorship as unclerical, it was with him a matter of doubt whether it might not become so. It was, anyhow, "no fulfilment of the vow made at ordination, nor could it be consistently exercised by one who was bound by such a vow, as his life-long occupation."

Despite this divergence of views between provost and tutor, Newman continued in his office for four years. But in June, 1830, Hawkins peremptorily closed the controversy by stopping the supply of pupils, and Newman, with Hurrell Froude and Robert Wilberforce, ceased to be tutors.

There were not wanting men, and able men too, with views of life and usefulness bounded by the narrow limits of a college quad, who believed that, on his being deprived of the tutorship, Newman's career was at an end.

* *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman.* Vol. I. P. 131.

Robert Wilberforce understood his friend better. "If Newman ceases to be tutor," said he at the time, "his genius will soon pervade the University."

Before this prediction had been forgotten it was more than verified, for not the University only, but the whole of England was pervaded and electrified by the sermons which were poured forth from pulpit and press with unexampled rapidity. Their dates speak for themselves. In 1834 appeared the first volume of the *Parochial Sermons*; Vol. II. is dated February, 1835; Vol. III. February, 1836; Vol. IV. November, 1838; Vol. V. October, 1840; Vol. VI. Quinquagesima, 1842. The mere recital of these dates is striking enough. But what is not merely striking, but altogether unprecedented, is the fact that, in 1868, that is when the preacher had been a Catholic and a priest for close upon a quarter of a century, these Sermons were republished by a Protestant firm in eight volumes. Surely no greater proof could be adduced of the tremendous power of Newman's genius than the fact that a generation of Protestants, to whom his name was known as that of a Catholic priest and as nothing else, should supply a reading public for this enterprise.

Great preachers have, of course, been heard in Oxford before and since Newman, but it is probable that the average discourse at St. Mary's was of the kind to make so eminent a preacher peculiarly welcome. On most days it had been the custom for clerical Masters of Arts to occupy the pulpit in turns; while those who were unable for any reason to preach were required to find a substitute, with the result that these "hack preachers," as they came to be called, who lived by what they could earn in this manner, appeared at St. Mary's a great deal oftener than the congregation desired. To such a degree was this true, that the University Church on these occasions became at last deserted by all except those whose office compelled them to be present. This state of things led, in 1818, to the appointment of "Select Preachers," ten in number, one of whom took the place of any one whose turn fell on a Sunday in Term, unless he was able to preach himself. The list of Select Preachers certainly contains many names that have lived. In it we find Newman himself, as well as Manning and Keble. But for all that, we hear of a witty Oxford clergyman in the old days excusing himself

for taking a country walk on Sunday during church time, by saying that he preferred sermons from stones to sermons from sticks.

And in all probability the famous Bampton Lectures were even drearier still. These are eight very long dissertations delivered during the Summer Term, and the lecturer used, men say, to be sometimes chosen on grounds rather of interest than of learning or oratorical ability. One lecturer, it was alleged, owed his appointment to the fact that his wife had deserted him. It was thought that the stimulus of preparing and delivering the Bampton would act as a salve to his outraged feelings. The story goes on to say that the unanimous verdict of the University was that the erring lady had a world to say for herself, and it was added that though the Church was undoubtedly intended for the comfort of sufferers and for awakening charitable thoughts towards wrong-doers, this principle had on that occasion been somewhat strained.

No words are needed to prove that the unparalleled influence which Newman brought to bear upon the country by means of his preaching would have had no existence if he had retained his tutorship. With all his modesty, he himself admitted the truth of this proposition. Speaking in the third person, but referring to himself, Newman writes: "As the Oxford Theological Movement (so to call it) may be said to have ended in his resignation of St. Mary's, so it dates its origin from his and Hurrell Froude's premature separation from the office of college tutor."

From that movement, then, we may say, on the highest authority, the Oxford Movement began.

And it is not without interest and instruction to trace the events which led on to this great religious upheaval. Copleston, who was provost of Oriel when Newman became fellow, was, in the year 1827, nominated to the bishopric of Llandaff, and Dr. Hawkins was chosen to fill his place. The other candidate was Keble. Hurrell Froude, in all things vehement, strongly supported Keble, alleging as his chief argument that as provost he would introduce a new world of thought, and that "donnishness and humbug" would vanish from the college.

But in Newman's view, Oriel needed a man of business, and of the two he regarded Hawkins as in this respect the

better candidate. To Keble he thus explained the state of his mind with the familiar candor of true friendship: "I have lived more with Hawkins than with any other fellow, and have thus had opportunities for understanding him more than others. His general views so agree with my own, his practical notions, religious opinions, and habits of thinking, that I feel vividly and powerfully the advantages the college would gain when governed by one who, pursuing ends which I cordially approve, would bring to the work powers of mind to which I have long looked up with great admiration."

And to Froude he remarked that "if an angel's place was vacant he should look toward Keble," but that they were only electing a provost.

"Little did Newman suspect," says the Cardinal in his *Autobiographical Memoir*, "that Froude's meaning when accurately brought out was that Keble had a theory of the duties of a college towards its *alumni* which substantially coincided with his own."

Hawkins' candidature, therefore, was successful; an event which was to mould and color the future, not only of Newman himself but of countless hundreds of others; for it led directly to Newman's appointment as vicar of St. Mary's, and indirectly to the loss of his tutorship, the duties of which would have rendered his career as a great preacher impossible. What the influence of that career was, I have attempted to explain above. But the subject is one which well bears dwelling upon. Many are the testimonies from those who, Sunday after Sunday, were thrilled and led captive by "the voice and penetrating words" of him who spoke "as if the angels and the dead were his audience."

"No one," says Anthony Froude, "who heard his sermons in those days can forget them. . . . They were seldom directly theological. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in the room. They appeared to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their position in the world, their awful responsibilities, the mystery of their nature, strangely mixed of good and evil, of strength and

weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity, ran through them all."

I am purposely citing the testimony of some who were very far from following Newman into the Catholic Church.

Thus Dean Stanley tells us that, "There are hardly any passages in English literature which have exceeded in beauty the description of music, in his [Newman's] University Sermons; the description of the sorrows of human life in his sermon on the Pool of Bethesda; the description of Elijah on Mount Horeb; or, again, in the discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations: 'The Arrival of St. Peter as a Missionary in Rome'; the description of Dives as the example of a self-indulgent voluptuary; the account of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and of the growth in the belief in the Assumption of the Virgin Mary."

And let me add Gladstone's tribute, which occurs in a speech delivered at the City Temple on the subject of preaching. Describing his recollection of Newman in the pulpit of St. Mary's he says:

"His sermons were read, and his eyes were always bent on his book, and . . . that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes, but you take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and a seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the manner, which made even his delivery, such as I have described it, singularly attractive."

And who does not remember Anthony Froude's graphic account of the thrill which went through the congregation as Newman, after describing in simple but harrowing words one of the incidents of the Passion, paused, and then, a few seconds later, broke the tingling silence with the words, spoken in low, suppressed tones: "My brethren, I would have you remember that he to whom these things were done was Almighty God." Many, adds Froude, no doubt dated a new era in their spiritual life from that moment.

Principal Shairp has well observed that when, in 1843, that spare, ascetic form and saintly countenance and that voice of unearthly charm were seen and heard for the last time in the University pulpit, "It was as when to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell toll-

ing solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still." "Who," asks Matthew Arnold, "could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were religious music, subtle, sweet, mournful. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices. They are a possession to him forever."

But a man who thus drew to himself the hearts of young and old could not in the nature of things escape enmity, and, as all the world knows, the hostility of the anti-Tractarians was of the bitterest type. The *Tracts*, of course, were the first great battle cry, but later on the fight raged round that little-read book, *Froude's Remains*. How many of those who daily go past the "Martyrs' Memorial," near Balliol College, ever reflect that its erection was caused by the publication of that book? And yet so it was. The list of subscribers to the memorial was to be the test as to who was on one side, who on the other. At first the building was to be a church. This was the resolution come to by the "Cranmer Memorial Meeting" on the 31st of January, 1839.

In a hitherto unpublished letter of Newman's, he writes under date of February 1: "I expect most men will join it, and it is held out to me what a shocking thing if Pusey, Keble, and I are left alone in the whole Church. . . .

"It is most curious—people *assume* we are a party and say, *since* you are a party, consider how injudicious you are towards your cause, how unmindful of your interests. Now I have never felt, never acted as having a party—so such an argument is but an insult. I consider that nothing on earth will make me subscribe to it—but I expect others will—though I don't know—for I have asked no one, and do not know their feelings. One thing is clear, that the scheme is an egregious failure as regards its first purpose, showing the feeling at Oxford. If the residents come in, it will be forcibly."

The appeal for subscriptions was so framed as to induce men so widely different as the furious anti-Tractarian Golightly and the High Church champion Pusey. Newman, as we have seen, would have nothing to do with the scheme, and more of his friends followed his example than he appeared to expect. However little the Memorial succeeded in showing the real feel-

ing of the University, the promoters did not fail to note that those who held aloof did not accept the old-fashioned Protestant view of the Reformation. In the course of the letter just quoted Newman speaks of the storm which *Froude's Remains* had aroused. "We seem," he writes, "in the thick of the fight. The Heads of Houses much annoyed, the Bishops frightened, the Conservatives disgusted, and the Whigs indignant. I have not yet got to be dismayed, but it may be to come. I have not repented one bit of dear Hurrell's *Remains*, though it seems the *Tracts* are in certain high quarters taken up as perfection now, and the *Remains* made the scapegoat. The tone of the *Tracts* is now perfect, but the *Remains* all that is unpleasant. Those who can recollect five years back, may happen to recollect that the tone of the *Tracts* was thought most insulting, and the whole conduct of them most injudicious. Is not the proof of the pudding in the eating? And if so, may we not claim some deference now from officious critics, on the ground of success hitherto?" In a letter written just a year before (also hitherto unpublished) he writes: "*Froude's Remains* will be like the frost he describes, which, by its vigor, hardens their roots. I do not wish the truth to spread too fast, and this check seems (if one may say so) providential. Bold hearts will stand the gust, but the reeds are bending, and the shallow may be uprooted."

But the day was close at hand when his own confidence in his ecclesiastical position was to receive a shake from which it never really recovered. It was in the autumn of 1839 that he confided to his dear friend Henry Wilberforce, who was then Perpetual Curate of Bransgore in the New Forest, the appearance of that momentous "ghost," as he calls it in the *Apologia*, which he had seen two months before. The "frightful suspicion" to which Wiseman's *Dublin Review* article had given birth, was the beginning of the end. Thus does Henry Wilberforce relate the scene of its revelation to himself:

"It was in the beginning of October, 1839, that he made the 'astounding confidence' which 'pierced the very soul (of his friend) with grief and terror,' that doubts had crossed his mind as to whether the Anglican Church was really Catholic. So careful was he not to suggest a misgiving to the minds of others before he was absolutely certain that duty demanded of him to do so, that he has left it on record, that for two years

and four months after the frightful suspicion strongly impressed his mind, he disclosed it to only two intimate friends. But that 'suspicion' was the key to his whole conduct. It was in the beginning of October, 1839, that he made the 'astounding confidence,' mentioning the two subjects which had inspired the doubt, the position of St. Leo in the Monophysite controversy, and the principle, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, in that of the Donatists. He added that he felt confident that when he returned to his rooms and was able, fully and calmly, to consider the whole matter, he should see his way completely out of the difficulty. 'But,' he said, 'I cannot conceal from myself that, for the first time since I began the study of theology, a vista has been opened before me, to the end of which I do not see.' He was walking in the New Forest, and he borrowed the form of his expression from the surrounding scenery. His companion (Henry Wilberforce himself), upon whom such a fear came like a thunderstroke, expressed his hope that Mr. Newman might die rather than take such a step. He replied, with deep earnestness, that he had thought, if ever the time should come when he was in serious danger, of asking his friends to pray that, if it was not indeed the will of God, he might be taken away before he did it. Of such a danger meanwhile he spoke only as a possibility in the future, by no means as of a thing that had already arrived."

It was nearly four years later, in May, 1843, that Newman confided his trouble to his dear friend Keble. On May 16 he writes thus to Henry Wilberforce: "I have just heard this morning from K[eble] in answer to some miserable intelligence I had to give him about myself."*

The letter continues: "*Viz.*, what *you* have known since I was at B[ransgore]. The impresson has faded and revived again and again—and strengthened. It was necessary to tell him in honesty and propriety, and I shall in all things go implicitly by his advice. But it is impossible to act in any way without laying oneself open on one side or other to the greatest misrepresentations of enemies, but they are not my judge. K—, I think, will recommend me *most sorely* against my feelings† to go on just as usual. Everything external to my own consciousness is most flourishing—men coming over, openings

* In or about 1876 the Cardinal, on reading the above letter, interlined this passage with the words, "that I was likely to be a Catholic."

† Interlined by the Cardinal, "own judgment," in or about 1876.

occurring continually, lines of influence offered me, etc. Could I trust myself I have a clear path." These words throw a flood of new light upon the completely voluntary nature of his great renunciation.

Newman did contrive to settle his mind, but he was never quite the same man. The *Via Media*, as he tells us in his *Apologia*, was "absolutely pulverized" by those four pregnant words of St Augustine, and from that time he ceased to attack Rome. "Rome is the Church and we are the Church," was then his line; but he gradually withdrew from every position and means of influence in the University, and in the summer of 1841 he was settled, temporarily at least, in his cottage at Littlemore. He had determined to put aside all controversy and to set to work at his translation of St. Athanasius. "But," as he tells us, "between July and November, I received three blows which broke me." The first of these was the reappearance of the "ghost." In the history of the Arians even more than in that of the Monophysites the disturbing phenomenon was present. The second blow was the hostility of the bishops, which continued for three whole years. The case of the Jerusalem bishopric was the third blow. Against this Newman sent a solemn protest to the primate and to his own bishop.

Looking back as a Catholic at this last question, he was able to write that the project of the Jerusalem bishopric had neither harmed nor benefitted any one, so far as he knew, except himself, to whom it had been the greatest of mercies, as bringing him nearer to the Catholic Church. His position with reference to the Church of England, in November, 1841, is expressed in a hitherto unpublished letter to Henry Wilberforce, as follows: "It is," he writes, "difficult at all times to analyze one's feelings. However, you know them as well as I can give them—and you have misunderstood me here: I have no doubt, nor do I think I am likely to have, of the salvability of persons dying in the English Church. But I think that it still may be that the English Church is not part of the Church Catholic; but only visited with overflowings of grace—and that God may call some persons on to higher things. They must *obey* the calling; but that proves nothing against those who do not receive it. I have not a call at present to go to the Church of Rome;* but I am not confi-

* Cardinal Newman added, in looking over this letter in 1876 or thereabouts: "N. B.—I meant I had not the *motiva credibilitatis*."

dent I may not some day. But it seems to me that there is something most unnatural and revolting in going over *suddenly*, unless, indeed, a miracle is granted." He goes on to speak of the action of the Protestant episcopate. "The bishops are sowing the seeds of future secessions. They speak all against us or are silent. We have no thanks for what is well done. For eight years not a word of direct praise has been granted: all that has been that way has been in *mitigation* of the sentence. A jealous suspicion has been the only feeling. All sorts of irregularity have been committed on the other side *impunè*. All sorts of liberties are taken with the services. All sorts of heresies are promulgated. A curate of St. Mary—Redcliffe, Bristol—lately, just after Pusey had been there, said in the pulpit: 'That hell-born heresy of Puseyism which has of late appeared bodily amongst you.' Mr. Clifford took up a volume of *Tracts* into the pulpit, and holding it out said: 'I denounce the authors as agents of Satan.' The bishop can talk in his charge against Williams as 'an angel from heaven with another gospel'—somewhat more complimentarily than his clergy—yet he allows them—*dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas*. . . . To complete it is this hideous Jerusalem affair—about which I suppose I shall publicly protest."* No wonder indeed that, from the end of 1841, he was on his death-bed as regards his membership with the Anglican Church, and, as he adds, "a death-bed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back."

Meanwhile, the life which he and his disciples were leading at Littlemore was in the last degree ascetic. In Lent their first meal of the day was at five o'clock in the evening and consisted of salt fish. But nature could not be so outraged forever, and when one of the number became seriously ill, a noon-day breakfast was added of bread-and-butter and tea. Newman's idea of what any person in ordinary health could do in Lent may well make men of a more indulgent age feel somewhat ashamed. In a letter written a few days after Ash Wednesday, 1842, to a friend who had consulted him as to what he should do in Lent, he says: "As to your question about yourself, though I know perfectly well that leaving off the *least* things is at first a greater trial to strength, or at

* From an unpublished letter.

least to vigor, than could be supposed, yet I think a person might anyhow leave off in Lent, butter, milk, sugar, pastry, fruit, etc., and rather take medicine (*e. g.*, quinine) than wine, if it answers the same purpose."

Visitors to the row of cottages—separate now—are still shown the bare, plain room in which, standing up at a desk, Newman penned the last book of his Anglican life—the book which brought him from his death-bed, as he calls it, to a glorious resurrection in the Church of God. Day by day, as he wrote, his disciples watched him, and to their wondering eyes he seemed to grow more and more attenuated and diaphanous with each day. At length came the end—the harbor after the storm. Father Dominic, the Passionist, was in the neighborhood, and Newman invited him to Littlemore. The holy priest may perhaps have had some notion of what that invitation meant, though Newman tells us that he did not know its full import. As De Quincey observes, "blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears," and Father Ambrose St. John was never tired of relating a scene which took place as the coach bringing Father Dominic to Oxford stopped outside the Mitre on that memorable 8th of October, 1845. The rain was pouring down in torrents. The streaming guard, with an eye to something warm on that dank, bleak evening, touched his hat to the simple priest with, "Remember the guard, Sir."

"Yes"; said Father Dominic in his broken English, "I will remember you in my Mass." Ambrose St. John soon explained, and Father Dominic handed the man a penny. The guard received it like the laborers in the vineyard, with a murmur.

"Give him more," whispered St. John.

Another penny was placed in the guard's palm. Murmurs more forcible still proceeded from his lips.

"More," reiterated St. John.

Another penny was given. This time the execrations became louder and more vehement.

"That's not enough. You must really give him more," said St. John.

"I will not give him more," protested Father Dominic. "The more I do give him, the more he do swear."

At length Littlemore was reached, and Father Dominic was admitted into the cottage. Even to the present day the visitor is

still shown the fire-place at which the Italian Passionist strove to dry his drenched clothes and warm his frozen limbs. So, too, one can see the spot on which Newman, hastily summoned from the adjoining room, threw himself on his knees before the priest of God and begged admittance into the One Fold of the Redeemer. Yes; one can see the spot where this occurred, but not the actual place which was pressed by Newman's knees, for the bare bricks, which were good enough for him, have since been covered for the present occupant by a less uncongenial floor. In all other respects the fixtures of the room are the same—the panelled walls, the homely doors, and the cupboards once crammed with books.

That night the neophytes spent in prayer, and on the morning of the 9th Mass was celebrated on an altar stone borrowed from the little Chapel of St. Ignatius, St. Clement's.

One by one after this the community at Littlemore melted away. Those who could not follow their master walked no more with him, and either remained in the Church of England or after a time lapsed into Liberalism. The knot of men who were received at the same time as Newman lingered for the most part by his side, and Sunday after Sunday accompanied him across the fields to Mass. But a continued residence at Littlemore, perfectly as it would have suited Newman's own taste, would after all have been meaningless and without point. Newman, indeed, though full of energy, looked upon his career as ended, and little dreamed that a good half of his life still remained, in which he was to leaven the educated part of the English people with Catholic teaching. Gradually, and perhaps reluctantly, his countrymen agreed, first, to forgive Newman for his secession, and then, when the *Apologia* appeared, to begin to understand it.

To the utterly un-English mind of Disraeli, his conversion remained a mystery—a "blunder," as he said, "which has been apologized for, but never explained." Newman, to whom the politician's ways were hateful, retorted that he could no more expect his motives to be grasped by a politician than he could expect a chimpanzee to give birth to a human baby.

Meanwhile appeared the great book, *The Essay on Development*, the writing of which had completed the work of conversion. Allies tells us how eagerly he and others looked for it, and its author was not the only one by many hundreds

who owed their conversion to this work of monumental genius. November, Christmas, and the New Year found Newman still at Littlemore. At length, in February, 1846, he said farewell to his beloved home and to the little church which his mother had founded. To him it seemed "like going away on the open sea."

He traveled direct to Maryvale, and his mind so wedded to symbolism did not fail to note that the English Church service, which he had known for so many years, commemorated on this his last morning at Littlemore, the Call of Abraham, while the first office after he reached Maryvale was that of St. Matthias who entered later than his brethren into the work of an Apostle. A still more striking coincidence, unknown then to any one in England, was that on the very day that he, Newman, was received into the Church, the unhappy Renan turned his back upon St. Sulpice.

For many years, as we know, Newman never saw Oxford again "excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway." Then, on February 26, 1878, after an absence of just thirty-two years, he revisited the University as the guest of his first College, Trinity—the College that "had never been unkind" to him—and from the windows of what had been his freshman's rooms there, he looked once more at the wall on which the snap-dragon grew, and where in due season it still flowers, to remind Oxford of her greatest son.

But the visit which in June, 1868, he paid to Littlemore, was a private one, and its incidents have never before been published. A groom in the employment of Mr. Crawley, a Littlemore landowner, once a South American merchant, noticed one day two gentlemen standing near the lich gate of the church. One, the elder, wore a long overcoat and his hat was drawn over his face as if to conceal his features. He was crying bitterly and seemed to be in great distress. The groom caught sight of his face and instantly guessed that the gentleman was none other than Newman. He hastened to tell his master who was ill in bed. Mr. Crawley told the man he must be mistaken, but the servant maintained that he was not, and asked Mr. Crawley to let him look at a photograph which he had. On seeing this the groom was fully confirmed in his opinion. Mr. Crawley bade him go again to the church and try to ascertain whether it was indeed Newman. The two

gentlemen were in the churchyard when the groom arrived, and on the question being asked, "Are you a friend of Mr. Crawley?" Newman, for it was he, again burst into tears.

"Mr. Crawley wishes to see you, Sir," said the groom. "But he is too ill to leave his room; will you please to come and see him?"

"Oh, no; oh, no!" exclaimed Newman. His companion, who was Father Ambrose St. John, tried to persuade him, but he only repeated earnestly, "Oh, no!"

At length St. John told the groom to carry back word to his master that Dr. Newman would come presently; which he did, and he remained in conversation with Mr. Crawley for some time.

After this he went round and visited several of his old parishioners, but whether he looked again at the room where Father Dominic had received him into the Church is not recorded.*

When Newman left Littlemore, in 1846, he sold to Mr. Crawley the seven acres on which he had planned to build his monastery. The trees which the visitor sees now were planted by Newman. The monastery, the founder stipulated, was to have a view towards Garsington. Will such a foundation ever be made by Catholics in that spot, in memory of one who has done so much to spread the Faith in England? Perhaps not; but at least the cottage at Littlemore should be in Catholic hands, and in the hands of those who love Newman. Catholics alone can appreciate the full, the stupendous import of that quiet, hidden scene which there took place, when the humble Italian missionary enrolled in the glorious ranks of God's deathless Church the most brilliant genius of the century, who from being the foremost man in the University of Oxford had by his own act, and in obedience to his conscience, become a pilgrim and a stranger to his own land.

In one of the guest-rooms at the Edgbaston Oratory there hangs a print—a bird's-eye view of Oxford. Over it is the text from Ezekiel: "*Fili hominis putasne vivent ossa ista?*" Could any wit of man devise a more appropriate text for this once Catholic University? And how can one reply except by quoting the rest of the passage, on the picture's lower frame?—"Domine Deus, tu nosti."

*I am indebted for this interesting incident to the kindness of the Rev. Canon Irvine, the present Vicar of Littlemore.

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



T might have been something in Will's tone that upbraided; or, which was more likely, it might have been simply his own choice that led Philip off with Jack for several days after this on various pedestrian excursions into the mountains, leaving Marjorie in the meanwhile a rather silent companion for her aunt and Will. But self-denial was a bore, he finally decided; and a glimpse he caught of Marjorie's graceful head at a window, bending over her book, determined him on throwing down his hat again, though he was to meet Jack in town.

"It is much better fun," he argued in calm, judicial fashion, "to hear her talk and see her smile than looking at some tiresome ruins." So, he leant towards the girl, and watched her swift color at hearing him so unexpectedly close to her.

"What a curious old volume, Miss Fleming; is it about St. Vidian?"

"No"; she answered, smiling brightly, "it is an old chronicle I unearthed from that dark closet under the staircase. I believe the last de Rochefort took great care of the family records, and religiously preserved everything of the kind. So Jeanneton tells me, and she was here when he died. A sort of recluse, she says, and spent much of his time with these old books. This one is principally about Sir Hugues, whose picture you see there—that dark, savage-looking man, and that is his wife, Dame Jacqueline, beside him; and I think you could almost read their story in their faces."

"From which I gather," seating himself beside her, "that Sir Hugues has not your approval?"

"Oh, I think he was a brute. Will declares"—laughing—"that I make a solemn visit to his picture every night for the pleasure of shaking my fist in his face. I will confess that I have felt now and then like giving Dame Jacqueline a kiss, she looks so young and sweet, and she had such a hard time with that old monster."

"I can well understand your temptation to—to give her a kiss, did you say? She looks like you."

Only the deepened damask of her fair cheek showed that she heard him.

"See here," she said hastily, "look at this picture of a tournament. What long noses all the ladies have, and how they simper. And see what a little bit of a knight has upset two big ones, and how proud he looks."

"That is, no doubt, his lady with the long veil falling from the leaning tower of Pisa on her head; and she is looking at him and he drinks courage from her eyes."

"But how about this wounded knight on the ground? Why did not *he* gain strength from his lady's presence—for that is certainly she who is swooning away there comfortably in the corner and nobody noticing her."

"She had no eyes," said Philip, "or else"—looking into hers—"they were not large, soft, brown ones." The half-startled glance which now met his made him rather glad when Jack burst in full of noisy reproaches for his defection.

"And, Marjorie, if you, too, had come," he declared loudly, "instead of mooning here over that musty book, you would have had some fun. There was a fellow in the town all the way from Clermont with a lot of trained birds; and it is surprising what he can make them do. Draw little carriages, shoot off guns, play dominoes, drink coffee—everything in fact. I mean to have him up here some day."

Later in the evening Will called to Marjorie: "Come out," he said,

"Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet hoot, the
owlet hoot,
Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim behind the
tree, O!
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass,
and sweetest lass,
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with
me, O!"

Marjorie leaned out smiling with pleasure, not at the speaker but at the lines. "Where *are* your 'ricks of hay'?" she asked joyously, "for it is early mowing in the month of May."

"You will see your sweetheart before the summer-time,"

declared Jack solemnly, "for, Marjorie, my dear, you have just made a rhyme."

"Come out; come out!" Will kept repeating.

"And why?" she asked.

"Because it is a lovely night, transcendently. Because it is a night not meant for slumber. Because the Garonne's waters flow shimmering beneath the radiant moon. Because it is but a short walk to the river bank. Because, finally, Philip, Jack, and I purpose to row you where you will."

"You are all angels!" she cried with enthusiasm. "Come, Auntie, get your hat."

"Not I, my dear," said Mrs. Fleming. "I should rather have my lamp and book at this hour than any river or moon, full, half, or crescent. The boys will take care of you; and, Marjorie, wrap my large white shawl around your head and shoulders. It may be chilly on the water."

"The Lily Maid," Will said jestingly, when she joined them, her eyes shining from a snowy hood, and the silken folds of her drapery outlining her slight figure. She took his arm, but needed more support, doubtless, down that steep hill, for she laid her hand on Philip's, also, when he offered it. He sat farthest from her when they reached the boat, however, for it was a fixed principle with him to take no unnecessary trouble; and as the night was warm for rowing, he took the tiller rope, while Marjorie had a pile of cushions placed for her. A few vigorous strokes and they were out in mid-stream, the water rippling and splashing in silvery curves as their bow went cleaving through it.

"The little waves went sobbing round the boat," quoted Marjorie, taking off her rings to lean over and let the waters run swiftly through her fingers. "But Undine did not live anywhere near here. I wonder if there is no nymph belonging especially to this river. No 'Sabrian fair,' no 'Lorë' to bewitch the fishermen."

"There is a fish," said Will, resting on his oars. "A very large fish. He has big, glassy, staring, goggle eyes; and he lies all day under a rock down there until he is hungry, and then he comes out and eats up the little fishes. I interviewed him once at the end of a rod and line, and he swam lazily up to the bait, smelled it, and then turning his head on one side winked slowly. I wake up and think of that wink in the silent watches of the night."

"After that wink," averred Philip, with languid interest, "you should have caught him if it had been necessary to swim and dive."

"How is that for a panorama, Marjorie?" asked Jack, in tones much lower than were usual with him.

It was a scene well calculated to impress even his careless nature. On the one side high white walls and towers and ruins stood out in bold relief against the dark thickets around, appearing to glide past them as they went on. On the other the town lay, its black, grimy houses seeming actually to be walking, very crookedly, down the slope into the river, some of them coming so near the edge as even to overhang it. All around the horizon stretched mountain peaks, gleaming whitely far and vague and dim, like the ghosts of mountains; and through the dark, mysterious heavens above sailed the fair moon, calm and holy, and beautifying all visible beneath her. Everywhere brooded stillness, the town being as quiet and motionless as the enchanted city of the Sleeping Princess, except across the fields, where the potters' furnaces, burning always, sent up their lurid columns

"I say, Will," Jack remarked presently, taking a moment to breathe, "it's hard work rowing against the current. Let's go round that bend, up past the mill, and then we can float back and rest awhile."

"What has become of Nicolette, Miss Fleming?" asked Philip, looking over at the great mill wheel at rest for the night. "I have not seen her lately."

"She was up at the château yesterday," answered Marjorie, "she is busy getting ready for her wedding next month. Etienne is furnishing a pretty cottage for her near the mill, so that she may not be too far from her father, as she is all he has."

"Do you know, Marjorie," said Will, "when I was walking at dusk in that little lane by the blacksmith's, I thought I saw Pedro lurking behind an old brick wall."

"Oh, impossible!—with decision—"he would not dare to come to Martres after the affair on St. Vidian's day. Even if Etienne did not find him, some of the other men might see him, and he would be mobbed."

"Well"—indifferently—"I suppose I was mistaken."

They reached the spot where they were to turn, and then commenced to float back towards the mill. Philip, who had

been staring hard at it for some minutes, said suddenly : " Will, do you see those black figures moving about inside the mill enclosure? I fancied I saw them when we passed before. Is it any of the family, do you think?"

" No"; answered Will, " it is after eleven, and everybody in Martres is asleep at eight; there is no light in any of the windows. I do see them plainly, and they cannot be there for any good. Quick, Jack, the oars again! We must save Maître Sébastien from thieves."

" It is 'Colette's window they are under!" said Marjorie in sudden alarm.

" You don't really think, Miss Fleming," asked Philip, inclined to laugh, " that it is Nicolette they are after? These are not the days of young Lochinvar."

" No"; said Marjorie, her heart beating fast, " but we are in the Pyrenees, and you do not know Pedro. He is a terrible man. 'Colette has told me things about him. He would commit any crime if he could secretly."

" By heaven, Marjorie," cried Will, " you are right! It is a rope ladder they are fastening to the wall. On, Jack, row like mad!" And there was dead silence for a moment or two as the boat flew through the water, driven on by their powerful strokes.

" Now, Jack," said Will, as they stopped at the foot of the mill grounds, " stay in the boat and take care of Marjorie," and he and Philip sprang ashore and disappeared up the path.

" You may stop, Jack, if you choose," said Marjorie, " but I am going too," with emphasis; and stepping out of the boat, she followed the others without an instant's hesitation. Jack, whose soul was eager for the fray, followed her, perforce, though most willingly.

Before the young men reached the scene of action, Pedro and his companion had finished their preparations. One dark figure was stationed at the foot of the ladder, while Pedro had already climbed halfway up, a thick rug over one shoulder with which to stifle 'Colette's probable screams."

" Hist, Pedro!" called his companion suddenly, " I hear footsteps. *Carramba!* Down! They are coming this way!"

Pedro had barely time to scramble down before Will's strong grasp was on his shoulder; but the agile mountaineer, not to be taken by surprise, twisted himself away, leaving his jacket in his adversary's hands. He stopped one instant in

his flight to draw a dagger; but seeing a third figure now appear, decided that the odds were too great and sped away down the road. Philip was already returning from an unavailing pursuit of the other man, and Marjorie leaned against a doorway excited and glad at this rapid routing of the marauders. Suddenly she sprang forward and threw up her arm in front of Philip; and a missile of some kind, whizzing through the air, struck her on the wrist.

"It is nothing," she said quickly, hiding it in the folds of her wrap. "I saw one of the men stoop down on the road and pick up something and aim at Mr. Carhart; and I know how unerringly the men about here throw even a small stone."

"Stop!" cried Will, throwing his arms about Jack, who would have rushed in pursuit down the moonlit path. "It is of no use. Those men know every step of ground round here, and would have you at a disadvantage from behind some dark corner. Besides, after throwing that stone, he will have fled away far enough."

"It is worse than a stone," said Jack, holding it up. "It is a sharp, broken bit of the crockery they throw about the roads here; and it would have been bad for you, Philip, if it had struck your temple, as I suppose he intended."

"It might have killed me," said Philip quietly.

"Marjorie!" cried Will, with quick anxiety, "my darling!"—quite reckless now of hearers—"let me see your arm."

"No"; she persisted, keeping it resolutely held down at her side in its wrappings. "It is nothing—just a little cut. I will get 'Colette to tie it up for me."

Nicolette's frightened face had appeared long ago at her window; lights were gleaming about the house; and now Maître Sébastien's burly figure, in very imperfect toilet, showed in the doorway, with a candle in one hand and a big, rusty, old-fashioned pistol in the other.

"Who is there?" he cried. "Speak, or I'll fire!"

"No, don't!" called Jack, "or"—sotto voce—"you'll blow your own head off with that old blunderbuss!"

"It is we, Maître Sébastien," explained Will, coming forward. "We saw, from the river where we were boating, that an attempt was being made to rob your house; and we came, fortunately, in time to prevent it, though the thieves escaped."

"*Mère de Dieu!*" exclaimed the miller in utter bewilderment. "Rowing on the river! At this hour! Thieves!"

And then his eyes, traveling slowly about, fell on the rope ladder at the side of the house. "And what is that?" he marveled.

'Colette, looking over her father's shoulder, saw it also for the first time, and gave a shriek.

"You are quite safe now," said Philip reassuringly, "but as you should know the truth—it was that man Pedro, with a companion; and it looks—it looks like an attempt to frighten you into giving up Etienne."

"And you, *chère* Mademoiselle, and you Messieurs," said 'Colette, with tearful eyes, "have saved me from that wicked man!"

"*Mademoiselle et Messieurs*," said the miller waving his candle about and beginning an oration, but Will cut him short.

"I am anxious about my cousin, Maître Sébastien," he told him, "her arm has been hurt. Let us go into the house and see about it."

Nicolette led the way into the kitchen and brought a light, by which they were all shocked to see how pale Marjorie looked, and how completely the folds of the wrappings about her arm were saturated with blood. There was a somewhat deep cut above the wrist, from which the blood kept welling, to Will's great alarm; but a piece of plaster soon stopped this; and the arm was skillfully bandaged by 'Colette, with many expressions of sympathy.

"Now, Marjorie, you are not to come home with us to-night," said Will decidedly. "All this pain and excitement will have exhausted you, and 'Colette can give you a bed. Mother will have gone to her room, and we need tell her nothing of the accident until morning, when she and some of us can come for you."

Nicolette was eager with her offers of hospitality, and so the matter was settled. "Who knows," Will explained further to Philip, "those fellows are notoriously vindictive—might give us trouble on the way back; and Marjorie shall not be harassed further."

Then the young men went off to their boat, while the miller stationed himself for the rest of the night in his doorway with his pistol, though every one was of opinion that another attack for that night was out of all possibility. Jack returned presently, leading Pedro's mule, which he had discovered tied in the thicket, and which he advised Maître Sébastien to se-

questrate; and Philip excused himself to Will for a few moments, while he went back into the kitchen for a forgotten handkerchief, he said; and then they took a final leave, and quietude settled down once more over the mill and its inmates.

CHAPTER IX.

If the flowers in the garden, as Marjorie sometimes fancifully imagined, had natures to feel and suffer, they must have looked on Philip Carhart as a very Attila, a scourge of God, next morning, as he walked among them with a small switch in his hand decapitating a score of them occasionally in the most savage and ruthless manner. It was a very unusual thing for him to be up at all before breakfast time, for he had an aversion to the morning dew; and he looked out of humor, if an impartial critic had been judging. "Was it a dream," he was asking himself, "that he had left the others on some trivial pretext, and gone back into the mill kitchen where Marjorie chanced to be alone for a few seconds? Had he really said some very wild things to her about his gratitude, and—and yes—*more* than gratitude? Had he actually touched with his lips the white arm where the sleeve was rolled above the bandage? Could he have been so foolish? Good heavens! it must have been the moonlight. Well, his head was quite clear this morning; and, by Jove! he was getting tired of Martres and of every one in it, and only wanted a decent pretext to get away. The days began to grow very tedious, and he was distinctly bored lately. One could probably find something of interest in Paris, now." And the fates seemed propitious to his desire; for, just at this juncture Pierre came shuffling across the courtyard with a letter for "M'sieu."

"Ah"—his contentment quite restored, glancing over it a second time—"the gods, as ever, are on my side, even in trifles. Adams 'is worn out and needing change of air. Plenty of work on hand, and your presence required.' Just the excuse I was wishing for," smiling in his usual self-confident manner, as he put the letter into his pocket. "I will make my adieux some time to-day and be off by the afternoon diligence to catch the train at Cahors."

Great was Mrs. Fleming's concern on being gradually told at breakfast time of the cause of Marjorie's absence, and she

was for starting at once to seek her, when in walked that maiden herself, smiling though pale, and her arm in a sling.

"Well," cried Jack, "you are a fraud! Here is mother, like the needy knife-grinder's friend, with tears trembling on her eyelids; and the rest of us prepared to form in sad procession and go to the mill and act as nurses for you; and you walk in, quite beaming, as if last night's proceedings had been the best joke in the world!"

"Don't make so much noise, my dear boy," she said soothingly. "Will, the doctor you routed out of his comfortable bed at that unearthly hour came up and arranged a more scientific bandage on my arm; told me to wear it in a sling for a day or two, and it would soon be all right. And now you must, every one, dress yourselves in festal attire and get some flowers, and hunt up something useful or ornamental to give as a present."

"What for?" they all asked.

"For 'Colette's wedding!" was the answer.

"'Colette's wedding?" cried Jack, "why you said it was not to come off until next month."

"Neither it was. But Etienne, when he heard of last night's attempt, came up to the mill quite wild. He looked literally black when he spoke about Pedro. '*Lâche*' he called him, and said something else which sounded, I am afraid, like swearing. He had a talk with 'Colette, and then came to me: 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'it is not that I am afraid of any more trouble with that villain. He will never dare show his face again; he has been in hiding since St. Vidian; and now he will know better than ever not to come back. But it is an outrage—all of it, and I want 'Colette safe in my care. Her father is old, and why should he be fretted as he was last night? I want her to marry me to-day.' 'To-day!'—I was astonished; but he said it should be to-day or never; for, if Nicolette persisted in refusing, why he would sell his share in his father's business and works, and go away from Martres not to come back. And would not I persuade 'Colette? I thought best to talk Maître Sébastien over first, and then our combined weight was too much for Nicolette, and she consented, though she is almost distracted at the hurry. I left her commencing preparations, and Etienne has gone to tell the curé and the bell-ringers, and to don his holiday garb.

Every one seems to know about it, and there is great excitement."

"Bless me!" cried Jack, "if I had only known in time, we could have hired Baptiste's trap and gone in style to the wedding."

"Considering the looks of those horses of his, I should call it better style to walk," commented Mrs. Fleming.

They all set off for the church in the gayest of moods, only Marjorie seeming a little languid and making Will, when he noticed her pallor and wistful looks, wish that it was for him that she had been hurt. Certainly the whole town must have known of the wedding and of last night's happenings, and it was well for Pedro the muleteer, judging from expressions dropped by excited, hurrying groups, that he had taken himself beyond their reach, for Nicolette and Etienne were prime favorites in Martres. Every one seemed going towards the church, and even Mère Véronique stood in her dingy portal and regretted loudly that she could not leave her angel, Pierrot, who did not appear to be in his usual happy frame of mind this morning.

They had some time to wait in the church, and then the sound of violins and hautbois was heard, and the musicians came in preceding the bridal party. 'Colette looked very pretty, though frightened; Etienne a trifle fierce; and Maître Sébastien's jovial features wore the extremely funereal and dejected expression which he conceived to be the proper thing for the bride's father. The ceremony was short, but the good curé delivered a discourse very kind, very paternal, very instructive, but also very long. That, too, was over after awhile, to every one's delight; and then all the townspeople who were invited, and most of them were, went up to the mill for a dance.

The family from the château, and Marjorie especially, were the guests of honor; and while Mrs. Fleming was installed in the miller's own great armchair, Marjorie was forced, after Etienne had led the first dance with his bride, to dance the second with him as well as she could, slowly and with the use of but one hand. Then she sat in a high-backed chair by the great chimney-piece, while Will took out 'Colette, and Jack capered round with any of the girls reckless enough to risk life and limb as his partner.

"You do not dance, Mr. Carhart?" Marjorie asked, looking up at him.

"Indeed, no"; he said calmly, "it always looks foolish to me."

"Is it possible? Now *I* can waltz all night usually. But, perhaps, with you, it is a case of 'The Tenth don't, etc.'"

"Not at all"—loftily, and coloring a little, for he did not approve being laughed at—"I waltz sufficiently well when I am compelled; but I think it—ah—well, a little inconsistent with the higher branches of the learned professions. Supposing one were a judge, in time, one would as soon expect a bishop to waltz."

This dignified attitude in Will or any one else, in preparation for an uncertain elevation, would have entertained Marjorie mightily. But it was Philip Carhart who was talking nonsense. Besides, she was thinking more of last night, when she had been sitting in this very same place. Ah, last night! Was it pleasure or pain now, or both together, she felt while the music changed into a slow and dreamy waltz? She could never hear "La Glycine" again with indifference.

"Is it quite safe to let your Cousin Jack dance?" Philip asked carelessly, looking at the youth. "That is the fourth couple he has run into headlong; and they assure him that it is of no consequence, does not matter in the least, that they rather enjoy it, in fact. But that poor girl who is his partner, she will be killed."

"She appears to enjoy it, then. Look how she laughs! She is very pretty, don't you think?"

"N—no; she is healthy-looking and blooming, but not pretty. There are some other faces here with more expression. Have you noticed that the women of this province are sallow for the most part, depending largely on animation for looking well? But, in fact, when one has recently seen a face with beautiful features and complexion, informed as well with soul, it spoils one for inferior types"—this with caressing intention.

"I am not sure," said Marjorie, with some effort, "that I should care to look like Maud—'faultily faultless'. But there is no danger; Jack is always reminding me that my nose has heavenly aspirations."

"It is that slight irregularity that makes it all so piquant—so perfectly charming!"—undeterred by an upward glance of

reproof. For was he not going away that afternoon; and what difference did it make—to him, at least? In the meantime, "*le roi s'amusait.*"

Presently a march was played, and the bride and groom led the way into the adjoining room, where a hastily prepared collation was laid. Healths were drunk in Maître Sébastien's best wine, and some little speeches made, a very kind one by Will, and three or four by Jack, which were listened to with respectful attention by the company, and with some alarm by his mother, who feared that the dancing and the wine together had been too much for him. Afterwards songs were sung by Etienne and others, and the dancing commenced again. "They will keep it up until late, Marjorie," said Will, "and you are tired. Let us all go home to dinner."

So, after a little conference with 'Colette, the party slipped away unobserved. Up the hill again together, Philip taking Marjorie's hand once more. He looked at the fair scene above, around, below him, and thought that, if he were sentimental, he might now feel some little regret that it was the last time.

"Will," he asked abruptly, "do you remember a '*Lebewohl*' we used to chant at the university?"

"That's very definite, certainly," said Will, "considering that German song abounds in 'farewells,' and that we used to sing them by the score."

"Well, I don't recall whose this was. But the burden of '*Adé! Adé!*' recurring continually, it struck me, was most effective. I saw a free translation of it somewhere the other day. The first verse runs somewhat like this:

"The fairest spring has but one May,
Good-bye!
The sweetest flowers last but a day,
And you and I can only say,
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye."

"I do not think I like it," said Marjorie with a slight shiver which he felt. "I *hate* 'good-bye' in any case—even with mere pleasant acquaintances. I want to hold on to them until it is settled when I shall meet them again. I do believe when I am dying I will turn to ask the nearest one there—'and when shall I see you again?'"

"Do not ask *me* that, Marjorie," said Jack solemnly, "for unless you are a better girl than you are now you may never see me afterwards."

"Unless you are a better boy," remarked his mother, "Marjorie will never take the trouble to help you in your love affairs as she has Etienne. Listen to those joy-bells! How sweetly they sound across the hills!"

And Master Jack fell to work to assure her with much severity that no one need trouble about *his* wedding bells. They would ring themselves. His only anxiety was that he would be married off-hand, before he knew where he was, as there were at least fifteen girls quite wild about him.

In the afternoon sunshine Marjorie stood in the courtyard alone, leaning against the fountain, close to the broken nymph, and strewed crumbs with her unhurt hand for the pigeons that fluttered and pecked about her.

"Marjorie," called Jack, boisterously, near her, "did you know that Mr. Carhart was going? He has just received a letter telling him that his partner is very ill and that he is needed immediately, without one day's delay. His trunk is packed and I am going now to send Pierre down to the diligence with it. He is coming presently to say 'good-bye,' and Will and I will see him off."

"I did not know," said Marjorie, moving quietly towards the house. She went into the room with the portraits and leaned on the window-sill gazing out without observing anything. She started at his step on the gravel walk, and then it rang along the corridor and he had entered the room and was standing beside her, and his voice sounded in her ear.

"They will have told you, Miss Fleming, how hastily I have been summoned away. It is a too sudden ending to a delightful month; but the claims of business, you know, are imperative. I have said farewell to your aunt and thanked her for her kind hospitality. To yourself it is difficult to express my appreciation of your kindness during my visit, and my deep regret for the pain"—lightly touching her bandaged arm—"that I have involuntarily caused you. Let me wish you a very pleasant remainder of the season; and, as I am much hurried, I will say 'good-bye.'"

A few words murmured in answer—she knew not what—a slight pressure on her hand, and he was gone. How long

she stood there at the window afterwards she never knew. It might have been moments, or minutes, or hours even—it was so like a dream. And this was the end! A slight hand-pressure—and “good-bye.” The end of wonderful hours together in this lovely land seen by the “light that never was on land or sea.” Of looks and tones that thrilled—of a thousand words and actions meant—yes, she could be sure—for her alone. “A delightful month, but then, you know, the claims of business.” “I thank you for a pleasant visit, and good-bye.” She laughed and was surprised to hear herself. Then she remembered a phrase which Will had said was an Eastern proverb: “This, too, will pass away”; and wondered if it had a meaning. Then she found herself repeating:

“‘The fairest spring has but one May,
Good-bye!
The sweetest flowers last but a day,
And you and I can only say,
Good bye, good-bye, good-bye.’”

And she suddenly pulled her wounded arm from the sling and struck it sharply on the window-sill. Will, coming in after a while, saw her white gown outlined against the fast waning light.

“It was unexpected,” he said, quietly approaching her, “was it not—Philip’s going off so soon? We saw him into the diligence.” Then, with quick alarm: “What is it, Marjorie? You look quite white and—and strange! And blood upon your bandage!”

“It is only my arm,” she said, forcing a smile. “I—I hurt it somehow on the window.” And he caught her in his arms as she was falling.

“Mother! Jeanneton!” he called, laying her on the lounge, “will you see to Marjorie? She is faint from last night’s excitement and to-day’s fatigue, and has hurt her arm again. She ought to be in bed.”

And while Mrs. Fleming ministered to Marjorie, and Jeanneton bustled about her, Will went outside under the stars, and used an expression about his college-mate and intimate friend, then journeying comfortably towards Paris, which it is to be hoped the recording angel did not hear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.



NEW era for the Church has opened in France. The Concordats which held sway since 1516, save for a short interruption during the revolutionary period, have given way to a Government, under which both Church and State are entirely separate.

We wish to put before our readers the crisis which the Church in France must face, and we sincerely believe that in the end the Church will come forth rejuvenated and stronger than ever.

We will review first of all the cause of this crisis, rehearsing the origins of the separation of Church and State; later we will study the Government law, and show the policy adopted by the French hierarchy with the approval of the Holy See.

The separation of Church and State was desired long since, on the one side, by a certain number of French Catholics who cited Lacordaire and Montalembert in support of their attitude; on the other hand, by the greatest enemies of Catholicism—the freemasons. There is no need to add that each of these parties sought the separation from entirely different motives. The former hoped for new power for the Church; the latter aimed at the destruction of Christianity.

One of the grievances which Catholics charged against the Concordat, which since 1801 governed in our country the relations of Church and State, was that the Concordat gave to the Government a voice in the choice of French bishops. For example: when a vacancy occurred among the French bishoprics, the Government would present a candidate for the office to the Holy See. The Holy See would request its nuncio at Paris to make inquiries concerning the Government's candidate. If, for one reason or other, the Holy See refused to appoint the Government's candidate (and the Holy See never gave a reason for its refusal) the Government would present a

new candidate to the Sovereign Pontiff. If the second candidate also was not accepted, the Government proposed a third, and so on until some one was proposed who was agreeable to Rome. When the Holy See and the French Government had agreed upon a name *The Official Journal of the French Republic* announced the name of the one who had been appointed to the vacant see, and Rome then tendered him a canonical appointment. In short, under this system, the Government had a right to present a candidate's name,* but ordinarily it proposed the name only after an understanding with Rome. Newly appointed prelates were obliged to swear allegiance to the Government. With regard to this we will quote the sixth article of the Concordat: "Before entering upon their office bishops will, in the presence of the First Consul, take an oath of fidelity according to the custom prevailing before the change of Government and in the following terms: 'I swear before God, and upon the Holy Gospels, to obey and be faithful to the Government established by the Constitution of the French Republic. I promise also to carry on no correspondence, to assist at no council, to take part in no association, either within or without France, which may be contrary to the public peace, and that, if I learn of any plot being formed, either in my diocese or elsewhere, prejudicial to the State, I will make known the same to the Government.'" Selected by the Government, paid by the State, bound to it by an oath of obedience, the bishops resembled employees of the Government. The Government interfered just as often in the nomination of the curés. The Concordat, in article 10, says: "Bishops shall appoint the curés"; but the grave restriction, immediately added, is that "their choice is limited to persons who are agreeable to the Government." Parish priests it will be seen, then, were appointed in a manner analogous to the appointment of bishops. In both cases no priest could become a bishop or curé without the sanction of the Government.

These severe restrictions, to which Pius VII. had consented,

*There has been much discussion as to the extent of this right. Articles 4 and 5 of the Concordat, which relate to the choice of bishops, read: "Article 4: The First Consul of the Republic shall nominate within three months after the publication of the Bull by the Holy See, candidates for the archbishoprics and bishoprics newly established. The Holy See will give them canonical standing according to the forms prevailing in France before the change of Government. Article 5: The nominations to the bishoprics which will subsequently become vacant will be made likewise by the First Consul, and canonical standing will be given by the Holy See according to the preceding article."

in order to effect the restoration of religious peace in France, were still further aggravated by the "Organic Articles," against which the Papacy has never ceased to protest, but which the different Governments that have been in power during the nineteenth century have always considered a law of the State. These articles have greatly disturbed the Catholic life of the country. They have been notably instrumental in preventing cordial relations between the Church in France and the Holy See—or, at least, they have subordinated these relations to the surveillance of the State. No bull, no announcement from Rome, no decree of a council—even of a general council—could be published in France, no nuncio, legate, or vicar-apostolic could exercise his authority without authorization from the Government. No bishop could journey to Rome, or go outside of his diocese, unless he had first obtained permission so to do from the minister of public worship. Subject to the Government in the reports which they sent to the Holy See, the bishops had no greater freedom in their communications with one another. They were forbidden to hold a council or a provincial synod without the permission of the Government. They might not pass among themselves a common letter, for that supposed a previous agreement; and this agreement was illegal, because it would have been done without the authorization of the public authorities; and our readers must not think that this was an idle prohibition, for some years ago many bishops were punished for just such an offence. When a bishop was guilty of any of these acts considered criminal by the Government, the Government called him before the Council of State and charged him with an abuse of power. In most cases the Council of State declared that the prelate had abused his authority, and as a punishment the bishop in question would be deprived of his year's salary by the minister of public worship. In short, this régime, when it was enforced by secular authority, separated the bishops from the Holy See; and, on the other hand, rendered impossible anything like united action on their part.

Many of the French Catholics thought that the State demanded altogether too much for the meager material advantages which it granted to the Church. They wished, therefore, that the Concordat would be broken, and that Catholicism, free from all State control, could live and increase in her complete

freedom. "Many Catholics," writes M. Jean Guiraud in his very interesting study,* "bore impatiently the restrictions with which a suspicious Government dampened their zeal. It seemed to them that if the Church were separated from the State, she would enjoy her own liberty, and in that liberty find far more favorable conditions for a better life. They were encouraged in this belief by the marvelous growth of the Catholic Church in such countries as the United States, England, and Belgium, wherein there existed separation of Church and State. For those Catholics, who are growing in number, the Concordat was but a passing compromise, which sooner or later would disappear and leave a State respectful of religious belief, and a Church armed only with liberty."

Others also of the French people desired the breaking of the Concordat, but for reasons entirely different. The free-masons of France thought that the Church possessed great influence among the people, because of the official character of the Concordat, and they hoped that Catholicism would lose all prestige on the day that the State withdrew its support. The masonic lodges did not conceal their anti-Christian purpose. As early as 1885 one of the most influential of the masonic representatives, M. Fernand Faure, declared:† "I maintain that we must eliminate religious influence in whatever form it may express itself. I assert further that we ought to eliminate all metaphysics, or, to speak more plainly, every belief which is not founded upon science, or the observation of facts, or on free reason itself, and which, therefore, escapes all verification and discussion. Such beliefs are a veritable weakness of the spirit of man." But the beliefs of which he speaks, and which he says it is necessary to kill, are the beliefs of Christianity, and one with the Catholic Church. "The triumph of the Galilean has endured for twenty centuries. The God-liar has died in his turn. He is sinking in the dust of the ages with the other divinities of Asia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, who have seen so many deceived creatures prostrate themselves at the feet of idols. Brother Masons, it pleases us to state that we have had our share in the ruin of these false prophets. The Roman Church, founded upon a Galilean

* This study, to our mind rather pessimistic, is published by V. Lecoffre, Paris, under the title *La Séparation et les Élections*.

† *Bulletin du Grand Orient* 1885, p. 705.

myth, entered upon its rapid decay the very day that associations of freemasons were established." Such were the words spoken to a masonic congress in 1903.* M. Delpech was then president of the council of freemasons, and ever showed himself one of the most active members of the Senatorial majority. The masonic ritual for the use of the novices or apprentices is still more precise and more brutally explicit, for, when speaking in the name of the entire body of freemasons, it says: "We declare ourselves to be the enemies of all priests and of all religious." Inspired by such a hatred, freemasonry cannot look upon the separation of Church and State, save as a mortal blow given to Catholicism.

Since 1893 freemasonry had imposed upon all its members the formal obligation of preparing in all its deliberative assemblies for the vote of separation. We read in the *Bulletin du Grand Orient* † that it is a strict duty of a freemason, if he be a member of the municipal council, to vote for the suppression of every allowance made to curés, vicars, or assistants, to oversee all Church property and the possessions of the curés, and to forbid the public celebration of religious festivals; if he be a member of the general council, to oppose every allowance granted to a bishop, to seminaries, or to other diocesan establishments; if he be a member of parliament, to vote against any appropriation for religious worship, to vote for the withdrawal of the ambassador to the Vatican, and to declare, on every occasion, for the separation of Church and State, *not neglecting in the meanwhile to maintain the rights of supremacy of the State over the Church.*

Some of the freemasons feared, however, that the separation would, in time, give a new force to Catholicism. As early as 1894 a freemason, M. Gadaud, senator, and since minister, relieved them of these fears by allowing them to see what measures would be taken to restrict the Church's liberty: ‡ "It might be feared," he said, "that the fervor and generosity of the faithful would increase if the Church was once free and away from the control of the State; and in that case the Church would be even a greater danger to the civil power. With well-made laws, governing all associations, every peril of that kind has been done away with."

* *Compte-rendu du Couvent de 1903*, p. 381.

† 1892, pp. 88 and 89.

‡ *Compte-rendu du Couvent de 1896*, p. 397.

Fifteen years ago, then, there were two parties in France who called for the separation of Church and State. On the one side, those Catholics who thought that the separation would promote the strength of the Church; and on the other, the adversaries of the Church, who saw in such a separation the rapid decay of the Christian faith. Between these two inimical parties there were some, sceptical and indifferent, who thought that a régime of separation would be more in harmony with the modern spirit. Such, for example, was Jules Simon. "Separation," he said, "will, I believe, be advantageous when it is possible. But when will it be possible? When we have liberty with the traditions of liberty." And recently M. Ribot expressed a similar sentiment, when he wrote: "So long as the spirit of our people remains what it is, so long as our education has made no great progress, so long as we have wandered from the past tradition of liberty, so long will it be folly to break the bonds that unite Church and State."

We have seen, then, that for many years separation was favored by members of all political parties. Nevertheless, such a measure was not demanded by the general public opinion. It was put down in the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority, and no minister, however radical, dared to demand a vote on it. From the vote of the Chamber of Deputies, from 1887-1901, it will readily be seen that during those years there was no commanding public opinion strongly in favor of separation. In fact, the demand for separation, judging from the vote of the Chamber of Deputies, was less insistent in 1901 than it was in 1887.

But freemasonry had put as the first work of its programme: war against the Church. Every law that freemasonry favored had for its ultimate object the breaking of the Concordat. "The work will be completed," declares M. Masse, a freemason and deputy of Nièvre, "only when the bond that unites Church and State is completely broken." The legislative elections of 1902 returned a majority that was under the influence of freemasonry. This majority constituted the "Bloc," which was determined to pursue a radical and anti-religious policy. Year after year freemasonry nursed these coalitions, and united all the anti-clerical elements. "If the 'Bloc' has been able to exist," declared M. Masse, in the congress of 1903, "it is solely because throughout

our lodges republicans and free-thinkers, who belong to different schools and in many things are opposed to one another, have been brought into harmony," The masonic congress of 1903 sent its congratulations to M. Combes, and promised him its fullest support. In the last months of 1902 the freemasons composed the majority of the Chamber, and were able to achieve that for which they had long labored; namely, the condemnation of the Concordat, the suppression of the budget of religious worship, and the separation of Church and State. In doing these things, the anti-clericals threw the burden of responsibility upon their victim—the Church, and endeavored to persuade the people that the public had been obliged to accept the challenge laid down by the Church.

The crucial events that led immediately to the conflict between Church and State may be summarized as follows:

(1) The dispute concerning the nominations of bishops for vacant sees.

(2) The journey to Rome of President Loubet.

(3) The resignation of the Bishops of Laval and of Dijon.

A short while after the Holy See issued *The White Book*,* containing the history of the events which led up to the separation.

* See CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1904.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A HOLIDAY RAMBLE IN TOKYO.

BY A. LLOYD, M.A.

TOKYO, 22d March, 1906.



ESTERDAY was a Japanese National Holiday—the Festival of the Vernal Equinox—and all labor, at least all educational labor, ceased throughout the land.

I had some calls to make, and a meeting to attend. I will tell you first about the commissions; the calls and the committee meeting will not interest you, but some of the sights I saw on my way may be worth recording.

The first purchase that I wished to make was a rat-trap. Tokyo swarms with rats, in spite of all the precautions taken by our municipality, which offers a reward of three sen a head for every rat taken to the police station (an offer of which my youngest child has taken occasional advantage as a means of supplementing an apparently insufficient pocket allowance), and my house, which is an old one long past its prime, has skulking holes in abundance for the little gray creatures. We have tried poison, but in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird; we have tried a cat, but the bones that remain from our tables are too many; so we have resolved to fall back on rat-traps.

I did not know where to get one, but I have a friend who is a blacksmith, and I was sure he would be able to tell me. A Japanese blacksmith's shop is always interesting, if for nothing else than its diminutive size and the apparent flimsiness of everything connected with it, whether in the way of implements and machinery or of workmanship. My friend's dwelling-house is just behind his shop, and I have often felt that he and his wife cannot have much in the way of domestic comfort or cleanliness with the dust of the shop so close to them.

Having learnt the name and address of a rat-trap maker, I found the shop in the charge of a young lad sitting on a

stool in front of a rough frame-work making wire netting. Around him lay the products of his skill—a bird-cage, half a dozen strainers, an egg basket, a woven-wire gridiron or two, and the rat-trap for which my heart was longing.

I had still two more commissions to execute. One was to a dyer's, and the other to a shrine-maker's, to inquire about a Buddhist shrine which a globe-trotting friend had ordered to be made. The dyer's was near at hand, and my companion and I walked into the workshop, and watched the men at work stenciling the cloth. Japan is still the paradise of small home industries, and, strange though this may sound to your American ears, I hope it may long continue to be so. The factories which are beginning to spring up around us, in imitation of Western methods, are not good for the moral, or even the physical, health of the nation, and the very best silks and fabrics that Japan produces to-day are those of the small handlooms worked in the home. Of course a handloom will never enable a man to have a large income, and that is in some eyes a misfortune; but it enables a man to live in freedom from care; and after all "to have food and raiment and to be therewith content," is one of the fundamental bases of all true religion.

My last commission, the one to the shrine-maker's, involved a journey right across Tokyo to Asakusa, the great centre of Buddhist ecclesiasticism, and, even with our recently acquired electric car service, Tokyo remains a city of magnificent distances.

Near the Shimbashi station we were stopped by some troops—infantry and artillery—who had just returned home from a remote outpost in Manchuria. During the past months the streets have often been obstructed by these returning troops and the crowds that turned out to welcome them.

A little beyond Shimbashi, near the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, we found some women at work driving piles for the foundation of a new building. The hammer for driving the piles is drawn up to the top of the scaffolding, the women all singing as they haul at the ropes, and is then allowed to drop with its full weight on the piles below. Americans will, of course, talk about the clumsiness of Japanese methods, and how much more effectively a steam hammer would have done the work; but there is something to be said

for our old-fashioned Japanese methods. They are slow, it is true, but they furnish steady employment. When the war came, and the men had to go to the front, the women worked at many jobs on which men had been employed hitherto. In that way, though there was much distress, there was less than might have been expected. And, most important of all, there was no pauperization. The women worked and the family life went on. Japan has hitherto been free from labor troubles, and free also from grinding poverty. Both are coming now as a consequence of the introduction of Western methods of industry and life. I have heard people speak of English and American commerce and industrial life as being in some way or other a proof of the truth of the Christian religion. But it often seems to me that these old and apparently unprogressive methods of work, which, after all, secured the happiness of the large majority of the people, are really far more in harmony with the spirit of Christ than the newer methods of our materialistic pseudo-Christianity, which presents the world with the unedifying spectacle of too much wealth in some quarters and abject squalor in others. Japan may thank God that she has hitherto been kept free from either extreme.

As we passed along I called to inquire after a Japanese friend who had been ill. My friend had gone out, but his wife and son were at home. We found Mrs. Fukunaga sitting over the *kotatsu* and warming herself, whilst her boy sat by her side for a home reading lesson. A *kotatsu* is a framework put over the fire-box or brazier which the Japanese use for their charcoal fires. The framework is, of course, very useful for drying clothes, but we found it was now used for another purpose. Mrs. Fukunaga had put a bed-quilt over it, and was thus keeping herself deliciously warm. I quite envied her, and I envy her still. A few days of sunshine last week tempted me to get rid of my stove, and to-day, with my feet icy cold and rheumatic pains in my back, I am repenting that I did so. Mrs. Fukunaga told me that her husband had gone to see some games at a girls' school near by, and we promised that if we had the time we would look in and see them also.

But before doing so we must get our business done at the shrine-maker's. We found the shop, resplendent with the gilt of many a shrine waiting for a devout purchaser. In another corner of the shop were rows of Buddhas waiting also to be

purchased and placed within these shrines, a lacquered and gold priest's chair was also exposed for sale, whilst a young apprentice was busying himself with putting some touches to two great wooden gongs such as are frequently used in Buddhist worship. The sight of a shrine shop is one that fills many a mind with horror, because of the superstitions which it connotes, but to me it is not so. A hundred times rather would I see the Japanese an honest Buddhist or Shintoist, believing from his heart in gods and Buddhas, and practising religious ceremonies, which may be superstitious, but yet are true to him, than I would see him the superior agnostic of modern times, with his badly-founded contempt for all that is not material, and his boastful assertions that there is no god and no hereafter. I am, therefore, tempted to linger almost lovingly about the shrine-maker's shop, because I seem to see in its master a future ally of the Catholic Faith. The Buddhist is keeping alive in Japan the traditions of religion and religious worship, of an immortal soul, of man's responsibility, of an eternal hereafter, with its punishments and rewards. In its hierarchy of Bodhisatvas or Bosatsu, "men made perfect," it is preparing the way for the Catholic Faith in the Communion of Saints; in its upholding of the Great Buddha Amida, who, having attained to perfection for himself, made a vow that he would not enter into the bliss of Nirvana until he had opened a way by which men, "through faith in his name," should be delivered from the miseries of sin, they have a foreshadowing of the redeeming work of Christ; and, therefore, I look upon Japanese Buddhism as a "*praeparatio Evangelica*" for the true faith of the Gospel of Christ. The visit to the shrine-maker's, far from filling me with horror, fills me with hope that there is a time coming when Christ, through his one Catholic and Apostolic Church, shall go forth in Japan "conquering and to conquer."

These thoughts are strengthened within me as I turn from the shrine-maker's into the court of the great Temple at Asakusa and watch the worshippers at the altar of the Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, and so the foreshadowing of our Lady, feeding the sacred pigeons that hover around her shrine, past the pagoda-spire, silently pointing heavenwards, and through the well-kept graveyard, wherein rest the mortal remains of many honest and faithful ones for whom God in his justice

and love must have reserved some place suitable for their merits.

I have spoken of Amida and Kwannon as "fore-shadowings" of Christ and our Lady. I am not sure that "fore-shadowings" is the correct word; "echoes" would, perhaps, have been better. The Buddhist books which speak of these mysterious beings are of a comparatively late origin. Christian preachers had penetrated far into the regions of the East before these later books were written, and it is perhaps more true to say that "echoes" of the Christian faith reached the Far East in the form of the Buddhist revival of the second and third centuries of our era, and that through Gnostic (for the word Gnosticism is etymologically identical in meaning with Buddhism) perversions of the truth, hungry souls in China and Japan did learn something of a being infinite in mercy and love, who for us men and for our salvation did become man, taking his human nature from one who, like the Buddhist Kwannon, is indeed our Lady of Mercy. "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you," was St. Paul's word to the Athenians. It is also our word to the Japanese Buddhists. We are here not to destroy but to fulfil.

Outside the Temple precincts our minds are recalled to the realities of secular life, not only by the traffic in the streets, but by the amusing antics of the acrobats who turn summersaults for our amusement and their own pecuniary profit. That reminds us that we are under promise to Mrs. Fukunaga to visit the Girls' School where her husband is busy with the athletic sports. We started soon after breakfast; it is now on the stroke of noon, so we hurry on as best we can. Our homeward journey, though it is still a long while before we get home, takes us across the famous Nihombashi Bridge where, until forty years ago, there stood the Government edicts against the Christian religion. It is a busy, bustling scene now, and on the river are many boats unloading fish for the famous market, which, in all but language, is a worthy rival of the London Billingsgate. Here we take the cars and soon arrive at the big Elementary School, where we find our friend, Mr. Fukunaga, taking advantage of the holiday by enjoying a day's athletics with his pupils. He is a girls' school teacher, and, as such, a man of irreproachable character and morals. The average Japanese school has no grand architectural fea-

tures. It is generally a plain wooden structure, with abundance of windows, and a superabundance of ventilation. The class rooms are large, and so are the classes; too large, indeed, as a rule, to allow of much individual attention to the needs of pupils. But to-day we are not occupied with education, nor are we interested in the sports of a lot of schoolgirls, and so, after half an hour of perfunctory observation, we say good-bye to our friend and hurry on. We have had but a slight lunch and, being English, we are pining for our afternoon tea.

As we go, Fukunaga puts into my hand a photograph of a poor hut, such as those which abound in the famine-stricken districts in the north. I have already spoken of the absence of grinding poverty in Japan. It is true as a general rule, for the Japanese has all that wealth which comes from being able to do without things, and can be contented with but little. Yet the very fact that he can live on a minimum makes it all the harder for him when that minimum is withdrawn, as it has been this winter in the north, where a total failure of crops has occasioned a wide-spread and heart-rending distress. Man's necessity is God's opportunity, and the fact that Christian missionaries have engineered the work of famine relief, and that Christians in English-speaking lands have nobly contributed to the good work thus inaugurated, will not soon be forgotten by this people who well know the virtue of gratitude.

THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. THOMAS J. GERRARD.

AN old philosophy has been undergoing a new birth. It has been met with widely different degrees of both welcome and opposition. And at last it is coming to be understood. Its various names, "pragmatism," "immanence," "new apologetic," "moral dogmatism," "philosophy of religious experience," each suggests at once an advantage and a danger; and it is a want of discernment between the advantages and the dangers which has led to so much strife and confusion. Father George Tyrrell, in his latest book, *Lex Credendi*, comes forward and saves the situation. With the discrimination of a master he separates the good from the bad. He gives a clear and unmistakable statement of the method. He says plainly and exactly what it teaches; and, more important still, what it does not teach.

The chief objections to the method, or rather to certain French exponents of the method, have been vigorously set forth to English readers by Dr. W. McDonald, the distinguished theologian of the Dunboyne Establishment.* He, above all critics known to the present writer, enters into the method with a sympathetic understanding; not as one who had made up his mind to wipe it out at any cost; but with true Catholic insight, grasping the manifest good, warning against the seeming danger. He complains that the advocates of the immanent method charge the intellectualists with making reason the sole sufficiency for spiritual purposes and deny free-will any part in the process which leads to faith; with not respecting the personality of the believer, imposing a system of truths from without and ignoring the exigency within; with dispensing with God's action in the soul, or admitting it by way of superfetation. All these charges he declares are untrue. Then, passing to the constructive side of immanence, he claims that its appeal to subjective needs and cravings is found in all the intellectualists; that the doctrine of the fitness of the soul for

* *The Irish Theological Quarterly*, April, 1906.

God is found in every philosophical text-book; and lastly, that even when subjective needs have discovered a satisfaction in Christian truth, there is still required objective proof to assure us that our discovery is not merely a beautiful, hypothesis. In the introduction to his article Dr. McDonald is less pronounced. There he tells us that the methods of apologetics are classed as intellectual or mystical, not as each one excludes the motives of the other, but according to the directness with which they appeal to the reason or to the will and affections. Then, in his conclusion, he suggests that the truth may be this: that theology has always been not only intellectual but also mystical, and that, however mystical it may become, must always remain intellectual; that if some, such as Newman and Pascal, have felt the cravings of the heart more keenly than those of the intellect, others, such as Bellarmine and Franzelin, may have felt the contrary; and that, since no man can be an all-round theologian, it will be well if the advocates of immanence take a line of their own and work along it for the profit of the good cause, leaving to others the task of working along other lines, from which also the cause may derive advantage.

Would that all the critics of immanence had been so reasonable as that! However, with these objections in full view, I shall essay in the following paper to show that, whatever may have been said by the writers of the French school, there can be no ground for such complaint in the work now before us. If there is one thing evident through all the writings of Father Tyrrell it is that he has no intention whatsoever of *substituting* subjective for objective apologetic; nor of undervaluing the intellect; nor of overvaluing the will and affections; nor of making pragmatism the sole test of truth. But what he does say is that the subjective side needs accentuating; that the exigencies of personality need greater fullness of treatment and more attention to detail; and that objective proofs may be rendered more and more "real" and less and less "notional" in proportion as they can be shown to fit in with religious experience. Were direct evidence necessary to show this, it might be found in the very introduction to the earlier book *Lex Orandi*. There it is stated explicitly that the subjective criterion may not be taken as sufficient in itself. "Viewed from the standpoint taken in these pages, tested by the criterion of life and spiritual fruitfulness, the truths of Christianity cannot be

expected to present the same precision and clearness of outline as when deduced from defined premises, and built up into a coherent intellectual system. We can but see men as trees walking; blurred contours; mountain shapes looming through the mist. Yet the verification is not valueless; it is not nothing, if approaching the truth from this side, and by this less frequented path, we find what we had a right to expect; it is not nothing if that vague 'Power which makes for righteousness' in the souls of men is seen, as we strain through the darkness, to shape itself more and more into conformity with the familiar beliefs of the Christian tradition." *

Here, then, is a *modus vivendi*; and our grateful thanks are due to Dr. McDonald for his suggestion that the specialists shall work each along his own line, each respecting the claims of the other. The method of immanence admittedly has its limits; and here its scope is defined with regard to intellectualism.

I proceed next to point out its limits with regard to what is known as the modern philosophy of pragmatism. The modern philosophy of the name comes from America. Its chief exponents are Professor William James, the distinguished psychologist of Harvard, and Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, formerly of Cornell and now of Oxford. Its fundamental thesis is that life is the criterion of truth. Professor James attributes its first formulation to Mr. C. S. Pierce, also an American writer, and this sums up the doctrine: "Thought in movement has for its only conceivable motive the attainment of belief, or thought at rest. Only when our thought about a subject has found its rest in belief can our action on the subject firmly and safely begin. Beliefs, in short, are rules for action; and the whole function of thinking is but one step in the production of active habits. If there were any part of a thought that made no difference in the thought's practical consequences, then that part would be no proper element of the thought's significance. To develop a thought's meaning we need, therefore, only determine what conduct it is fitted to produce; that conduct is for us its sole significance; and the tangible fact at the root of all our thought distinctions is that there is no one of them so fine as to consist in anything but a possible difference of practice. To attain perfect clearness in our

* *Lex Orandi*. P. xxxi.

thoughts of an object, we need, then, consider only what sensations, immediate or remote, we are conceivably to expect from it, and what conduct we must prepare in case the object should be true. Our conception of these practical consequences is for us the whole of our conception of the object, so far as that conception has positive significance at all.”*

Mr. Schiller states it thus: “The traditional notion of beliefs determined by pure reason alone is wholly incredible. For how can there be such a thing as ‘pure’ reason? How, that is, can we so separate our intellectual function from the whole complex of our activities, that it can operate in real independence of practical considerations? I cannot but conceive the reason as being, like the rest of our equipment, a weapon in the struggle for existence and a means of achieving adaptation. It must follow that the practical use which has developed it, must have stamped itself upon its inmost structure, even if it has not moulded it out of pre-rational instincts. In short, a reason which has not practical value for the purposes of life is a monstrosity, a morbid aberration or failure of adaptation, which natural selection must, sooner or later, wipe away. It is in some such way that I should prefer to pave the way for an appreciation of what we mean by pragmatism. Hence I may now venture to define it as the thorough recognition that the purposive character of mental life generally must in fluence and pervade also our most remotely cognitive activities.”†

Thus, according to this school, everything that cannot be seen to minister to some practical phase of life is, if not untrue in itself, at least worthless in the scheme of truth.

See now the contrast between this and the philosophy of *Lex Orandi* and *Lex Credendi*. What is said over and over again in these volumes is, that where a belief ministers to practical life, where it is fruitful in good morals, that is *one* sign, and an important one, that the belief is true; that where a belief is fruitful of bad morals, that is one sign that the belief is false. We cannot always see, except in a very vague way, the connection between a belief and the spiritual life. But if we cannot see the connection, we can at least see the results of the belief. The bearing of the “filioque” on morality is not directly manifest. But the test of sanctity, applied

* *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. P. 444.

† *Humanism*. P. 8.

respectively to the Catholic and to the orthodox churches, must mark off the Catholic as pre-eminent. So this is what is meant by the "pragmatism" of Christ. "By their fruits you shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. Neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit. Wherefore, by their fruits you shall know them." And we know what this meant on the lips of Christ, how he judged men, not by their tendencies and sentiments, but by their action and conduct; not by their passions and impulses, but by their deliberate morality, whether in thought, word, or deed.

Is the difference now quite clear? The modern school, with Professor James at its head, makes pragmatism the *sole* test of truth: the immanent school, as voiced by Father Tyrrell, makes pragmatism only *one* of the tests, albeit a very important one. And here is his explicit statement of that fact: "That the truth of a dogma is simply and only practical; that it means merely 'act *as if* this were true, and you will act aright'; that it is nothing more than an ethical myth—is a position that I have repeatedly repudiated in *Lex Orandi* wherever I have insisted that a belief, which constantly and universally fosters spiritual life, must so far be true to the realities of the spiritual world, and must, therefore, possess a representative as well as a practical value. If there is a pragmatism that denies this, I have nothing to do with it."*

On the other hand, life as a test may not be taken in the limited way in which Newman used it in his theory of development. His seventh note of a true development was what he called chronic vigor or duration. Heresies had never been known to live long lives. They either died or resolved themselves into some new, possibly opposite, error. The facts of Mahometanism and the Greek Church were difficulties to him. Yet still he hoped that his seventh test would eventually prove fatal to them. It must be seen now that his idea of "life" was scarcely adequate. It was not duration but fullness and fruitfulness which should have been his note. A recent historian has touched the truth with regard to Islam. Commenting on the "life" of that religion in North Africa,

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 252.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc thus explains: "The Bedouins, as they rode, bore with them also a violent and simple creed. And here again a metaphor drawn from the rare vegetation of this province can alone define the character of their arrival. Their faith was like some plant out of the solitudes; it was hard in surface; it was simple in form; it was fitted rather to endure than to grow. It was consonant with the waterless horizons and the blinding rocks from which it had sprung. Its victory was immediate. . . . Elsewhere, in Syria and in Asia and in Spain, the Mohammedans failed to extirpate Christianity, and were able for some centuries to enjoy the craftsmanship and the sense of order which their European subjects could lend them. It was only here, in Africa, that their victory was complete. Therefore, it is only here in Africa that you see what such a victory meant, and how, when it was final, all power of creation disappeared."*

Nor, yet again, may life as a criterion be limited to the individual. I have before me a very silly book—I will not advertise it by naming it—which drives unbridled pragmatism to this, the silliest of absurdities. The only principles of selection which it can see working on the Roman Faith are politics, chicanery, the sword, the rack, and the thumb-screw. No; the individual cannot sit down and apply the test of his limited experience. It must be the life of the whole Christian body, that is, the life of the Church. The individual, as a member of the great society, must eliminate his own eccentricities. Then, if he be not quite abnormal, in which case he must consider himself a nonentity in questions of faith and morals, he will find a residue in common with the rest of the society. Comparing this felt residue with the life of Christ, he will perceive a correspondence. The common denominator, experienced within himself, will thus help him to realize the teaching of Christ. It is the experience of the Church, and of the individual only in so far as he participates in the life of the Church, which is the test of truth. Thus the scope of the law is defined. Human experience, consulted rightly, gives us truth but not all truth.

So far I have considered the method in its negative aspect, endeavoring to show rather what it does not teach. I now pass to the consideration of its positive value. On all hands

* *Esto Perpetua*. By H. Belloc. P. 52.

we see pragmatism, in one form or another, gaining ground. It is becoming popular in its respective variations, both inside and outside the Church. Its worst type permeates the Ritschlian school of theology. It is the basis for the construction of undogmatic religion. It is the supposed justification of the Nonconformist cry: "Give me God, not creeds." Its success is undoubtedly due to the amount of truth which it contains; and, consequently, the evil which it works is proportionately great. Catholic pragmatism, therefore, seeks to lay hold on the principle, in so far as it is good, and use it for the benefit of the Catholic faith. Catholic pragmatism claims that the principle, if truly estimated and correctly applied, must tell in favor of Catholic truth.

The golden key, then, is that life, in order to be a criterion of truth, must be life in its fullest sense and manifestation, the whole life of the individual, the whole life of the collective body, *i. e.*, the Church, the whole life of life, *i. e.*, life eternal.

The life of the individual consists of intellect, will, and feeling. These partial lives have been each accentuated by modern philosophers. The importance of the will-life is associated with the name of Kant; that of the intellect-life with the name of Hegel; that of the sentiment-life with the names of Schleiermacher and Châteaubriand; and that of the totality of life with Lotze. The overbalancing of any of the partial lives is marked off as a philosophical heresy. Father Tyrrell stigmatizes the heresies as "mysticality," "practicality," and "sentimentalism." The due cultivation of the full life he calls the "*Caritas Dei*." This implies first, the due balancing of the psychic life, or the setting in order of the will, the intellect, and the feeling; and secondly, the due subjecting of the psychic life to the spiritual. Lay the foundation of the natural; then on that build the supernatural.

To accomplish this we must take the life of Christ for our model; for that life was the revelation of the Eternal Father. The record of that life has been committed to Scripture and tradition. It was revealed to the Apostles once and for all time. A distinction must be made between the spirit and the letter, between the substance and the form. The substance does not develop in the same way as the form. The substance may unfold itself, but it is *semper eadem*. The Vati-

can Council has defined that that *sense* of the sacred dogmas, which once Holy Mother Church has declared, must be always retained, and never, under the pretence or in the name of higher knowledge, must we depart from that sense. But the form, since it is only the form, may and must change. Hence the so-called "New Testament Christianity," or "pure Bible teaching," is scored through. It "is purely and blindly reactionary; it is a denial of all flexibility and vitality in the religion of Christ. . . . Plainly it is the spirit of Christ which we have to imitate, though the matter upon which, and the conditions under which, we have to work are wholly different from his. For the discerning, the spirit of the master-artist lives whole and entire in the least and rudest of his efforts, and can be gathered still more easily from a collection and comparison of them all. But to canonize the vehicle together with the spirit which it conveys, to copy his works slavishly and mechanically, were to make a tyrant of a teacher, and to bring the spirit under the bondage of the letter. . . . The Christianity of the New Testament, the first embodiment in which the spirit of Christ manifested itself, was necessarily shaped and framed either in accordance with, or in opposition to, conditions which have vanished forever. To deny the equal right of later and fuller manifestations, to hold back to the first as to an iron rule, would be to nail Christ hand and foot to another Cross, to bury him in the tomb of the past without hope of resurrection."*

The development of form is brought about chiefly by the Church's holiness. There is a manifold number of influences working on the subject-matter, theological speculation of all kinds, politics, economics, in fact every influence to which non-religious truths are subject. But the selective principle is holiness. Our creeds may have been formed more immediately by the Doctors of the Church as such, God's thinking instruments, but the thinking was done only in the interests of holiness. It was holiness which was the real principle of selection. Here the pragmatism of Christ is identical in principle with the pragmatism of modern days. Mr. Schiller names his leading article "The Ethical Basis of Metaphysics."† But he explains his intentional paradox by saying that he does not mean that our final synthesis rests upon a single science (*i. e.*,

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 48.† *Humanism*. P. 1.

ethics), but rather that among the contributions of the special sciences to the final evaluation of experience, that of the highest, *viz.*, ethics, has and must have decisive weight. And again: "Pure intellection is not a fact in nature; it is a logical fiction which will not really answer even for the purposes of technical logic. In reality our knowing is driven and guided at every step by our subjective interests and preferences, our desires, our needs, and our ends. These form the motive powers also of our intellectual life." *

Similarly the spiritual interests and preferences and needs of the Church are the motive powers by which she selects her doctrinal truth. "When we say '*first* holiness and *then* truth,' we are speaking of the truth of explicit understanding which is attained by after-reflection on that truth, which is always implicit in holiness and quite inseparable from it." †

And what is this but the fulfilment of a psychological law, which even the least reflective may observe? A child moves and feels and desires long before it thinks. Then, as soon as reason dawns, there is experience ready at hand for reason to reflect upon. Thus Augustine can look at babies and reflect upon his own babyhood: "And behold gradually I came to know where I was, and I tried to express my wants to those who could gratify them, yet could not, because my wants were inside me, and they were outside, nor had they any power of getting into my soul." There is nothing in the intellect that was not previously in some way in the senses. Certainly the reason plans the future and illumines the will for future action; but not without having regard for past experience. Thought, therefore, follows on life. As Hegel said: "When philosophy paints its gray in gray, some one shape of life has meanwhile grown old; and gray in gray, though it brings it into knowledge, cannot make it young again. The owl of Minerva does not start upon its flight until the evening twilight has begun to fall."

From this simple psychological fact it follows, of necessity, that theology can never become final. It is always somewhat in arrear of the spiritual life of the Church. And if by persecution or other special visitations of God our spiritual life goes faster, why then our theology must go faster too.

The spiritual life derives its source from the Spirit of Christ.

* *Op. cit.* P. 10.

† *Lex Credendi.* P. 54.

"Of his fullness we all have received, and grace for grace." By studying the life of Christ, we learn the Spirit of Christ. By constant reference to the archetype we are enabled to avoid the three great dangers pointed out: sentimentality, mysticality, and practicality. Only in the perfect Man can we find a perfect poising of the functions, feeling moderated by reason and fertilized by will; reason amplified by feeling and solidified by will; will made reasonable by intelligence and inflamed by feeling. Only in the perfect Man is the perfect psychic life perfectly spiritualized. To know all about the life of Christ is impossible. The world would not contain all the books needful for its due transcription. One phase of it, indeed, gives food for the reflection of a lifetime. Fortunately Christ has given us a simple expression of his spirit-life, an expression which is at once the simplest and deepest, the Lord's Prayer. "A man's spirit utters itself to some degree in every voluntary movement of his life; but never so fully and perfectly as in prayer—prayer that is really his own. For prayer is 'the lifting up of the heart and mind to God'; it is an act in which vision, feeling, and will, the three factors of the spirit-life, designedly blend together and strive to attain their highest and deepest expression. In prayer the spirit pierces down to the root and beginning of all reality from which it springs, and stretches up to the end and summit of all reality towards which it strains and struggles; and between these two poles lies the whole sphere of the finite which it strives to compass and transcend. In prayer it expressly deals with the ultimates; with the first and the last and, with reference to them, with all that lies between them. And in this contact with reality it attains truth—truth of vision, truth of feeling, truth of will."*

In pointing to the prayer of Christ as the highest and intensest phase of life, another vast difference is marked off between the pragmatism of Christ and that of modern philosophy. Although Professor James must ever claim a debt of gratitude from Catholics for his scientific testimony to the value of the contemplative life, yet he must be considered after all to have missed its essential note. Of course he is professedly only analyzing the spiritual life from a psychological standpoint, judging it by palpable results. In his eyes the good fruits of the life of Blessed Margaret Mary are nothing but contempt-

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 83.

ible sufferings and prayers and absences of mind and swoons and ecstasies. The revelations of St. Gertrude he can only appraise as a paltry-minded recital of love, intimacies, caresses and compliments of the most absurd and puerile sort, addressed by Christ to Gertrude as an individual; and her life as yielding almost absolutely worthless fruits. In reading St. Theresa he can feel only pity that so much vitality of soul should have found such poor employment, and thinks that her main idea of religion was that of an endless amatory flirtation—if he might say so without irreverence—between the devotee and the deity.* The one failing of all these saints is that they do not bear useful human fruit. The immanent action of the spirit of Christ working out its own designs does not commend itself to him. The unfolding of the glories of the Sacred Heart to a favored child, but kept from the wise and prudent, counts for nothing. Prayer as the highest and deepest experience of life is beyond his imagination.

Obviously, however, the form of the prayer is but a form which enfolds the substance. The substance is the spirit of the prayer. In order to get at the spirit, and thus find a norm for our spirit, we must see first what the form meant for the disciples to whom it was first proposed; what was understood two thousand years ago by such terms as "fatherhood," "heaven," "the kingdom," "daily bread," "temptation," "evil one." And here again there is need, and admitted need, of all the objective knowledge, whether of history, archæology, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, or Ethiopian, that we can command. Similarly, if we are to get at the spirit of Christ speaking through the Council of Trent, if we are to express that spirit in language and forms understood of the people, we must first possess a knowledge of scholastic theology. Father Tyrrell, therefore, undertakes to show that the spirit of Christ, as expressed in the Lord's Prayer, is the chief formative principle in the shaping of the Creed; that in each invocation or petition of the prayer there is an implication of some article of our faith. I do not intend to follow him through this process. His book aims at being practical rather than apologetic, whilst my purpose here is to review its apologetic rather than its practical element. So I shall merely choose an example here and there where the apologetic principle is stated.

* *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. Pp. 343-348.

The treatment of the invocation "Our Father who art in heaven" gives us at once a vindication of the principle implied in the term "immanence." "Immanence" in its scholastic sense has no meaning to anybody but those who have gone through a course of scholastic philosophy. "Immanence" in its immanent sense represents what every Catholic understands, or ought to understand by the omnipresence of God and of his indwelling in, yet transcendence of, nature. The idea of "Father" implies the nearness of ethical relationships, love, care, protection, intimacy, authority. The idea "in heaven" implies God's distance and otherness. For Christ's hearers, even as for many of his present-day followers, heaven was a place beyond the sky. Now, through the science of astronomy, we find it difficult to fix our imagination on anywhere in particular. "The heaven that lay behind the blue curtain of the sky, whence night by night God hung out his silver lamps to shine upon the earth, was a far deeper symbol of the eternal home than the cold shelterless deserts of astronomical space." If, however, the telescope has spoiled our symbolism and consequent realization to us in one respect, in another the microscope and chemical experiments have deepened our realization of him. When we know that in a thimbleful of hydrogen there are 1,200,000 of millions of millions of millions of electrons, and that God with his infinite wisdom and power is wholly present in, yet transcending, each electron, then indeed we need not break our heads in the constant endeavor to place ourselves in the presence of God. It is not that the omnipresence of God is not found in every text-book, but that it is treated in such a way as to leave the mind possessed of a notion rather than the soul possessed of a reality.

I am quite aware that this statement of the omnipresence of God is believed to be beset with the danger of pantheism. That is only a reason for stating it clearly and exactly. Thus, then, does Father Tyrrell draw the clear and clean distinction: "This sense of God's otherness, unlikeness, infinitude is, both historically and philosophically, the motive of that reverence, awe, and worship, which is even a more primary element than love, confidence, and sonship. Man passes from the religion of servitude and fear to that of liberty and the gospel; yet he does not leave fear behind, but carries it on with him,

deepened and spiritualized, into a reverence that is part of the substance of love. Christ's reverential love was that of one to whom earth was permeated by heaven as by an all-pervading ether invisible to less pure eyes than his own. The enfolding curtain of the sky was for him but a symbol of the manner in which the visible and material is encompassed and penetrated by the spiritual. It was not from beyond the outmost circumference of space that he sought the explanation and source of all that exists and lives and moves; but in the very centre of each several creature, living in its life, breathing in its breath, yet transcending it infinitely in kind and nature." *

Once realize this transcendent immanence of God, and all seeming conflict between faith and science vanishes. Mr. Schiller, indeed, approaching the same conclusion by another path, makes bold to say that the function of faith is even necessary to science. In his article, "Faith, Reason, and Religion," † he claims this from psychological and epistemological considerations. "It ceased, therefore," he says, "to be necessary to *oppose* the reasons of the heart to those of the head; it could be maintained that no 'reasons' could be excogitated by an anæmic brain to which no heart supplied the life-blood; it could be denied that the operations of the 'illative sense,' and the sphere of value judgments, were restricted to religious truths. . . . Reason, therefore, is incapacitated from systematically contesting the validity of faith, because faith is proved to be essential to its own validity."

Probably all the seeming conflicts between science, especially moral science, and faith can be reduced to the problem of evil. That, at any rate, is the most formidable. Faith is admittedly the only key to the problem. What is disputed is the precise point where faith must come in. And here is the advantage of the pragmatist as distinguished from the intellectualist position. The intellectualist is ready with a bundle of explanations, all more or less vulnerable. The pragmatist admits the difficulty at once. The pragmatic value of the invocation "Our Father who art in heaven" is that it implies an all-embracing act of faith, trusting in the good God in spite of all seeming contradiction, and thus saves the troubled soul from all needless distress. "You cannot get on," says

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 110.

† *The Hibbert Journal*, January, 1906.

the pragmatist, "without faith. In this matter God seems to be acting contrary to both wisdom, justice, and mercy. But you know from other sources that God exists and that he is good. Therefore, by an effort of your will, you must trust that he is right in those particular instances where he seems to be wrong." This is not a general depreciation of the value of hypotheses in the defence of mysteries. By all means have hypotheses, but not such as bring the defence of our faith into ridicule. In nearly all our current ethical text-books there is a thesis to the effect that eternal punishment can be proved, by the laws of human reason alone, to be both just and necessary. Yet how easy it is for a skillful agnostic to disprove this. A passage of superb beauty from the *Lex Credendi* must serve to show us the strength of the immanist position: "He to whose spiritual gaze nature was transparent has taught us the true mysticism; he has taught us to see God, not alongside of nature, but to see nature in the bosom of God, and God through and in nature; to find him as revealed in the rule; to seek for him as hidden in the exception; to believe in a unity which we cannot yet see; to hope in a love which we cannot yet understand. There can be no conflict of faith and science when faith compasses science as heaven compasses earth; when mysteries are sought not in the faults and lacunas of science, but in the higher world that permeates and engulfs the visible order, in the darkness from which it comes and into which it vanishes, a darkness which faith alone can enlighten." *

Having shown the need of faith, and the danger of claiming for reason more than it can bear, it remains to be shown that this is no undervaluing of reason. One of the most elusive tasks of psychology is to determine precisely when and how the several forms of the psychic life act. And probably absolute precision will never be obtained. A source of much confusion in the past has been the tendency to regard the several functions of the spirit-life as so many departments of an institution, each holding a sort of artificial communication with the other. The full value of the scholastic notion of the *simplicitas animæ* has not been realized. Newman has rescued us from this. Life in the concrete man must be considered in its to-

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 112.

tality. The functions of understanding, volition, and sentiment must be viewed as so many aspects of the same life. And to enter into life to its fullest extent, the reason must be used to its fullest capacity. Thus, then, does our author not only grant but insist on full value being given to reason: "To shut out the understanding from all participation in the spiritual life, to trust merely to intuition or to the implicit apprehension involved in feeling and love, would be to exclude the normal condition of yet deeper love and wider intuition; it would be to embrace a false mysticism that divides the spirit and impoverishes the fullness of its life. Man is not *only* a 'reasoning animal,' but he is nevertheless a reasoning animal. The reasons of the head are not his only reasons, but neither are the reasons of the heart. It is not enough to feel God, to apprehend him implicitly in the love by which he is really present in us; we must also name him; and name him as worthily as we can: 'Sanctificetur nomen tuum.' To admit this is to admit the rights of theology; for the naming of God is the beginning and root of all theology."* And again: "Science multiplies and deepens experience; experience so multiplied bursts through the categories of science and demands its reform; and so each aids and furthers the other."†

On the other hand, full value must be given to the will. And it is in the appraising of the function of the will that the different schools, for some time at least, will agree to differ. For the present, however, we can make an honest endeavor to understand each other. Perhaps some of the writers of the French school, in expounding the scope of the will, have seemed to claim too much for it. No such complaint can be made against Father Tyrrell. He is clearness itself. "If thought, feeling, and will, the components of the spirit-life, are correlative and inseparable; if the attempt to make any one of them supreme and independent issues in confusion, yet there is a certain order in their mutual dependence that allows us to consider the spirit-life as completing itself in the act of the will. In this sense Augustine may say: 'We are wills and nothing else,' without falling into the excesses of 'Voluntarism'—as the counter fallacy to 'Intellectualism' is sometimes called. A blind will, such as Schopenhauer speaks of, that in-

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 139.† *Op. cit.* P. 141.

volves no consciousness of what it makes for, and no feeling concerning it, is hardly distinguishable from a physical force, and does not deserve the name of will. We mean by will that act in which the spirit tends with all its power, and so far as in it lies, to realize an end which it sees and desires. It is preëminently the act by which the spirit freely makes and shapes its own character. We are what we will. It is precisely as will, as a will (and, therefore, a personality) other than our own, that God is made known to us in the phenomena of conscience (moral, intellectual, and æsthetic), and it is this revelation that transforms the monologue of the merely ethical into the dialogue of the religious life."*

Doubtless many will disagree with Father Tyrrell as to the degree of importance attached to the will in the act of faith, and regard its direct action as illegitimate. He is at least in good company. Dr. Fox, of the University of Washington, in a vigorous essay† maintaining the reasonableness of this priority of will, calls his article "*Scotus Redivivus*." No one will venture to say that Scotus made the will usurp the function of the intellect. The sense of sight is nobler than and superior to the sense of touch; yet the sense of sight will not convince a man of the density or otherwise of any given body. And if Scotus can be shown not to have undervalued the intellect in insisting on the supremacy of the will, so also can it be shown that St. Thomas, whilst giving more than his opponent to the value of the intellect, yet maintained the supremacy of the will in matters of faith.

With St. Thomas, generally speaking, the understanding is higher than the will. But in matters of faith, the will, by reason of its object, is higher than the understanding. Again, he says: "The understanding of one who believes is determined not by the reasoning faculty, but by the will, and, therefore, assent stands here for an act of the understanding so far as it is determined by the will."‡ Once more: "Faith implies an assent of the understanding to that which is believed. For the understanding assents to a thing in two ways: one way because it is moved to this by the object itself, which is known by means of itself or by means of something else; the other

* *Lex Credendi*. P. 181.

† *New York Review*, June-July, 1905.

‡ *Summa 2a 2æ*, q. 11., a. 1., ad 3m.

way, not because it is moved thereto by its proper object, but by reason of a certain choice freely declining to one side rather than to the other. And if, perchance, this is with doubt, and fear lest the opposite may be true, then it is but an opinion; but if it is with certainty and without such fear, then it is faith." *

Briefly, then, Christian pragmatism recognizes and insists on the necessity of objective authoritative teaching. It claims, however, to supplement that objective teaching by showing in detail the subjective exigencies for the objective truths proposed. The two methods are complementary, the one giving form and precision, the other giving life and reality. In working out its scheme of subjective exigencies it denies any right to the individual to judge from his own experience alone, and insists on the need of the collective experience of the Church. In consulting the collective experience of the Church it aims at a sense of proportion in appraising the intellectual, volitional and emotional elements in the Church's life. And its conclusion is that the volitional is the predominating power; that the intellectual forms of the Church's creed are the consequent explicitations of the Church's life; that the Church's prayer is primarily the standard of the Church's belief.

* *Summa 2a 2æ*, q. I., a. 4, C.

THE CRISIS IN ENGLISH EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.



OUR last election, in January, 1906, sent into the House of Commons two hundred Nonconformist Members. Such an array, it was observed with rejoicing by the so-called "Free Churches," had never been seen at Westminster except under "old Noll"; and the consequences became speedily apparent. If there is one institution which the Dissenter hates and makes war upon unceasingly, it is the Anglican or Established Church. For purposes of assault he terms its clergyman "the priest," its note "sacerdotalism," its teaching "Roman"; and its end, if not hindered by lay public opinion, he declares, will be submission to the Pope. In every sphere of activity the Nonconformist would limit or sweep away its influence. But he cannot as yet disestablish and disendow the Episcopalian. From the chancel or the pulpit he knows not how to drive that Catholicizing shadow of an ever-feared and formidable reality, the old English, Roman, Universal Communion which exercises even at this day so mighty a charm wherever it is not put down by force. Accordingly, the strategist looks round for another object of attack. He finds it in the denominational school. Hence, our present Education Bill and the crisis which it has provoked.

Unlike Americans, the English people have allowed their school-system to rise upon a religious foundation. Until 1870 it was by nature voluntary and almost entirely clerical in its management, to which the State contributed certain grants in aid. These, however, by no means equalled the whole cost; while for the religious teaching not a penny was given. Free-will contributions, eked out by trifling school fees, met all demands which the Imperial fund did not take into account. In 1870 Mr. Forster supplemented this inadequate scheme by the creation of School Boards, intended not to rival the Anglican, Catholic, or other voluntary establishments, but to furnish centres where these happened to be wanting. The cost was

thrown chiefly upon the "rates," *i. e.*, contributions levied by districts and not from "taxes," which go into the Government exchequer. All schools (elementary is meant) were entitled to get payment by results, or by head, according to their success in examination, from the Central Office at Whitehall. This was known as "the grant," and it came out of taxes. But only the Board Schools were put upon the rates. All citizens who chose could send their children into such schools. But no denominational teaching was to be given in them. If the local authorities wished, they were free to have the Bible simply taught, hymns and prayers recited, but no catechism, creed, or formula should be part of the curriculum. This "common denominator" is generally designated as "Cowper-Temple religion," from the author of the clause implying it. There has always been a conscience clause in addition, binding on every school which receives the grant. Parents who object to religious teaching may withdraw their children from it, though not from the school, during the hours in which it is given.

Education, thus conceived, was made compulsory in 1876. Twenty years later, school fees were done away. Meanwhile, the School Board rate grew by millions. The Government laid heavy demands on the Voluntary system, which was kept up, we should remember, by persons who paid their portion of the cost for schools their children could not attend. They were actually furnishing the sinews of war to a great rival power, which aimed at crippling the dogmatic institutions, while it enjoyed limitless control over the ratepayer's purse. And the Board Schools—fine buildings, well-equipped, with a staff recruited on the highest scale of salaries—were almost everywhere Nonconformist pastures. In thirty years Catholics, though poor, have spent some four million pounds (\$20,000,000) on their 1,100 schools. Anglicans claim that they have spent forty million (\$200,000,000). And, except the Wesleyans, whose efforts have not been wanting, the Dissenters were satisfied to come upon the rates for their schools, their teachers, and their education. Such are the main facts. The Cowper-Temple religion, where expounded, was good enough for Nonconformists. Where, as in many parts of Wales, no religious instruction formed part of the week-day lessons, the minister relied upon his Sabbath school, and he built no other.

Private enterprise, though aided by a grant, was pitted thus against public resources, in a duel which lasted thirty-two years. The outcome might be foreseen. Anglicans gave up many of their schools to the Board. Collections fell off. The Voluntary system could not pay its teachers, or provide pensions, or launch out into experiments, or improve its buildings, so as to compete with its enemy. Catholics, indeed, may be proud that not one of their schools has been surrendered. But the drain on their hard earned money was not less exhausting than unjust. It hampered their energies in other directions. It laid a double burden on them. It seriously interfered with work which the clergy might have undertaken of a more spiritual character. Yet priests and people alike struggled on, until, after some imperfect measure of relief in 1897, Mr. Balfour passed the Act of 1902. By this law, every school received a share in the local rates, always, of course, under strict popular control as regarded the allocation and expenditure. Nothing was allowed for the religious lessons. The private trustees had still to keep their buildings in good repair. And on the Board of six members they were allowed two representatives. Many priests held this to be an indifferent bargain. Many more anticipated the storm which broke out as soon as Nonconformist preachers with stentorian lungs could cry from their sounding-boards: "Rome on the rates." The relief which we gained, though seasonable, was far from a total release. And now we found ourselves confronted with "passive resistance." Many Dissenters refused to pay the rate; some had their goods sold by auction; a few, among whom were ministers, went to prison.

This clever device, invented by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and painted on his flag by Dr. Clifford, of Westbourne Grove, appealed to the Englishman's sense of fair play and his love for a little humorous comedy. It had some grievances on which to justify itself. True, Catholics had many more, and so had Anglicans. For the education-rate, since 1870 levied from all alike, should have been distributed among all according to their several contributions. As regarded our schools, the Dissenter could not bring any charge that they were inefficient, or that they proselytized his children. At least one-fourth, I believe, of those attending them were non-Catholics. But parents liked our training, and the conscience clause was

hardly ever appealed to. Protestant children learned our catechism and joined in our prayers. On the other hand, in many districts, especially rural, there was only one school, and that Anglican, with a teaching so High Church as to be scarcely distinguishable from the Roman Catholic. If a child was forbidden to attend these lessons, he got no religious training on week-days at all. If not forbidden, he was led to make the sign of the cross, to bow before the altar and the crucifix, to practise confession, to adore the consecrated elements, and, as the Vicar or Curate would instruct him, to "hear Mass" on holydays of obligation.* It may be said: "Why, then, did not Dissenters imitate Catholics in the like circumstances and build schools of their own?" Certainly, why not? Moreover, an Anglican trust-school was surely meant to teach Anglican doctrine. This, too, will be admitted. Nevertheless, when we consider how unmistakeably Protestant is the English mind; how few of the laity care about dogma; how largely a clerical movement, and not a popular one, is this High Anglican effort to set the Church in a place long occupied by "the Bible and the Bible alone," we shall grasp the difficulty which embarrasses bishops and clergymen who would fain shut their doors on the new Cromwellians. An eminent Catholic, Mr. Devas, made that point clear at the Catholic Union meeting in London on May 29 last. The Anglican trusts, he said, are subject to Parliament, so long as the Church of England is established. Endowments, though made by private persons, if to that Church, take on them a national character. And the peculiar reading of its formularies, which High Romanizing Anglicans affect, is not national.

Thus, also, Nonconformist teachers, qualified to give secular instruction and the Cowper-Temple lessons, have been shut out from thousands of schools by the Church test. How far this may be a grievance we cannot stop to consider. On the whole, I should say that it was nothing of the sort. There is, however, a strong opposition to all such tests among the Teachers' Union, whose members look on themselves, particularly since 1902, as a branch of the Civil Service. Their reasoning, frankly, is absurd. A teacher must have qualifications that we do not seek in a gauger of spirits or a tax-collector. As the *Dublin Review* says well: "There is no other class of civil ser-

* For evidence on these heads, consult the Report of the Royal Commission touching Ritual.

vant required in the course of his duties to teach religion." Yet we must grant that in a school conducted on Evangelical principles a Dissenting master or mistress would be fairly at home. And now the American reader will be able to seize the main points of our situation, as well as to understand Mr. Healy's half-sad, half-humorous apology against sacrificing our poor little Catholic schools to appease the storm which two sects of Protestants have conjured up between them.

Mr. Birrell, the new Minister of Education, is a Liverpool Nonconformist, an amiable man of letters, and personally well-disposed towards Catholics. He was instructed to draw up a Bill embodying the so-called principles of "popular control" and "no tests for teachers." By these axioms the party behind him proposed to exclude the clergyman from the school, to deprive the English Church of its command over the schoolmaster, to make the dogmatic lesson in every case difficult, in many impossible, and to pave the way for its extinction. But they did not want their Cowper-Temple religion to be set aside. On the contrary, it would now be established *in perpetuum* as the Government creed. That, incidentally, this raid upon the Anglicans would involve the destruction of Catholic schools, although the Irish vote had increased the Liberal majority, gave not a moment's pause to Dr. Clifford, or to Mr. Lloyd George, the fierce anti-clerical from Wales. In the Cabinet there were divisions. Mr. Morley favored pure secularism—the American common-school system. So did a famous group outside, comprising Mr. George Meredith, novelist and champion free-thinker; Mr. Harrison the Positivist; and the whole of the Labor Party. Concurrent endowment of all schools under equal conditions—which was the one just plan—while retaining in each its religious character, the Liberals would not hear of. Under these circumstances the Bill was brought in.

It made an end of the Voluntary schools. From January 1, 1908, all, without exception, were to be managed directly by local secular Boards. The State would take over as many as it found convenient; and the rest would cease to be. One million pounds (\$5,000,000) a year should be allocated as rent from the Imperial exchequer to compensate the trustees; but the money so granted was not to be at their disposal except for educational purposes. The buildings should remain free to

them out of school hours. It might form part of the bargain with local authorities that on two days in the week religious instruction, over and above the Cowper-Temple modicum, should be given; but not by the regular teachers. This clause had in view Anglican schools in urban districts of 5,000 inhabitants, but not in places where only one school existed. Seventy-five per cent being country, not urban schools, all these would be lost to the Establishment. The fourth clause was meant for Catholics and Jews under similar conditions. If, in any hitherto Voluntary school, the parents of eighty out of a hundred children (four-fifths) expressed their desire, the Council was free to consider and grant it, *vis.*, that the teachers might give dogmatic instruction every day to all who were not exempted by the conscience clause. No compulsion lay on the local authorities to fulfil the parents' wishes; and the bargain, if made, was liable to revision. The appointment of teachers without tests remained, in all cases, absolutely in public hands. Thus a Jesuit, in theory, might be set over a school attended by Methodists, or an Agnostic be found explaining the Catholic catechism to Irish children in Liverpool.

Nothing more grotesque was ever imagined than the mixture of secularism and Bible Protestantism which the Bill adopted as its normal standard in education. Logic and justice were equally wanting to it. The strictly secular, non-religious scheme, one could understand. It would be fair to all, though a disaster for the country. And the alternative, to make provision for each of the groups, from Anglican to Jewish, on the plan which works well in Prussia—that also was intelligible. Not, however, the attempt to unite *res semper dissociabiles*, the Nonconformist minimum, the Anglican Via Media, and the Catholic Faith, in a system where the teachers underwent no religious examination, and secular ability was the one ground for choosing them. Catholics, thrust out at the front door, were to come in by a postern-gate. And then arose the question of finance, disclosing new perils.

Three judges, said the Bill, are to be appointed, from whom there shall be no appeal; and this modern Star Chamber, as it was instantly named on all sides, may exercise its powers on every educational trust in the Kingdom not belonging to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, or to seven public schools enumerated. The faculties given would appear to have

no limit. This Star Chamber need only express its judgment concerning the method by which trusts are to be fulfilled, and its word becomes law. When its year of service ends, in 1909, a fresh term may be granted, and so the millions of school-property will forever stand at its disposal. Meantime, the position of trustees resembles that of Irish landlords under Mr. Gladstone's Acts. They are brought down to be rent-receivers, without control over the structure or the soil, the teachers or the training. Their fate, obviously, is to be bought out and shovelled aside whenever the district shall tender them what I call a "Griffith's valuation" for their claim. The very rent which in certain contingencies (under Clause 3) would be promised, might by a little dexterity be withheld or taken back again; for that, too, is earmarked "Education." Other enactments provide against conscientious Christians who simply decline to surrender their trusts, and would rather shut up the schools than hand them to untested teachers. The State will proceed summarily and with absolute sway in the year of interval, which is to be not a time of grace for the denominations, but one of forfeiture by compulsion, as when the monasteries fell under Henry VIII. Such are the methods of our new liberal platform.

How about the future? Would local authorities allow the Church to build any more schools? Why should they? No mandate was inserted in the Bill. And who would bestow Catholic money which a Star Chamber could sweep into its net whenever it pleased? Our schools are largely taught by nuns and sometimes by religious brotherhoods; what was to happen if the Protestant Board refused their services? Then the crucifix and other sacred emblems gave offence to Puritans who, in more than one district, threatened their removal as soon as the Bill should have passed into law. Whatever shreds of liberty were left, all would depend on successful bargaining up and down the land with officials, and every election would involve a fresh treaty. On the whole, Catholics put no faith in the "four-fifths" arrangement. It seemed in their eyes illusory and impracticable. With a shifting population it might break down any winter; it was not the permanent basis on which to set up new schools, and for the old it was precarious. Yet in the Bill not a line outside these clauses 3 and 4 but was aimed at the ruin of denominational teaching.

That I do not exaggerate, events have shown. In enormous public meetings our Catholic parents rose against Mr. Birrell's "Nonconformist Endowments Bill." Lancashire spoke out; Birmingham followed; London beheld at the Albert Hall a gathering of over thirty thousand, who by their splendid resolution and perfect discipline impressed all England. Petitions, speeches, deputations to Whitehall, gave extraordinary momentum to the action of the Hierarchy and the School Council, which declared the Bill as it stood a violation of civil and religious freedom. The ground taken was not that of special privilege but of common rights. Never since 1829, the date of Emancipation, had Catholics presented so united or so bold a front. It was magnificent, and it was war. The Anglican Church—we may fairly claim that honor—fell into line with us. "Catholic teachers in Catholic schools for Catholic children," this was our demand, from which there is no sign of going back. Mr. Lloyd George began to see what it meant and that it was reasonable. Lord Stanley of Alderley, no friend of ours, reminded the Dissenters that other people had a conscience besides themselves. Mr. Lough, of the Education Board, repudiated anti-clericalism. The Labor Party broke on this measure with the Government. All who wanted absolutely secular schools perceived that, if religious instruction were to be retained, the Catholic argument was unanswerable. Mr. Masterman, a Radical of culture, perhaps even of genius, told Dr. Clifford and his allies that the rights of conscience, and not of "their conscience," were at stake. Mr. Chamberlain, the real leader of Opposition, though a secularist in education, drove this truth home. The Bill went into Committee, and there its transformation began.

By a majority of over four hundred the House decided against a purely secular system. England will not have it. Complete public control of all schools was affirmed. To justify the clauses granting "facilities," an appeal in case of disagreement was allowed on both sides to Whitehall. Thus the local board could not disregard a properly shaped offer from the denomination, nor could this reject the Board's proposal at its own good pleasure. The fourth clause remained open ("may," not "shall"); but Whitehall could seek a "Mandamus" to compel the reluctant Board in a given case. Voting by the parents was to be taken secretly, by Australian ballot.

The "four-fifths" schools now lost their promise of rent—a change intended to soften Dissenters, whom the public agitation had alarmed and the yielding of Government on points above had irritated. But still greater concessions were to follow. Mr. Birrell, in his first clause, had brought every school under one system, subject without qualification to his control. He now permitted "contracting out." As many as would might go back to the conditions which preceded 1902. So long as they were efficient, they might earn the Imperial grant, being managed by a private Board to which the parents should elect their representatives. Nothing would be paid to these institutions from the rates. The dual system appeared once more, though loud opposition was declared against it. Nay, instead of one type—the Cowper-Temple dear to Dissent—four might be reckoned, with rules corresponding to each. Moreover, the Government left its followers free to deal as they chose with two other embarrassing questions: whether, namely, religious lessons should fall within compulsory hours, and teachers might be free to give the denominational course where "facilities" existed.

"Popular control" had now undergone a marvelous change. "No tests for teachers" would in practice turn to the opposite, for thousands were willing to take the full engagement as of old. On the sixth clause, which left religion outside the school-hours, making it entirely optional to attend, a most significant division took place. In a crowded sitting, 267 members voted against the Government, 283 with it. The majority of 16 showed as in a lime-light how the whole Bill would have fared, were party-discipline not kept firm by the 200 Dissenting stalwarts. When such things occur, it is the duty of the House of Lords to recognize that the country has given no mandate for the change in question. The school-hours will not be cut down, nor will religion be treated contemptuously, as if a mere "curtain-raiser," to borrow the picturesque phrase which fell from a member when the figures were announced. But the ministry carried its deceptive conscience clause on behalf of the school-teachers. They are not to be examined as to their creed or religious practices; neither may they give dogmatic lessons under Clause 3. Opposition has compelled the Government to drop the second part of the Bill. It has obtained a right of appeal, with Mandamus

behind it, where local authorities would ruin our efficient schools. It has opened a door of escape for those in country districts by "contracting out." And religious instruction during school-hours is now secure.

These are triumphs which Catholics have won for a just cause. Everything seemed to favor the Non-conformist and his two hundred chosen warriors. But, in principle and in fact, he lies beaten. The Bill may pass. It is not likely that the House of Lords will throw it out. Fresh amendments in the autumn, leading to more controversy, may be looked for. The campaign is only in its first stage. Whether we accept the "extended facilities," or decide on "contracting out," we run serious risks. Our schools may be appropriated; many will be shut up; and we cannot hope that our financial burdens will grow lighter. Nevertheless, one thing has been done, and well done, which no vicissitudes of fortune can undo. We have shown that for Catholics religion is not a Sunday coat, to be worn once a week at meeting. It is flesh of our flesh, and spirit of our spirit. It is our atmosphere, our life, our philosophy, our daily guide. For it we refuse the highest price that Government can offer. We have seen the House of Commons listen breathlessly, while one of our Irish Members made his grand avowal of faith in Christ and everlasting truth as the Church teaches it. Listen with admiration, in awed silence, convinced that a power not of this world was interposing, and that with such a power even modern England must reckon. The Catholic heart is sound, the Catholic head clear; hand, purse, and voice will obey the Catholic conscience. This generation has never had such an opportunity of proving its faith by its works. And it has made a noble beginning.

HAMLET THE DANE.

BY A. W. CORPE.



AFTER all that has been written on the subject of Shakespeare's most subtle creation, it may seem superfluous, if not impertinent, to offer anything further upon the subject of his intention in the character of Hamlet; yet, while one set of critics would (as has been said) consign Hamlet to a lunatic asylum, and according to others, the notion of Hamlet's madness is too absurd to deserve a moment's serious consideration, it may not be without interest or altogether unprofitable, to consider briefly, and avoiding speculation as far as may be, what light Shakespeare himself has given us on the subject.

The play shows us Hamlet in more or less intimate relation with the King and Queen, Ophelia, Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, Horatio, Laertes, and others; we have his visitations by the spirit of his father; and his utterances in soliloquy, these last especially important, and we learn the impressions produced on those with whom he comes in contact.

Was Hamlet mad? Before going into the question it may be as well to consider what we are to understand by madness in this connection. In a sense every perverse action may be so characterized. Some obscure poet has lived in the line: "*Id commune malum, semel insanivimus omnes.*" The physician would include every lapse of mental function, from the slightest down to the ravings of mania, as symptoms of cerebral disturbance. Lawyers have demanded evidence of distinct illusion on the part of criminals to entitle them to be considered irresponsible for their actions.

Dryden speaks of great wits as nearly allied to madness, and Shakespeare himself calls the poet's inspiration a "fine frenzy." In King Lear we have an illustration of complete loss of reason; so extended is the scale with reference to which we are to assess Hamlet, if, indeed, we are to consider him "mad" at all.

Hamlet is first introduced to us in a short scene between himself, the King, and his mother. He is in the deepest dejection; he has "that within which passeth show"; even here, however, he employs something of the same kind of quips that he afterwards uses with Polonius. This interview over, he indulges in soliloquy—he contemplates suicide and wishes it were not contrary to the divine law.

It appears from the soliloquy that the cause of Hamlet's despondency is, in addition to his sorrow for his father's death, his mother's over-hasty, incestuous, and utterly unworthy marriage. The key-note to his thought is: "Frailty, thy name is woman"; he forebodes disaster:

It is 'not nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

We have been already told in the play of the appearance of the ghost of the dead King to Horatio and Marcellus, and of their resolution to inform Hamlet of it. Hamlet now meets with Horatio. It is, I suppose, chiefly Hamlet's interview with Horatio which so impresses us with admiration for his character—his noble appreciation of Horatio,

A man whom fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. . . .
. . . Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee,

makes us feel that a man with such sentiments could not be guilty of any baseness. But his general bearing throughout the play, notwithstanding all—and there is much—that requires to be accounted for, gives us the impress of a man of refinement, a scholar and a gentleman.

Goethe, in "*Wilhelm Meister*," calls Hamlet "a lonely, pure, noble, and most moral nature." Johnson speaks of him as virtuous, good, and brave. Charles Lamb, as being of a nice sense of honor and a most exquisite practicer of propriety. Coleridge notices his "fine gentlemanly manners" with Osric.

Horatio, intending as arranged to inform Hamlet of the

apparition, leads up to the subject of the old King, and the dialogue is skillfully contrived to introduce the ghost's appearance. "Methinks I see my father," the conversation runs. "Where my lord?" "In my mind's eye, Horatio." . . . "My lord, I think I saw him yesternight."

Hamlet arranges with Horatio and Marcellus to hold the watch on the coming night. Left to himself, he connects the apparition, of which he has been informed, with his former ground for uneasiness:

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play.

Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus meet on the platform. The ghost appears. Hamlet hears his awful revelations, and his terrible injunction, and then a few words of soliloquy occur:

Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.

The table of memory reminds him possibly of his college habit—or is it a reflex action taking the place of thought?—and he proceeds to make a note:

That one may smile and smile and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

Then he recurs to the parting words of the ghost, as if they were a kind of charm:

Now to my word;
It is "Adieu, adieu! remember me!"

Much of this, as also the "wild and whirling words" which follow as he returns to Horatio and Marcellus, may be accounted for, to some extent, by the shock to the mind occasioned by the supernatural visitant, the dreadful nature o

his revelation, and the terrible charge imposed by him. The fowler's cries and jesting words may indeed be attributed to the curious exaltation well known as following a sudden shock, but it is difficult to account for the note committed to the tables by any explanation of sound reason, and when Hamlet repeats to Horatio words to somewhat the same effect, Horatio objects

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Hamlet calls upon his companions to swear to secrecy concerning the apparition, and informs them of his intention to keep his own council concerning the ghost's communication, and hints that he, perchance, hereafter may think meet "to put an antic disposition on."

It is to be borne in mind that not only does the first soliloquy, beginning

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

occur before Hamlet has seen or even heard of the appearance of the ghost, but also that the curious behavior above referred to occurs before Hamlet has stated his intention of putting on an antic disposition.

Whether the intention of feigning madness was due to Hamlet's suspicion that his conduct was open to remark, or whether it was part of a settled purpose, is really the crux of the play. It is true that in the old "Hystorie of Hamblet" the hero feigns madness, but in that story his feigned madness is the central point. "It was not without cause and just occasion that my gestures, countenances, and words seeme to proceed from a madness, and that I desire all men esteeme me wholly deprived of soule and reasonable understanding. . . . The face of a madman serveth to cover my gallant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for me to the end, that, guiding myself wisely therein, I may preserve my life for the Danes and the memory of my late deceased father. . . . Seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth me, by dissimulation, subiltie, and secret practises to proceed therein."

In this play Hamlet acts the madman in a different sense, and his feigning tends to defeat the object he had (or should

have had) in view. If it was to conceal a real want of control, it is intelligible enough; it is a piece of cunning with which every one who has had to do with insanity in its early stages must be familiar. Now Shakespeare has shown us in another play real and feigned madness side by side—the difference is obvious: in *Lear* the trouble is from within, in *Edgar* it is a matter of tricks of manner and speech; we may expect the same diagnosis to hold good in this case. Do we perceive, together with the affectation of oddity, any symptoms of a graver import?

We next meet with Hamlet in the closet scene, as related by Ophelia. Ophelia had been warned by her father, and with dutiful submission had denied herself to Hamlet, and had refused to receive his letters. He comes before her in a state of dishabille, and without speech goes through the form of a disconsolate farewell. It is very commonly assumed that in this scene Hamlet was practising upon Ophelia, "trying it on," to see whether his assumption was successful, and how Ophelia would take it. Granted that Hamlet had a grievance against Ophelia, on account of her denial of access and refusal to receive his letters, it seems quite impossible to conceive any man with decent self-respect acting so, even without the suspicion which Hamlet must have had sufficient penetration to entertain of Ophelia's real sentiments towards him. There is nothing in the gestures to indicate that it was not a sincere action on Hamlet's part, a farewell brought about not so much by Ophelia's repulsion, for that might perhaps be overcome, as by his sense of the overwhelming task laid upon him. The dishabille, certainly, looks rather theatrical, but it was the recognized livery of the unhappy lover, and it is significant that the personal note, "pale as his shirt," an effect which could not be produced at will, is not found in the earlier quarto of 1603.

The letter read by Polonius at the Consultation with the King and Queen does not seem to bear on the case; it was apparently written before the interdiction. "Beautified" is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, and Polonius' objection to it is of much the same value as his approval of "mobled" in the player's speech.

In the conversation with Polonius which follows, it is easy to see that Hamlet is playing upon him. Well may the old man

remark: "How pregnant sometimes his replies are; a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of."

It is difficult to follow Hamlet's purpose with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The speech in which he says he has of late lost all his mirth, etc., so different in tone from his banter with Polonius, bears all the impress of truth, and, as I conceive, describes very accurately Hamlet's true condition. If otherwise, and it was intended to deceive, how is it to be reconciled with the statement in the same conversation that his uncle, father, and aunt-mother are deceived, that he is only mad north, northwest, and that, when the wind is southerly, he knows a hawk from a handsaw?

The scene with the players, in which Hamlet appears in the full vigor of intellect, introduces us to the soliloquy beginning

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Here, after upbraiding himself for his lethargy in acting upon the ghost's injunction, he endeavors to make excuse to himself by the suggestion that the apparition might be a snare of the devil through "his weakness and his melancholy." What are we to understand by "melancholy"? It would appear from the nearly contemporary work of Burton to include every degree of mental disturbance, from love-sickness to furious mania. The word is not unfrequent in Shakespeare, and the case of Jaques at once occurs to us. It is generally used in a moderate sense to denote a condition of temperament rather than a derangement of function, but it is evident that something more than such a condition is intended here. We now come to the difficult scene in the third act. From the famous soliloquy, beginning "To be or not to be," we find that Hamlet still has suicide in his mind, but it presents itself rather as it bears upon nobility of conduct than as a transgression of the divine law. He contemplates death as a sleep, he calls to mind that even in sleep one may have troubled dreams, and so, by an easy transition, the penalties which our actions here may incur in the world to come arrest him. But for this who would endure the ills of life—among which, we observe, "the pangs of despised love" have place—when he might so easily put an end to all? This soliloquy gives

us some clue to the irresolution which Hamlet so continually exhibits:

The dread of something after death
. . . Puzzles the will. . . .
And, thus, enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet had already persuaded himself to doubt the reality of the preternatural visitation, so it became a question of conscience whether, in executing the vengeance demanded by the ghost, he might not be laying the guilt of murder upon his soul; possibly, however, he is here as elsewhere trying to invent an excuse for delay. We are to bear in mind that not only his natural disposition, but also the years he has spent in philosophical studies at the University, added to the realization of the enterprise, might well cause him to shrink from the task. Immediately after the ghost's charge, when he was inflamed with ardor to execute it, he exclaimed:

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

Interrupting his soliloquy, Hamlet suddenly encounters Ophelia reading a book of devotion; his attitude is free from any trace of passion and almost tender,

Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia. Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

She addresses him:

Good my lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?

Words which seem to suggest that their separation was due, not to repulse on her part but to indifference on his; and he answers her coldly:

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

She then proceeds to offer to return his presents, and reproaches him with unkindness in words so touching that one wonders how a man of any sensibility could be unmoved. The effect, however, is to incense him. His passion rises; he de-

nies that he ever gave her any presents. At one moment he says he once loved her, and at the next denies that he ever did so. He goes on to insult and upbraid her with a withering sarcasm, the more cruel for its coldness; protests that women's falseness and wantonness had made him mad, and bids her go to a nunnery that she may work no more mischief.

The situation is singularly powerful. Hamlet had loved Ophelia, according to his subsequent statement to Laertes, with the deepest affection; he loves her still, if indeed the ghost's revelation, his still neglected task, his mother's unhappy marriage, and his own perturbation of mind will allow it. He has been repulsed by Ophelia, which, in addition to the pain it might cause him, might, considering their relative position, give rise to some feeling of resentment, notwithstanding that he has good reason to believe that the repulse proceeded from Polonius and not from Ophelia herself. Ophelia, her dream of happiness destroyed by her father's unworthy suspicions; feeling that, though Hamlet's repulse had come from her, she was in reality forsaken by him; and, by the little artifice of offering to return his presents, desiring to show that her heart was still unchanged, and hoping that she may win him back, is overwhelmed by Hamlet's fury, which she unhesitatingly attributes to insanity. She realizes that all her hopes are dashed to the ground, abandons herself to despair, and cries:

I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck the honey of his music vows,
. . . O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

We can sympathize with Helen Faucit, who tells us that once, when acting this scene with Macready, she was overcome by her emotion.

If Hamlet in this scene is deliberately torturing the poor girl, who, he knows, sincerely loves him and whose behavior, he must have been sure, had been imposed upon her, his conduct is such as any man, not absolutely heartless, would rather die than be guilty of.

The terminology of what has been called "moral insanity" has been elaborated since Shakespeare's day, but Shakespeare would not have been unaware of a condition in which, while

the intellect remained undisturbed, the affections were estranged, and even the moral sense paralyzed.

It is an open question whether Hamlet is aware or suspects that the King and Polonius are concealed behind the arras in this scene; we are not told that they are, and we have no warrant to assume it. When, in answer to his question "Where is your father?" Ophelia utters "her docile little lie," as one critic rather unkindly puts it, it would appear more probable that Hamlet, if he had known the fact, would have denounced her on the spot as a liar, much as Othello in his fury did not scorn to do with regard to Desdemona. It is not very material, for even if Hamlet's language was intended for the ears of the listeners behind the arras, it was none the less heartlessly cruel towards Ophelia.

We now come to the play scene. Passing over the, probably intentional, misrepresentation of the time which had elapsed since his father's death as immaterial—perhaps he is affecting loss of memory—we find Hamlet, who appears to be quite oblivious of the stormy scene of a few hours before, speaking to Ophelia in language which Gervinus, a critic who does not admit the idea of Hamlet's insanity, is content to describe as "equivocal," but to which other critics have applied stronger terms. Strangely enough, this has been passed over by the majority of critics as trivial; but Shakespeare was well aware of its significance. It did not need Goethe's injurious suggestion, or even the supposition that she might have had such a nurse as Juliet's, to account for Ophelia's songs; we meet with the same symptom in Lear's babble during his madness, and are reminded of his pathetic cry: "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

Two short soliloquies occur between the play scene and that with the Queen. In the first Hamlet appears worked up to the pitch of executing the revenge demanded by the ghost; in the second, immediately after the opportunity has presented itself, he invents an excuse to satisfy himself for not taking advantage of it so devilish that, as Johnson said, "it is too horrible to be read or to be uttered." No doubt Johnson was mistaken in understanding Hamlet's excuse literally as his deliberate motive; but Hamlet's moral sense must have become sadly deteriorated before he could for a moment have deluded himself into thinking that he was actuated by such a motive.

In the interview with his mother, Hamlet seems anxious to impress upon her that he is really sane, and this he would naturally do, the better to enforce what he has been saying to her. In the course of this interview Hamlet has killed Polonius, who was hidden behind the arras, supposing it to be the King who is hiding there. We may concede that, if it had actually been the King, Hamlet's assault would have passed for a righteous execution of the ghost's command; the action, therefore, is pardonable; and we may probably set down the unseemly jocularly with which Hamlet treats the occurrence as part of his assumption of insanity.

The King, growing apprehensive of Hamlet, had formed a plan for his destruction, by sending him to England accompanied by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who bore a sealed commission providing for his death. Hamlet, mistrusting his companions, secretly obtained possession of the commission, and learning its purport, himself prepared a new commission, providing for the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead. Relating this adventure afterwards to Horatio, the latter, in surprise, says:

So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to't.

Hamlet replies:

They are not near my conscience,

Forgery and murder—for it was nothing less—not near his conscience! It does not appear that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were even aware of the effect of the King's commission they bore, though the expression, "they did make love to this employment," rather suggests it. Even so; though Hamlet might fairly, by stratagem, escape the doom designed for him, there was no necessity and could be no excuse for his forging a new commission and consigning them to death.

Meanwhile Ophelia, forsaken by her lover, and her father slain by his hand, loses her reason. We see her in a scene perhaps the most pathetic in Shakespeare, in which

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Soon after we learn that she has met her death, accidentally drowned in a brook where she was playing with wild flowers; so perishes this gentle victim of love and duty.

Hamlet, who by this time has returned to Denmark, while strolling in a churchyard, encounters some gravediggers making a grave, which, on inquiry, he finds to be intended for Ophelia. The funeral train approaches, with Laertes as mourner. Hamlet, who seems to have forgotten all about Ophelia from the time of the play scene, now remembers that he had loved her, as he tells Laertes, "more than forty thousand brothers." He makes a quarrel with Laertes, and they fight. Shortly afterwards they meet, and Hamlet asks Laertes' pardon, alleging that he was the subject of "a sore distraction," that what he had done was "madness."

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Johnson wishes Hamlet "had made some other defence"; it was "unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man to shelter himself in falsehood." Certainly, as an excuse, it was about as mean a falsehood as a man could utter—but how if it were true?

The King now concert with Laertes a further scheme for Hamlet's destruction, which takes effect, involving in the catastrophe the death of the Queen and Laertes himself. Hamlet and Laertes fence as for a wager. Hamlet, mortally wounded by Laertes with his craftily-envenomed rapier, stabs the King with the same weapon, and thus at last the vengeance demanded by the ghost is accomplished—not without the death of the avenger.

In these closing scenes, especially, Hamlet exhibits true nobility of character, and we are enabled to realize the justice of Ophelia's commendation of him as she knew him in happier days.

The effect of Hamlet's conduct on others need not detain us long. It matters little what the King or Polonius might think. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern could only conclude that Hamlet exhibited "a crafty madness." His bosom friend, Ho-

ratio, his mother, and above all Ophelia, are better witnesses. No word of commendation or otherwise falls from Horatio during Hamlet's life, but his valediction is:

Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

And this after Hamlet had just said almost with his last breath:

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

The Queen, after the fight between Hamlet and Laertes, describes what she had no doubt frequently witnessed before:

Thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ophelia, with the intuition of love (*cf.* Sonnet xxiii.), is our surest guide: How does she interpret the scene in which she took part?

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
. . . That noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy.

The peculiar appropriateness of "sweet bells jangled" must not be missed—the faculties are not lost; it is their harmonious control which is in abeyance; the result is discordant clashing.

SOME NOTES ON THE DREYFUS CASE.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.



FEW weeks ago, to the frantic joy of the French people, and the thunderous applause of the civilized world, the curtain fell upon the last act of the greatest judicial drama of modern, perhaps of any, times. The history of the Dreyfus case, which for years divided France into two hostile camps, and threatened to involve her in foreign war, has been so frequently told in the daily press, during the past month, that there is no need to recall, however summarily, its amazing details.

When Dreyfus was condemned, with every accompaniment of ignominy, to his living death, in a tropical hell, aggravated by man's inhumanity to man, there were in France about 30,000 men, and 128,000 women, belonging to religious congregations. Their possessions were estimated at four hundred and ninety-three million francs. The Catholic Church was the religion of the State, established by law. Military guards of honor stood at the entrance to the residence of every French bishop, a papal nuncio resided in Paris, surrounded with all the pomp and dignity that attends the representative of a sovereign power; and, in turn, an ambassador of France represented the eldest daughter of the Church at the Papal Court, as in the days of his most Christian Majesty. On the day when Dreyfus was declared an innocent man no religious order existed in France; their members in thousands had taken the road to exile; the Church was reduced to the same footing as the most petty and obscure sect; her bishops and priests were no longer functionaries of the State; and France, as a nation, had ceased to recognize the existence of the tiara. Between this rapid change in the status of Catholicism and the fortunes of a mere subaltern officer of the army, however improbable it may seem on any *à priori* grounds, there is an intimate connection.

It will be one of the most delicate tasks of the future his-

torian, working in a light not distorted by contemporary passions, on materials which are only partially known to the public at present, to trace the various strands in that complex network of causes which have in a short period brought about such changes as the Church of France has undergone since the time when the expulsion of Protestantism by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes left her without even the semblance of a rival in the entire kingdom. The most interesting feature of the historian's task, the key to the whole problem, will be to investigate how it came to pass that, notwithstanding the firm conviction of thinkers that the future of a country is in the hands of those who teach the children and the youth, though the clergy had full control of the education of France for ages, yet they lost it in a generation, chiefly through the instrumentality of their own pupils. But, *passons au deluge.*

Present interest, in America, is enlisted in discovering some reasonable explanation of the present crisis. If we consult the organs of traditional clerical policy, we shall learn little else than that the present calamities are traceable exclusively to the triumph of democratic and republican principles coöperating with the organized propaganda of satanism, freemasonry. Naturally, intelligent people on this side of the Atlantic are not quite willing to accept this account as satisfactory. They themselves are enthusiastic believers in democratic principles, and know that there can be no essential antagonism between democracy and true religion. Nor do they readily believe that an organization of thirty-eight thousand men could, without contributory assistance of some kind or another from other sources, de-Catholicize a nation numbering thirty-eight millions, renowned for its intelligence no less than for its historic loyalty to the Church. If we consult many well-informed writers, who have dared to contradict what may be called the official account of the beaten leaders, we shall learn that the result has been due, not much more to the power of the attack than to the management of the defence. The Catholic cause has been crippled because its leaders have resolutely declined to open their eyes to the truth, that the age of absolutism has gone and the age of democracy is here. All their hopes and aspirations have been set upon a corpse, though, as Leo XIII. said, relative to the subject: "The corpse of

Christ on the cross is the only one to which Christians ought to cling."

They have fallaciously reasoned that because democracy is the foe of absolutism in political life, it must also be antagonistic to the principle of authority in religion. Hence, from this point of view, there could be no question of a good republic or a bad republic—any republic is essentially bad. The salvation of France could be expected only by a restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, or, that failing, by the advent of a Bonapartist, or even a messiah like Boulanger—anything, anything rather than *la gueuse*. A persistent adherence to this policy, accompanied by a closely related disposition to judge passing events in the light of theoretical prepossessions has enabled forces hostile to religion to turn the political power of the entire country to their purpose.

With all respect to the abilities and knowledge possessed by that eminent English student of French affairs, Mr. Dell, it is mere nonsense to treat the French crisis as he does recently in one of the reviews and in his introduction to the English edition of M. Sabatier's able book, ignoring the influence of a powerful, professedly anti-religious party, who pushed the campaign against the Church, not merely out of hate of clericalism, but out of hate for Christianity. Freemasonry is active in French politics; the power of the lodges in public life is tremendous. And French freemasonry is avowedly atheistic. It has placed atheism in its constitutions.

Now masonry does support the Republic. But if all masons are republicans, all republicans are not masons. The French peasantry care not a jot whether masons or monsignors rule the country, provided only they are to be left secure in their farms and not unduly burdened by taxation. Yet the clergy, as a body, argued that, as all masons are republicans, all republicans are masons. Then they made this fallacy their guiding principle of action, and by doing so threw the masses of the people, and the majority of the electors, into the arms of the enemies of the Church. "You see," said the anti-clericals to the people, "the priests want to bring back the monarchy, the nobles, the aristocrats; they want to oppress you again with the *corvée* and the *gabelle*, and the thousand other loads that reduced you to beasts of burden for the benefit of the priests and the nobles. If you do not wish this,

stand by us, support the Republic, the protector of your homes and your liberties." And so the French peasants, the backbone of the electorate, grew to understand that *Vive la République* and *Le clericalisme—voilà l'ennemi* were equivalent rallying cries. The clergy continued to show their distrust of the constituted form of government, and of democratic tendencies at large. The bishop who said "I want no democratic priests in my diocese," epitomized the ruling policy. The people slipped away from the influence of their religious leaders, who watched the spectacle in despairing inactivity, broken only by a ringing of hands, and an unending wail of *Les Franc-Maçons, les Franc-Maçons!* These words explained everything, and relieved everybody of responsibility.

II.

This fixed idea that freemasonry is diabolically potent for evil led to an episode—too rich in counsel to be forgotten—which, besides letting loose on the clergy a storm of ridicule, no inconsiderable force in French life, provided the anti-clericals with a welcome object-lesson to illustrate their favorite theme, that the clergy, who pretend to the guidance of the world, are the slaves of ignorance and credulity.

About 1879 a Frenchman named Gabriel Jogand Pages who a few years previously had fled to Geneva on account of some crime, returned to Paris and, under the name of Leo Taxil, began a series of publications professing to expose the secret immorality that pervades Catholic life. He combined revolting lubricity, as it is to be found in the lowest sinks of French pornography, with rabid hatred of religion. The title of one of his books, *Les Amours Secrètes de Pie IX.*, will suffice to indicate the character of this stuff. He flourished for awhile, but his public soon grew tired of his monotonous extravagances; and he dropped out of sight. In the year 1884 the religious press of Italy and France announced the glad tidings that, as if to give confirmation to the Pope's recent encyclical on freemasonry, a miracle of grace had been wrought, Leo Taxil, the arch-freemason, the reviler of the Church, the traducer of her ministers, had been converted, and was about to expiate his crimes by revealing to the world the unsuspected depths of masonic infamy. The exultation that this news provoked was boundless. Piety referred to Taxil's conversion in

terms that might not unworthily be used with reference to the miracle that befell on the road to Damascus.

Then began a new series of publications, which for extravagance, audacity, and filth were not behind the former batch. In various literary forms—biographies, confessions, exposures, histories—M. Taxil told the one story which was singularly simple in substance, though extensively varied in its circumstantial setting and trimmings. The object of freemasonry is to substitute the worship of the devil for that of God. Penetrating to the heart of this nefarious sect, one meets with Palladism. In the Palladist lodges the devil appears in person, converses in the most charming fashion with his votaries, receives their reports, and issues his instructions. The favorite form of worship is the black mass, in which consecrated hosts, obtained usually by sister masons who received holy communion for the purpose, are subjected to infamous indignities. It may be noticed in passing that the skill with which M. Taxil studied the tastes of his victims when baiting his traps is shown by his fixing the headquarters of Palladism in the United States. He told with a wealth of detail, and in the circumstantial way of the novelist, what goes on in the lodges, devoting a special book to the female lodges, the drift of which may be vaguely surmised. He showed the bloody hand of freemasonry in many dark deeds of the past; almost all the Church's troubles were stirred up by its diabolic agency.

The printing presses of Taxil's publishers could not keep pace with the demand. His confessions were the leading subject of conversation wherever two or three ecclesiastics met together. Innumerable books, pamphlets, articles, disseminated the revelations far and wide; and the writers usually took care to point out how God had vouchsafed to confirm the charges which the Church had repeatedly made against freemasonry in the face of a scornfully incredulous world.

The golden harvest which Taxil was reaping with little toil from the field of credulity, inspired others to follow in his wake. Soon there were several other converted masons of high rank, who endeavored to make up for lost time by out-heroding Herod. One brought out his exposures in the periodical form. He conducted his readers, during the course of two years, through all the chief seats of devil-worship, from Charleston to China, calling at Paris, Gibraltar, Naples, Ceylon, Cal-

cutta. He showed that the European devil-worshipper can make himself known to his fellow-Palladists among the Yogis of India, and in the slums of Hong Kong.

Taxil and the other impostors succeeded in obtaining very high ecclesiastical patronage for their labors. A papal nuncio, archbishops, bishops, and minor dignitaries without number blessed them, and wrote recommendations for their works. A learned German Jesuit translated a work of Taxil, and declared that Taxil's evidence proved freemasonry or devil-worship to be the logical sequence of Martin Luther. The Commander Margiotta, another confessor, was made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre for having written a certain book, from which a Roman newspaper afterwards printed extracts, with the result that the editor of the paper was heavily fined for having issued an indecent publication. In France great things were expected as a result of the revelations. It would open the eyes of the people as to the true nature of freemasonry—then the country would be saved. Anybody rash enough to express any scepticism as to the trustworthiness of the witnesses against masonry, was set down as a "liberal" or a free-thinker in disguise. Had not the Holy See told us the same things? Did not the Pope witness to the truth of the confessions, by ordering that after every Mass the priest should say the prayer invoking the assistance of the Archangel Michael to drive satan back to hell? Had not the Apostolic benediction been given to some of the works? And there was a long list of French bishops who could be referred to as having warmly commended one or other of the productions of Taxil and his imitators, as potent instruments for good, and deserving of wide circulation, that they might open the eyes of the French people.

Taxil's masterpiece and Nemesis was *Diana Vaughan*. This young lady had been a high-priestess of Luciferianism, but was converted. She afterwards entered a convent. Her whereabouts was known to M. Taxil. But it was to be kept a secret, lest she should be reached by the poison or the dagger of the enraged masons, whose innermost secrets she was revealing. From her holy retreat she sent forth astonishing revelations on the nature of masonry. M. Taxil conducted her correspondence with the outside world, and conveyed to her the blessings she received from very high Church dignitaries, as well as the attacks made upon her veracity. These were also

answered triumphantly, and gave a singular spice to the whole affair. A list of Miss Vaughan's titles in masonry will help readers to form a vague idea of the crude character of this preposterous swindle, which made victims of intelligent men in positions of grave responsibility. When she quitted masonry, or, to be precise, April 19, 1894, Miss Vaughan was: Sovereign Templar Mistress, Grand Mistress of the Perfect Triangle Phoebe-la-Rose, in the Orient of New York; Grand Honorary Mistress of the Eleven-Sevens in the Orient of Louisville; Honorary Member of the Mother Lodge, Lotus of England in the Orient of London; Honorary Member of the Perfect Triangle "FIAT LUX" in the Orient of Mexico; Honorary Member of the Perfect Triangle Hockma-Kadeshnou in the Orient of Calcutta; Member of the P. T. Tseditk'iou in the Orient of Buenos Ayres; Honorary Member of all Grand Triangles of the Memphis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Boston; Inspector-General of the New Reformed Palladium with a permanent commission; Delegate of the Triangular Province of New York and Brooklyn, for the sovereign assembly of September 20, 1893; Chevalier of the Order of Isis and Osiris; Honorary Vice-President of the Knights Templars (Section of the Little-woods) in the Orient of Philadelphia; Honorary Member of the Consistory, Director of the Scottish Rite of Perfection for Louisiana, in the Orient of New Orleans. Will the patience of the reader permit us to extract Diana's account of her first introduction to the devil? It took place in Charleston. After a preliminary course of fasting and prayer, she was introduced into the Chamber of the Grand Palladium, and locked up alone by Albert Pike. "The Palladium is the statue of a buck-goat, with the breasts of a woman and large black wings. It belonged to the templars of old, and was called Baphomet by them. Its last templar guardian was J. B. Molay, and it was brought to Charleston by Isaac Long, who said he paid the executioner for the head in Paris where Molay was executed." There are duplicates of the Palladium, says Diana, in all the Grand Lodges. After being a short time in the presence of the Palladium, Diana saw the play begin. Darkness first, succeeded by blue blazes, thunder, and lightning; the Palladium looms larger and larger; enter spirits and genii with wings; a dance; then the climax. "I saw Lucifer before me seated on a throne of diamonds, without any previous indication of his

approach. I did not see how he had got in or sat down, or taken the place of Baphomet. With profound respect I knelt down before him; but he forbade me with a gesture and said: 'Get up my daughter; to kneel is humiliating, and I do not want to humiliate those I love and by whom I am loved.'" Then follows a long dialogue between Diana and the devil, concerning the worship of Adonai, the God of the Christians. Diana has misgivings and behaves in a way that will one day win for her the grace of conversion. She recounted wonderful stories, such as the transportation in a single night of an English general from Gibraltar to India that he might be present at a *séance*. But she did not satiate the appetites to which she catered.

Taxil and his followers continued for years to enjoy the confidence of their dupes, and to provide the ammunition on which Catholics relied strongly in the anti-clerical struggle in France. Independent men of all parties warned the dupes. Even some of the masonic press assured them that Taxil was a cheat. Pshaw! this was discounted as a clumsy trick of the masons to discredit the noble soul who was doing such valiant work for the Church.

The close came in 1896. In consequence chiefly of Taxil's revelations a commission of bishops and priests met to consider what means should be taken to turn the recent revelations to the best advantage. Taxil was invited to be present. By this time, a few suspicious people began to remark how strange it was that nobody had ever seen Diana Vaughan, nor even met anybody who had, except M. Taxil. He was told that it was time he should either produce her, for the confusion of doubters, or, at least, allow some responsible persons to verify her whereabouts. M. Taxil assured his correspondents that he would completely satisfy everybody. He saw that the game was up. On the day appointed for the appearance of Diana Vaughan he coolly presented himself to the assembly, and told them that he was Diana Vaughan; and that his entire output of masonic exposures was pure fiction; that he had started them with the intention of exploring the extent of Catholic infatuation.

The anti-clerical press did not conceal the dramatic finish of the Taxil episode. Naturally the clergy were reticent on the subject; and Taxil's authority continued to be appealed to long after the *dénouement*. Many books, which draw their

inspiration from the *exposures* of this era, on the prevalence of satanism and Palladism, anti-Christ and similar subjects, are still in circulation. In France the Taxil affair was pointed to by the enemies of the clergy as an index of the good sense and open-mindedness of the class that claims the right to direct the consciences of the French people, and of the value of its judgments concerning freemasonry.

III.

The Dreyfus case provided a still more unfortunate opportunity for the disastrous play of prepossession and prejudice. Fourteen or fifteen years ago the anti-Semitic agitation, inaugurated by a sensational volume entitled *La France Juive*, and propagated by a periodical under the direction of a violent Royalist, M. Drumont, had grown to great proportions. In its propagation almost the entire popular religious press co-operated, with the consent or the approbation of responsible ecclesiastics. After the freemasons, the Jews were the sworn enemies of Christianity and Catholic France. Indeed, it was scarcely worth while to make any distinction between Jew and freemason. Both hated the same things, and by common means pursued a common end. They had by treachery obtained possession of the government of the country through the republican system. The Jew's purpose was, with the help of his German brothers, to get possession of France. This "man without a country" was the natural enemy of traditional France and all that derived from it; he would extinguish French nationality, or fling it under the feet of its hereditary enemy. The whole country, every department of the Government, in the hands of the freemasons, was overrun with spies who betrayed its secrets to the foreigner. There were spies, too, in the army. The only hope of France lay in the restoration of the monarchy, which, by the way, was the only form of government that offered any support to the Church. Such, in brief, was the gospel preached with religious fervor by the anti-Semites. The small number of the clergy that dissented from these views did not dare to express its opinion; for to do so rendered any one an object of suspicion and reprobation.

At this period the religious orders were flourishing. In 1881, under Jules Ferry, a half-hearted attempt had been made to suppress some of them. But the measure met with no gen-

eral approval from the people at large. Soon the religious houses which had been broken up were re-constituted. The congregations entered upon their usual avocations. Even the great colleges remained under their control with the help of some legal precautions. The religious press had grown bold, from immunity, and did not hesitate to express, pretty plainly, its hatred of the existing form of government, and its longings for another. One of its most powerful organs was *La Croix*, a newspaper conducted by the Assumptionist Fathers in Paris. It circulated widely through France. Affiliated with it was a myriad of minor newspapers, diocesan and parochial, a large number of them bearing the same name, qualified, usually, by the name of the town or ecclesiastical circumscription to which each belonged. Conducted with respectable literary ability, and, it must be confessed, with a good dose of courage, *La Croix* and its offsprings assumed to represent Catholic opinion; and the public took it at its own estimate.

Then came the trial and condemnation of Dreyfus. Without a single exception, this entire press threw itself against Dreyfus. He was a Jew—what further need was there of testimony? The anti-Semites triumphantly pointed to the wretched man as a providential confirmation of the warnings issued by M. Drumont. The question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence was made a religious test. For a Catholic to express an opinion that the Rennes court-martial might have made a mistake was to proclaim himself not alone a traitor to his country but also an enemy to his religion. The chiefs of the army were loaded with thanks for having saved France. Their action was interpreted as a sign that the sons of the crusaders were at length awakening from their sleep. And so forth, and so forth. During all the long-drawn agony *La Croix* and its companions stood, as one man, against Dreyfus. In vain did Henry confess himself a forger, and Picquart challenge the incriminating evidence. Henry was a lunatic, or a victim, and Picquart a traitor who had sold himself for the gold of Jewish bankers. The foreign press was manipulated by Jews and freemasons. When Zola took upon himself the task worthy of a better man, the cry was that Dreyfus could be judged by the character of his friends.

The mere thought that, perhaps, there were German spies in the army, drove the French people to exasperation. Many

asked themselves whether the anti-Semites were not, after all, discerning patriots. But, by degrees, as the case passed through its successive phases, opinion changed in favor of Dreyfus. The military clique that condemned him, and sustained the condemnation, lost credit. Then anti-clericals drew attention to the fact that the foremost pursuers of the victim were the religious congregations, who, it was said, had shown themselves unscrupulous fanatics on the watch for any opportunity to meddle in political affairs to promote their designs against the Republic. "You will see," a well-informed layman had said at an early stage of the Dreyfus case, to a number of bishops, "that the upshot of all this will be a law against the Congregations." The bishops shook their heads. But the layman was right. In return for their journalistic zeal, the Assumptionists were suppressed in 1900. But, reasoned the leaders of the Left, the spirit of the Assumptionists is the spirit of all the others. They are all against the Republic; let the policy be "thorough." Waldeck-Rousseau listened to the advice; and began the work. Combes completed it, while the nation, as a whole, looked on with but little expression of dissatisfaction.

The anti-clerical party had learned from the campaign against the Congregations that Catholic sentiment in France would not stand in their way if they should elect to proceed further. The Loubet visit and the affairs of the bishops of Dijon and Laval gave them their opportunity. The Concordat was annulled, and Catholicism disestablished. The country recorded its feelings about the proceeding by giving the Government an increased majority.

No policy, however wise, of the clergy, probably, could have retarded very long the separation of Church and State in France. There can hardly, however, be any doubt but that this consummation was hastened by the failure of the leaders, laboring under inherited prepossessions, to take account of the signs of the times, and to employ all the legitimate means at their disposal to retain the confidence of the people.

IV.

Some of our readers, perhaps, may find it hard to believe that the estimate conveyed in the foregoing pages of the prevailing mentality among the dominant party of the French clergy is correct. "How can we believe," we imagine somebody protests, "that prudent, learned, pious ecclesiastics, absolutely devoted to truth and justice, could misinterpret facts in the manner you describe, or fail to read correctly signs so plain that the wayfarer, though blind, need not err therein?" To any American reader who is inclined to scepticism on this subject, we recommend a volume entitled *L'Américanisme et la Conjuración Anti-Chrétienne*,* where he will see the manner in which things familiar to himself are reflected through the mentality with which we have been dealing. The author has been closely connected with the episodes that have hitherto occupied us. As editor of a religious newspaper of high standing he took a prominent part in the Taxil and Dreyfus affairs. In the present book he appeals with confidence to literature that was inspired by the revelations of satanism. And the title of the work indicates that it has a right to a place in the literature of anti-Semitism. Nor can any reader proceed very far through its pages without perceiving that the writer's prejudices against democracy are chiefly responsible for the obliquity of his vision. The writer of this paper first came across this volume in the hands of a young English lady, who had just come to America after finishing her education in a French convent. Before leaving for America, her confessor, a member of a distinguished order, had warned her that in the country to which she was going unorthodox views were rampant among a great number of the priests. To open her eyes to the dangers to which she was exposing herself in coming to America, he would give her a copy of Monsieur l'Abbé Delassus' valuable book. The author was a learned man very familiar with conditions in America.

Truly the book is of a nature to impress the stranger within our gates of the need to walk warily when among American Catholics. The thesis of the Right Reverend author—he

* *L'Américanisme et la Conjuración Anti-Chrétienne*. Par M. l'Abbé Henri Delassus, Chanoine Honoraire de la Métropole de Cambrai, Directeur de *La Semaine Religieuse* de ce Diocèse. Paris: 30 Rue de St. Sulpice, Desclée de Brouwer et Cie.

is now a Monsignor—is, in brief, that there exists among the Jews a vast and powerful conspiracy against Christianity, and that the principles and doctrines of this gigantic alliance tally exactly with characteristic principles and doctrines of Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Keane, the late Father Hecker and his followers. No; this is not a joke. We call to witness the four hundred and fifty pages that make up this volume, its wealth of documentation, its lucid arrangement, its logical method, its earnestness of tone, and the dogmatic finality with which the author lays down his convictions.

The author starts out by expressing a profound distrust of America, and grave misgivings that this country is destined to play a baleful part in the affairs of mankind. Her national characteristic is audacity: America "has just now displayed it, in international affairs, by trampling underfoot every law of Christian civilization, to lay hands on a possession which she coveted!" We shall here and elsewhere leave the reader to play the commentator, confining ourselves simply to reproducing the estimates of our author. As the reader proceeds he shall find that democracy of any kind is nothing but the principles of '89—that is, the French Revolution—and, consequently, is always to be abhorred.

The learned author would not, we are certain, willingly commit the crime of falsifying a citation, inventing a fact, misinterpreting, in an unfavorable sense, a quotation from one against whom he is pushing a prosecution for heresy or unorthodoxy; yet, as he looks at America, from his far-distant standpoint, through glasses colored and obscured by prejudices, he is doing little else but these things from the beginning to the end. As we read him, the reflection continually arises that here is an exact reproduction of the methods by which scribes and speakers of the Exeter Hall and A. P. A. type demonstrate that Catholicism is reeking with corruption, that the confessional is an engine of the devil, that there are Jesuits in disguise in every department of life, or that American Catholics are all in a conspiracy to overthrow the American government and hand the country over to the Pope and the Italians. Simple facts or statements are distorted; a perfectly legitimate saying of somebody is spliced on to another saying of entirely different purport by somebody else, and the first speaker is accused of entertaining the views of the latter. Or, the au-

thor puts his own interpretation on some detached passage, then from this premise he draws a conclusion which the original speaker or writer never dreamed of and would not for a moment entertain. The tendency to resort to methods of this kind against those who hold principles to which we are averse is not confined to any creed, political or religious. It has a psychological root, and is the index of a temperament which in our opponents we designate as bigotry.

No detached instances can convey an adequate idea of the extent to which these methods are here employed, in absolute good faith, in order to convict Archbishops Keane and Ireland and their fellow-*Américanistes* of being allies of the Universal Jewish Alliance against Christianity. We must, however, submit a few examples. Some years ago, it will be remembered, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, protested in the pulpit of his cathedral against the action of the Archbishop of St. Paul, who had taken a hand in New York politics. Mgr. Delassus' readers are informed that, so far had Archbishop Ireland gone in the path of unorthodoxy, that the worthy Bishop of Rochester found it to be his duty to denounce, "clothed in his pontifical ornaments, and crozier in hand," the doctrinal aberrations of his erring brother of St. Paul. A few pages away the reader will learn the astonishing news that this same unorthodox prelate endeavored to sweep away the denominational schools of his country.

One of the characteristic points of the Anti-Christian Jewish Alliance's policy is reliance on secret societies. *Américanistes* betray their affinity with this nefarious body by their fondness for secret societies. The damning proof of this affinity is found in the fact that some years ago Cardinal Gibbons appealed to Rome in order to prevent the Holy See from condemning the Knights of Labor. Contrary to the fact, Mgr. Delassus informs his readers that the appeal failed, for, he writes, the Holy See replied that "Catholics must give up these societies at any cost." After such ignorance on a well-known incident of ecclesiastical history, one is not surprised to find such gems of information as that Disraeli was prime minister of England for forty years, and that Carlyle was an authority on freemasonry.

The chain of evidence which Mgr. Delassus brings forward to establish his first position, that of the Universal Hebrew Alliance, is, in all truth, very slender, and has many links that

would not stand cross-examination. But we must confine ourselves to his charges against the Americans. Having shown by quotations that the Alliance aims at establishing a universal brotherhood of man—an idea which some people say is strongly expressed in the New Testament—the Monsignor proceeds to establish the identity of views between the anti-Christian conspiracy and the *Américanistes*. For this purpose he submits an extract from a speech of Archbishop Keane at the Brussels' Congress, in 1894: "We believe that we have an opportunity of giving a grand lesson to the entire world. When we study the map of Europe we can see little divisions marked here, there, and everywhere. Lines traverse this map in all directions. They signify not merely territorial divisions; they also mean jealousies, hatreds, enmities, which find expression in God knows how many thousands of armed men. Now Providence has permitted emigration from all these lands to us. All these nations are represented among us; they live together in peace. The privilege which God has granted to America is to destroy these national jealousies which you have fostered in Europe, and to merge them in American unity." And these sentiments convict Archbishop Keane of working on lines parallel to those of the anti-Christian conspiracy against the Church. The anti-clerical party in France opposed the religious orders—Father Hecker wrote that in the future the monastic orders will not be the dominant type of Christian perfection: Proof that the aims of Hecker and the French infidels are identical. Many Jewish writers, as Mgr. Delassus shows, have claimed for their race preëminence in pluck and enterprise. Mark, now, the ominous resemblance—Americans are noted for their audacious self-reliance; and Archbishop Ireland praises Hecker for his spirit of initiative. And Mgr. Delassus further informs his pupils that this self-reliant spirit is but a manifestation of the central tendency of the French revolution—a movement of man to get rid of God.

Reasoning of this kind constitutes the entire volume. Without stretching his methods, Mgr. Delassus might convict us all of being Mahometans. We all say: There is but one God. Now Mahometans say precisely: There is but one God; of course they add, but the matter is quite irrelevant to the present issue, that Mahomet is his prophet. Therefore we are all, unconsciously, but none the less surely, helping along the Universal Ma-

hometan Alliance against Christianity. Should the *jehad*, which troubles the sleep of English statesmen just now, come to pass, it is quite possible that Americans might be proven to be in sympathy with it. There are persons who still believe that Leo Taxil's final and only real confession was but a deeper move of masonic guile; the universal approbation expressed over the last decision in the Dreyfus case has been ascribed to the control of the world's press by the freemasons, and should this modest paper have the honor to fall under the notice of some people, it may be cited as confirmation of the sympathy of American Catholics with the anti-Christian conspiracy.

Are the losses sustained by the Church in France final, or do they carry no compensations? Already brave voices are heard above the general jeremiad uttering words of cheerful hope. The Church is divorced from the State.—True, but she is also free from the shackles of the State. She need no longer consult Cæsar before rendering to God the things that are God's. Her clergy, in future, must depend upon the faithful.—So did the Apostles and their successors for ages. So does the clergy throughout the English-speaking world, where Catholicism is flourishing like a willow beside the running brook. But the Church will be poor!—When the Church was very young her Master commended her to his Lady Poverty, and she never suffered ill while under the protection of that faithful guardian. Her evil days came when, from the top of a lofty mountain, the Tempter dazzled some of her children with a vision of the kingdoms of this earth and the riches thereof. In this democratic age there is a fresh meaning in the Scriptural warning: Put not your trust in princes. Let the whole clergy of France, second to none in the world for virtue and devotedness, go forth to their own people with the same missionary spirit which has carried French missionaries to the end of the earth. Then the dry bones of the plains shall come together and be clothed with flesh, and Faith shall repopulate the desolate cities.

New Books.

As readers of THE CATHOLIC WESTMINSTER LECTURES. WORLD are aware, this series consists of a number of popular lectures, delivered by prominent clergymen in London on the fundamental truths of Catholic faith. The intention of those who started this course of lectures has been to provide an antidote for the loose and inaccurate scepticism which has made itself felt in all classes of society. And, rightly, with a true insight into the nature of their task, the promoters decided that the most effective means of combating prevalent errors is not to attack them, successively, with destructive criticism, for that were an endless task; but to present, clearly and simply, the contrary truths. The present numbers* handle the two most fundamental doctrines of, respectively, natural and supernatural religion. Evidently, when confronted with the task of presenting either of them within the compass of a single lecture or a slim booklet, the author's chief perplexity must be to determine whether he shall give a sketchy outline of the entire subject, or confine himself to the consideration of some pivotal point, or some predominant factor of his problem. Monsignor Barnes, very wisely we think, chose the latter method. He confined himself to showing that there is no need for a Christian "to shrink from full investigation into the origin of the books which he has been brought up to consider sacred." If the results of criticism, such is the drift of his argument, have at first sight appeared subversive of Catholic estimates of the Bible, a more matured judgment has found nothing in the established results of investigation incompatible with Catholic belief. Furthermore, he is willing to concede that criticism has, in some respects, placed the historical authority of the Gospels on a firmer basis than that which traditional views granted to them.

The lecturer on the existence of God preferred to essay a broad and general treatment of his subject; that is, he gives a sketchy outline of the classical theistic arguments, from motion, from causality, from necessity, from perfection, from design, and from law, or conscience. We doubt whether this

* Westminster Lectures. *The Witness of the Gospels.* By A. S. Barnes. *The Existence of God.* By Canon Moyes, D.D.

was the better plan. The limitations under which the lecturer spoke compelled him to be content with a treatment too superficial to bring out the full force of his arguments, and an emasculated presentation of an argument is worse than none at all. With all respect for the traditional scholastic group, we think that the fact that so loyal a scholastic as Father Rickaby omitted the argument from motion in his translation of the *Summa contra Gentiles*, might have suggested to Canon Moyes the propriety of giving to some of the others the time which he devoted to that one. Again, in accordance with traditional procedure, he scarcely insisted enough on the full content of the argument to be drawn from man's moral nature. Yet it can hardly be disputed that, whatever may be the comparative intrinsic values of the metaphysical and the moral arguments, the latter, when properly handled, is far more likely to make an impression on the current agnosticism which, while impatient of metaphysics, is willing enough to concede the moral postulates which, the apologist can show, imply the existence of a personal God.

It would, we believe, be well worth the attention of the Westminster editors to consider whether they ought not, before publishing lectures of this kind, to enlarge them so that each printed number might contain a more complete treatment of the great apologetic questions. An oral lecture can last scarcely more than an hour and a half. Yet few of the great religious topics can be more than skimmed over in that time. The value of the series would be greatly enhanced if, when complete, it should constitute a fairly comprehensive, compendious statement of Catholic apologetic. If we turn to French, we shall find just the ideal that is desirable. Under the title of *Science et Religion* the firm of Bloud et Cie,* are issuing, with marvelous rapidity, an admirable series of little volumes, each containing about sixty-four compact pages in 12mo, dealing with a host of questions, all of vital interest, relative to the bearing of modern science and criticism on Catholic philosophy, ecclesiastical history, the constitution, doctrines, and administration of the Church. Each subject is treated by a master. The method and grasp exhibited in every treatise is such as is looked for in a dissertation pre-

* *Science et Religion*: Études par les temps présents, 335 volumes publiés. o fr. 60 le vol. Paris: Libraire Bloud et Cie., Rue de Rennes.

sented to obtain a 'degree in the sacred sciences. Some of them are masterpieces from the pens of eminent specialists. The whole collection, which continues to grow, forms a library that, when completed, will comprehend a little cyclopedia bearing on religious questions and topics about which every cultured Catholic desires to read. With some amplification the Westminster series, under the able direction of its editor and promoters, might become the nucleus of a similar collection for the English-speaking world. The value of such a library can scarcely be over-estimated.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

By Fr. Maturin.

In nine essays,* originally prepared, we surmise, as public addresses, Father Maturin sets forth his conception of the function fulfilled by self-knowledge and self-control in the work of building up a character to be the fit embodiment of the Christian ideal. He teaches plainly, forcibly, effectively. There are didactic works on religion which, though they should be read with considerable attention and no lack of docility, would fail to make an impress on the reader's character or conduct. Father Maturin's volume, though it lays but little stress on the formal and external elements of the religious life, goes straight to the heart of things, and insists upon a practical, vital, virile attitude on the part of the disciples who venture to claim Christ as Master. There are great thoughts in these pages; there is splendid inspiration; best of all, there is much common sense. No one but a man of spiritual insight could have originated the suggestions with which the essays abound. No one but a man of experience, wide, deep, and true, could speak so prudently and practically on the problems and issues which confront the aspirant after holiness. Strong and clear and cheerful; attractive, wise, and true; these are the qualities of Father Maturin's counsels. As to the form, one could desire that a little more attention had been given to the finishing of the addresses when about to be presented in their present permanent form. But the defects of form are trivial, and will scarcely be noticed by any one who appreciates the substance, in which there are no flaws.

* *Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline.* By B. W. Maturin, formerly of Cowley St. John, Oxford. New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

This volume* consists of a collection of sermons and papers from eminent Anglican divines on the angels. The editor has arranged the contents in a fairly systematic order, so as to make the whole a compendium of the knowledge afforded by the Sacred Scriptures concerning the heavenly hosts. The tone of the writers is uniformly devout; the language frequently rises to genuine eloquence. Nowadays, when the bald rationalism of utterances that frequently come from men who eat the bread and profess to teach the doctrines of the Church of England, is nothing short of shocking, a book like this one, breathing the spirit of unflinching faith in supernatural revelation, is as refreshing as the shadow of a giant rock in a desert land. The twelve plates which embellish this tastefully executed volume are good photogravures of famous paintings.

PEARL.

By O. K. Parr.

The name of this writer is known in London literary circles through a volume of religious poetry and another volume of children's poems celebrating the River Dart, an account of Buckfast Abbey, in Devonshire, and a remarkable article in *Temple Bar* entitled "The Children's Cardinal," the name which she gave to the late Cardinal Vaughan. The present volume† is a bright, lively little novel, with a plot that has often furnished a subject for writers of edifying fiction. Nevertheless the present writer lends it an air of originality through the freshness of her staging. The narrator is a maiden of a certain, that is of an uncertain, age, who confesses to being "neither pretty, clever, well-born, nor beloved of man." She admits, too, that she is not religiously inclined. She tells the story of a young, high-bred girl, half-English, half-French, a loyal Catholic, who comes as a visitor to the house of her aunt, who is a most uncompromising dissenter, with a good old Cornish abhorrence of Papists and Papacy. The heroine, after a sharp struggle, gains her liberty to practise her religion; makes friends with the Protestant rector and his charming family; gains the heart of the magnate of the neighborhood; but refuses to marry him

* *A Book on the Angels*. Edited by L. P., Compiler of *The Inheritance of the Saints*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Pearl; or, a Passing Brightness*. By Olive Katherine Parr. St. Louis: B. Herder.

because he is not a Catholic; and finds, as her recompense, a way to reconcile love and duty. Loyalty, character, and good sense, rather than piety, are the weapons with which she achieves her triumph. The writer has a fund of humor which frequently verges upon the satirical.

WALKS IN ROME.

By P. J. Chandlery, S.J.

Nobody intending to visit Rome should fail to procure a copy of this guide book.* It contains an account of every church, every shrine, and every venerated spot within the city. The history of every place and object dear to the pilgrim is related; and all the hallowed associations connected with them recounted. During his long residence in Rome Father Chandlery came to know and love every one of them. As his book is intended for the pious pilgrim, not for scholars or students, the author does not play the critic or learned *cicerone*. Nor does he enter into competition with Baedeker as a guide to objects of purely secular interest. But within his four hundred odd closely printed pages he has compressed a wonderful amount of information that will add immensely to the interest and edification which everybody draws from a visit to the sacred treasures of the Eternal City. The less favored ones who must stay at home may, by a perusal of the book, make a sort of spiritual pilgrimage that will be replete with interest and instruction.

CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.

By l'Abbe Picard.

The title of this imposing work † scarcely conveys a hint of its vast scope; for it extends over the entire field of apologetics, as far as supernatural religion is concerned. The first volume opens with an introduction to establish the historical value of the Gospels. Then follows a detailed commentary on the history of our Lord's life; which is succeeded by an analytical study of the facts in order to bring out their testimony to Christ's character of miracle-worker and prophet. The author then considers our Lord from a psychological standpoint, successively, as orator, painter, dialectician, and educator. The sanctity, the

* *Pilgrim Walks in Rome: A Guide to the Holy Places.* By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. Second Edition. With a Preface by Rev. John Gerard, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *La Transcendance de Jésus Christ.* Par l'Abbé Louis Picard. 2 vols. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

moral characteristics of the Master, are next passed in review. In the course of his discussion the author examines, and refutes, innumerable rationalistic objections and theories bearing upon a host of points. Finally, he summarizes the result of the examination by which the divinity of Christ is established. The second volume is entitled *La Predication du "Royaume de Dieu" et la Fondation de l'Église*. The notion of the kingdom as exhibited in the words of Christ is first defined. Then a conspectus is made of Christ's teaching regarding God, angels, purgatory, hell, and heaven. We proceed next to the teaching of Christ concerning himself, as Son of God, Messiah, Redeemer, and Judge of the living and the dead. Then the author treats of the transcendent character of Christian morality.

The writer's underlying aim is to convey a perception of the devotion to Mary which was part of the atmosphere of the Middle Ages—a devotion in which blended, in a manner that sometimes seems almost grotesque to our prosaic age, childlike confidence and familiarity, chivalrous sentimentality, and profound religious reverence. The material has been drawn from well known published works, and in some instances from original MSS. in the British Museum. And the editor, or translator, with happy results, has exercised the editorial privilege of expanding, condensing, and, occasionally, combining different versions, as his taste has suggested. He has preserved throughout a quaint, archaic flavor in phrase and vocabulary that suits the matter and enhances the pleasure of the reader. With few exceptions the stories, like most of the mediæval legends, contain some spiritual or moral lesson, for which they were loved and preserved in the popular memory.

The surprising frankness that characterizes this contribution * to the

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

By l'Abbe Lefranc.

current biblical controversy might suggest that the name on the title-

page is a pseudonym intended to indicate the spirit of the author. He examines the various theories offered in the past, to harmonize the Mosaic accounts of creation, the chronology of Genesis, and the history of the Deluge with scientific knowledge. These attempts at reconciliation have, he argues in the line which Fathers Hummelauer, Prat, and Lagrange

* *Les Conflits de la Science et de la Bible*. Par l'Abbé E. Lefranc. Paris: E. Nourry.

have made familiar, utterly broken down. Hence, if the Church is to be exculpated from the mistakes of obsolete theologians and exegetes we must renounce the position that the Mosaic histories are always in correspondence with fact. The writer puts his conclusions in phrases so bold, and evinces so much impatience with certain traditional formulæ, that, while one cannot withhold from him the praise of honesty and sincerity, one must doubt whether he is altogether prudent in advocating and practising a policy that spurns the reservations dictated by even moderate and conservative caution. And this doubt is not mitigated by the fact that the volume is not decorated with the customary authorization.

MEDIÆVAL LEGENDS.

By Underhill.

This collection* of miraculous histories and mediæval legends concerning the Blessed Virgin possesses a literary quality very much superior to the standard that prevails in our popular religious literature. The author's purpose is to "re-introduce to English readers a cycle of old tales in which their ancestors took great delight—a by-way of mediæval literature which, from one cause or another, is now practically unknown except to professed students of folk lore and hagiography." The first momentary impression made by a hasty look into the book is a prompting to question whether the writer intends anything more than a literary effect. But, as one begins to read, it soon becomes clear that, while the graces of literature are sedulously and successfully aimed at, there is also a clear purpose of edification.

TRAILERS OF THE NORTH.

By Lockwood.

Mr. W. L. Lockwood is a good storyteller, and seems to be familiar with the Great Lone Land, and the El Dorado lying further north. These seven short stories† of the mining camp and the forest trail, where man displays his elemental qualities, are full of exciting situations that bring into play the tenderness, courage, or steadfast friendship that is hidden in men whose exterior is as rugged as the land of snow and ice in which they struggle for gold or for life.

* *The Miracles of our Lady Saint Mary*. Brought out of diverse tongues and newly set forth in English. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

† *Trailers of the North*. By William Lewis Lockwood. New York: The Broadway Publishing Company.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

By Willard.

There is a growing opinion among American educators that the time devoted to the course of "civics" or "civil government" in schools and petty colleges does not bring adequate fruit. The National Municipal League has urged that the course should be suppressed, and the time now given to it devoted, at least in city schools, to the study of city government. The advocates of this measure urge that the pupil can learn more easily the general principles of government by studying their workings in the city, because he comes in personal contact with the facts. Besides, one of the needs of the country is to implant in the coming generation of urban populations a high idea of those duties of citizenship which belong to them as members of a municipal electorate. This little book* is offered as a text-book for pupils in higher schools, or, where the curriculum does not include this study, for private reading. It treats of the organization of city government, the purpose and powers of the various departments, the administration and supervision of public utilities, ways and means to beautify a city, and the various forces which contribute to debase or strengthen official activity. The writer endeavors to inspire a high ideal of public duty. The pupil who masters this book will have acquired, at a minimum of effort, a substantial measure of useful information.

MEDITATIONS ON THE GOSPELS.

In these meditations† spiritual truth is expressed with almost Gospel-like directness and simplicity, entirely free from the disfigurement of sentimentality and hackneyed conventionalism. Indeed, so large a proportion of the meditations is so made up of well-chosen scriptural texts, the import of which is forcefully brought out, that there can be no doubt but that the author, who has hidden his identity, was a master of the spiritual life, who had drawn his wisdom from the fountain-head. As a consequence, his pages provide food, not for a particular class of persons, but for the Christian soul, whatever may be its station.

* *City Government for Young People.* A Study of the American City. Adapted for School Use and for Home Reading for Children. By Charles Dwight Willard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels.* For each day and the Principal Feasts of the Year. By a monk of Sept-Fonds. Translated from the French by the Religious of the Visitation of Wilmington, Delaware. 2 vols. St. Louis: B. Herder.

A LIVING WAGE.

By Dr. Ryan.

Chiefly owing to the high merit of this volume,* the academic distinction appended below to the author's name, has, since publication, given place to the ampler one of S.T.D., or, in more popular form, D.D. This book was presented by Dr. Ryan as a dissertation for the doctorate in the Catholic University at Washington. In the end of May the candidate underwent, with signal credit, the usual searching examination, the greater part of which bore upon matters involved in the dissertation. In one or two instances, the examiners pushed Dr. Ryan very hard in their efforts to make him surrender his fundamental position; but he "stood four-square to every wind that blew."

The character of the work cannot be more pithily expressed in a few words, than in those of Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin: "The writer of this book presents to us, in the following pages, a clear-cut, well-defined theory of wages, based upon his understanding of the approved doctrines of his religious body." Apart from the intrinsic value of the volume, Dr. Ryan deserves thanks for having had the good sense and courage to undertake a work of this character. The Church claims that her Catholicity extends to time as well as to space; and that the doctrine of life, of which she is the guardian, contains the rule of truth and justice for all conditions and complexities of human existence, provided its universal principles are brought to bear upon actual conditions. If, however, we look through our contemporary theological and ethical literature, we shall find that it contains very little which represents an endeavor to apply principles to the special condition of to-day. We have, in plenty, works setting forth, in voluminous iteration, Christ's rule of—*Do unto others as you would have them do unto you*. We have multiplied treatises on Ethics that expound the basis of rights and duties, the origin of private property, and other fundamental doctrines. But writings of this kind stop short at the enunciation of first principles, whereas the crying need just now is to apply these first principles to the perplexing questions of our day. To be sure, we have many recent publications concerning the social and economic problems. But here, again, we meet with what Professor Ely calls "vague and

* *A Living Wage*. Its Ethical and Economic Aspects. By the Rev. John Augustine Ryan, S.T.L., of the Archdiocese of St. Paul. New York: The Macmillan Company.

glittering generalities," which, however brilliant and fascinating, are about as servicable towards meeting practical wants, as sunbeams are for cooking a beefsteak. Books of another kind, of which there is no lack, are those which issue a needed warning against the extravagances and anti-religious animus of the socialism of Max and Bebel. But how deplorably few are the Catholic writers—or speakers, for that matter—who have devoted themselves to showing the world that Catholic moral teaching condemns the gigantic wrongs which, planted in the very vitals of the present system of society, have given socialism a reason for existence, and furnish to socialists the "gall to make oppression bitter?" If there is, as every thinker who has placed himself on record on the subject affirms, a radically pernicious feature in the economic system which compels thousands to toil and live in surroundings that foster moral degradation, in order that enormous riches may be put into the pockets of a few, the world may reasonably expect, not alone a protest, but also a remedy, from the teachers who claim to represent divine truth, justice, and love. Recently in Washington a prominent senator, in conversation with a very eminent Catholic prelate, complained of the attacks that are made, so vigorously, against the United States Senate; and expressed the hope that the Catholic Church would prove, as ever, the loyal defender of law, order, and the rights of property. The eminent prelate might have replied that law, order, and the rights of property cannot be defended by the Church unless they are in conformity with the eternal principles of justice; and that the rights of labor are, to put it gently, no less sacred than the rights of capital. Dr. Ryan deserves the praise of having undertaken the task of demonstrating that Catholic principles are not mere abstract and barren axioms, but vital, practical laws of life, that will be found to harmonize with and complete the practical results of scientific students in the realm of facts.

The credit due to him for the conception of his task is doubled by the manner in which he has executed it. Thoroughly acquainted with all authorities on political economy, economics, and ethics, he has done his work in scientific fashion. The reader will notice that he possesses, in a high degree, the rare quality of being able to look at facts objectively, not through the distorted medium of some pre-conceived theory or conviction.

As we follow his reasoning and interpretations we get the impression that here is a man who is not looking for arguments to justify an opinion that he holds, but is weighing arguments to arrive at a conclusion. The theological critic, even though he be of the kind that considers novelty synonymous with heterodoxy, will find that the author takes care to fortify himself well on the side of tradition. The public that cares nothing for the claims of Catholic authority, and has little regard for Catholic doctrine as such, will follow him with interest on the broad grounds of rational ethics.

In the following words the author announces his purpose: "Upon one principle of partial justice unprejudiced men are in substantial agreement. They hold that wages should be sufficiently high to enable the laborer to live in a manner consistent with the dignity of a human being. To defend this general conviction by setting forth the basis of industrial, religious, and moral fact upon which it rests, is the aim of the present volume."

After an introductory section dealing with the economic and legal presumptions against a Living Wage, and the authorities in its favor, the author lays down his views on the basis, nature, and content of the right to a Living Wage. He next discusses, with special reference to American conditions, the various facts by which that right is conditioned—the number and prospects of our underpaid laborers; our industrial resources; the forces that regulate price. Finally, Dr. Ryan sets forth the consequent obligations of the capitalist, of the State, and of the laborer himself.

We are tempted to offer some striking quotations from the doctor's pages. But the limits of a brief review forbid. A few of the theses embodying his position that were maintained by the doctor in his public examination will, in some measure, indicate the scope of the work and the breadth of Dr. Ryan's views. The right to a personal Living Wage is merely the concrete form of the laborer's right to decent livelihood.

The right to a family Living Wage has been denied by some Catholic writers, and inadequately explained by others. In terms of money, a Living Wage would seem to mean for the adult male laborer in American cities an income of not less than six hundred dollars per year.

Since the employer is the immediate beneficiary of the la-

borer's exertions, and the seller and distributor of the products of industry, he is the person who is primarily charged with the obligation of paying the laborer a Living Wage, before he betters his social position or pays himself interest on his invested capital.

We must take leave of this remarkable book with one citation, to which emphasis will be given by the perusal of the volume that is noticed next in these reviews. After observing that thousands of employers, of all denominations, who fancy that they are living up to the moral standard of their religion, pay their employees grossly unjust wages, Dr. Ryan issues an exhortation to teachers and moulders of public opinion: "If clergymen would give as much attention to preaching and expounding the duty of paying a Living Wage as they do to the explanation of other duties that are no more important, and if they would use all the power of their ecclesiastical position to deprive recalcitrant employers of the church-privileges that are ordinarily denied to persistently disobedient members; and if public speakers and writers who discuss questions of industrial justice would, in *concrete terms*, hold up to public denunciation those employers who can pay a Living Wage and will not; the results would constitute an ample refutation of the libelous assertion that employers cannot be got to act justly by moral suasion. They have never been made to feel a fraction of its power." Students will benefit by the carefully selected classified bibliography that accompanies the work.

**CHRISTIANITY AND THE
WORKING CLASSES.**

Edited by Haw.

The growing indifference of the great majority of the working classes in England to Christianity has long been a subject of serious alarm, not only to religious guides of all complexions, but to laymen who view with dismay the ebb of religious faith. The portentous fact may, to those who take a superficial view of things, appear to have little practical bearing on the interests of American Catholics. It may be said that English conditions differ from conditions here. And the present exodus from Christianity among the English masses is but the inevitable consequence of Protestant error and structural weakness. The old proverb, however, animadvertes unfavorably on the wisdom of those who are pleased to remain dis-

interested spectators when their neighbor's house is on fire. And with the present condition of things in France, we can hardly afford to twit English Protestantism with its inability to hold the masses within its folds. The present volume* is well worth serious study. We may not, perhaps, need to study it for the purpose of finding a cure for an actual evil; nevertheless, it may be valuable as suggesting precautions against future possibilities. It consists of eleven papers, dealing with the extent and intensity of the present religious defection, its causes, and the means that are available for counteracting it. The contributors are men widely differing in social and professional station, as well as in their religious views. But every one of them is thoroughly competent to speak on the subject from his own point of view. Several of them are clergymen of different denominations, who have had long experience in religious and social work; others are prominent members of the Labor Party; and the names of some are already known by works that they have published on topics akin to the one dealt with here.

The most striking feature of the symposium is that almost all agree in affirming that in investigating the problem, as the editor puts it, "the first thing that stands out is the deep distrust of the churches. Christianity is not assailed, but Christians. The teaching is rather upheld, to the detriment of the teachers. Nowhere is a word breathed against Christ." Another writer, Mr. Hocking, a prominent student of social problems, declares: "It appears to be generally assumed that the masses of the people are not only religiously indifferent, but are in a condition of absolute antagonism to Christianity. This assumption I believe to be false. That antagonism exists there can be no doubt—widespread and invincible—but it is not to Christianity, but to the Church. Rightly or wrongly, there is a growing belief among thoughtful workingmen that the Church has ceased to represent Christianity; that the candlestick has been removed; that the cisterns are broken, and will hold no water." What are the reasons that have led the workman to this conviction?

Though there is not the same unanimity here, as in the former case, in the answer to this question there is a general agreement on some points. Extracts from several of the papers

* *Christianity and the Working Classes*. Edited by George Haw. New York: The Macmillan Company.

might be given confirming the views expressed by Mr. Henderson, a Labor Member of Parliament. He repudiates the charge that the workingman is more vicious than his social superiors. Nor will he admit that agnosticism is making much headway in the ranks of labor. But, he says, the workman has been driven to the conclusion that the churches have become subservient to the interests of wealth and class distinctions. And, a still more powerful factor in the workman's mind, the churches have shown no sympathy with the new hopes and aspirations of our democratic age. "The churches have not appreciated the real meaning and true inwardness of many of the movements which the workers themselves have initiated and developed for their social and industrial amelioration. Hence these movements have been treated with critical aloofness or active opposition, till they have become strong and have received the stamp of popular approval. . . . The absence of a true Christian ideal has been a powerful factor in influencing the working-class mind. The masses have looked on and seen the churches make it their business to care for the spiritual and moral wants of the community. They have seen provision made among their members for the cultivation and development of devout feeling and the higher Christian graces"; but, he continues, "the principles of Christ are not applied to all departments of life"; the devout Christian and the representatives of the Church consider it none of their business that the workers live in conditions utterly irreconcilable with the Gospel. Other writers insist upon the support which the churches have given to the barriers of caste, and to the effects of ecclesiasticism in making the ministers of the Gospel, themselves, a class apart from and above the people. Again, Mr. Hocking accuses the Church of having done nothing for the suppression of war. "It defends war to-day with as much passion and zeal as it defended slavery a century ago. To the Church's eternal disgrace, it must be said that the movements in favor of peace and arbitration—like the movements in favor of temperance and the abolition of slavery—have grown up outside the Church. The Church has allied itself with the man of blood in all Christian countries. In fact, war is tacitly regarded as a Christian institution. It has its recognized place in our rota of prayers. We send our chaplains to the battlefield to encourage and console the fighters. We get pious prelates to bless our warships and other implements of destruction.

We offer public thanksgiving to heaven when we have worsted our enemy."

Another theme upon which there is a striking consensus is that the working people are not to be won over to religion by those who assume a lofty, patronizing air as they dole out from their abundance some measure of assistance in the form of charity. Such proceedings only serve to fix more deeply the attention of the toiler on the injustice of the conditions under which he drags out his existence.

An eminent clergyman, the Dean of Durham, speaks of the workingman's case with a sympathy that is almost socialistic. The English toiler, he says, though without the romantic temperament of the devout Breton peasant, and not sufficiently educated, as a rule, to be captured by purely intellectual appeals, has, nevertheless, a deep fund of religious feeling. "Our best chance with him lies in practical appeals to him for moral betterment. His intellectual efforts may be rough, and leading to no vista of diviner knowledge; his thoughts go naturally to the practical problems of his life; he broods over the hardness of his lot, compared with that of others whose equal difficulties he does not see at all; nor can he be enamoured of the three score years and ten of one monotonous form of toil, undertaken not for the joy of work but for bread; it leads to the wealth of others, while he remains within hail of the workhouse. No wonder that he is irritated by the unjust divisions of life; everything is like a fate against him, depressing him, conspiring against him, making very difficult even so simple and rudimentary a matter as the creation of a tidy home for his wife and little ones. So when the preacher preaches to him of the compensations of another life he slips away, because he will have none of this; he wants his state redressed now, he wants help for his manful working for it; and indeed he naturally resents the deferring of betterment to a dim and uncertain future." So Dean Kitchen proposes, as the only way to win back the masses to the blessed spirit of religion, to "preach the frank law of justice; the rule of love; the triumph of equality and democracy." "Every one of us" he concludes, "should stand by tolerant freedom, and control our thoughts and opinions, our prejudices and fancies, by the belief that in the coming regeneration of mankind, our mental and social natures, warmed by the sun of Christ's love and

sacrifice, will rise at last to St. Paul's ideal: 'Unto a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.'"

This book will repay the thoughtful reader with many valuable suggestions. Its general tenor runs in harmony with the views and purpose expressed by Pius X., in the document which he issued in the beginning of his pontificate, when he declared that his whole aim should be, *Instaurare omnia in Christo*. If the gentlemen who give their views in this volume have correctly gauged the situation—and they know what they are talking about—the Gospel message has still good soil to fall upon, which is now bearing only a rank and noxious vegetation of religious indifference.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

By Dr. Sheran.

Father Sheran is professor of literature at St. Paul's seminary, Minn., and is eminently fitted by his long studies at Oxford and

elsewhere, and his wide range of experience in the professor's chair, to give the academic world something new in methods, and valuable in matter in the way of *A Handbook of Literary Criticism*.^{*} These notes of Dr. Sheran prove interesting reading.

The author's presentation is somewhat novel. Instead of making writers of note dominate his book, and lending his pages to a discussion of their works and their style, he takes literary forms as the leading chapters, and under these heads gives his notes of authors and the more valuable published criticisms of their works. This method contributes to conciseness, comprehensiveness, and a more virile grasp of literary criticism. Having discussed literature as a fine art, the author's topics of prose forms are: The Letter, The Essay, Biography, History, The Oration, The Novel. Under each of these heads he classifies in a skillful way, by the aid of general criticism, each writer. Under poetic forms he treats Poetry, The Drama, The Epic, The Lyric. A most minute and comprehensive index is added.

This matter-of-fact statement of Father Sheran's book will readily commend itself to our teaching communities. The work will prove of undoubted value to teachers and scholars in the higher classes.

^{*} *A Handbook of Literary Criticism*. An Analysis of Literary Forms in Prose and Verse for English Students in Advanced Schools and Colleges, and for Libraries and the General Reader. By William Henry Sheran. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

THE NEW FAR EAST.

By Millard.

Unless we are greatly mistaken here is a book* which will cause many Americans, especially among the worshippers of the Japanese, to rub their eyes, and re-examine the reasons which they have for their estimate of the Mikado and his people. A long and intimate acquaintance with Japan and China, an observant mind, and a judicial temperament, qualify Mr. Millard to speak with authority on the subject which he treats here, fully and systematically, in three hundred odd pages, of which not one will be skipped by any intelligent and serious reader. He proposes to examine the new position attained by Japan, and her influence upon the Far Eastern question, with special reference to the interests of America, and the future of the Chinese Empire. It may be said at once that he does not share the common indiscriminating admiration for the Japanese. He considers that they have, to a great extent, with surprising adroitness, hoodwinked the world, especially the American world, into a very false estimate of their national character, aims, and conduct, alike before, during, and since the recent war. And the burden of his book is a warning to America that the Jap, in China and Korea, is, warily, cunningly, and persistently, doing his best to oust America, and all the Western world as well, from the great tracts of the East in which he is unscrupulously pushing his influence by fair means and foul. The author begins by declaring that whoever would attempt to gain a correct knowledge of the Eastern problem, as it stands to-day in its portentous reality, must cast into the rubbish-heap prevailing opinions of Japan—which, he shows, have been largely created through Japan's own skillful manipulation of public opinion, by unscrupulous means, through the Western press. "The average person in America and England now finds himself imbued with an impression that Japan is a miracle among the nations; that her national purposes and ambitions point straight to the path of universal altruism; that she has generously sacrificed the blood and substance of her people in the cause of right and the broad interests of humanity and civilization, in a war unjustly and unexpectedly forced upon her; that the Japanese are the most patriotic, the most agreeable, and the 'cutest' people ever known; that the Japanese soldier and sailor are the bravest—the

* *The New Far East.* By Thomas F. Millard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

world has ever seen, and their standard of excellence unattainable by Westerners." Almost every item of this opinion is traversed in the course of Mr. Millard's lengthy examination. He passes in review the events which led up to the war; the social, economic, and political position of Japan at the outbreak; the seizure of Korea; the gradual suppression, skillfully veiled under diplomatic disguises, of Korean independence; the policy of Japan in Manchuria. He next takes up the whole Chinese question, and the course pursued with regard to it, by England, France, Germany, and America. He contends that, although England acceded to the "open-door" policy when it was firmly insisted on by Secretary Hay, she was then, and is now, quite prepared, for selfish reasons, to support the antagonistic "Spheres of influence" policy which is in favor with Japan and Germany, but which will be, if it prevail, a death-blow to American influences. The recent boycott of American goods that was organized in China was, according to Mr. Millard, promoted, in an underhand fashion, by the Japanese government, which aims at the exclusive appropriation of the Chinese market. Though he fully recognizes the unscrupulous character of Russia's political, administrative, and diplomatic methods, he maintains, and enforces his assertion by ample testimony, that, for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Jap is not an inch behind the Russian. On the other hand, he has a high opinion of the Chinese, for probity, industry, and capacity. Unless China is dismembered in the near future, in the interest of the European nations who ardently seek this consummation, China, Mr. Millard thinks, will awake and exhibit a marvelous, though unaggressive vitality. But this revival is not, as many pretend, likely to be directed by Japan, though Japan will strenuously endeavor to exploit it for her own benefit.

With regard to the "Yellow Peril," Mr. Millard expresses his judgment as follows: "I cannot agree with those who, drawing mistaken conclusions from her recent military successes, profess to see in Japan a serious menace to Western civilization. While I am strongly disposed, basing my opinion upon past and present evidences of her true policy, to believe that Japan has both the desire and the will to bring about such a consummation, I feel confident that she has not in herself the strength to accomplish it. But China has the latent strength,

united to that of Japan and other peoples susceptible of being included in a 'The Orient for the Orientals' policy, to make such a doctrine practically applicable to Asia; and it is this fact that embodies in the future of the Chinese Empire a significance to the West far beyond the possibilities involved in the development of industry and commerce, and admonish it to look to its fences." To look to its fences is, in fact, the message which Mr. Millard addresses to America. Japan and, as the ally of Japan, England are enlisted, with all their resources, against the interests of America in the East. Germany is, with brutal frankness, working for any development that will give her the opportunity of grabbing definitively for herself the rich province of Shantung. Japan's domestic condition is precarious; her hope lies in making the most she can of China and Korea. Under these circumstances America must, whether she will or not, take a hand in the situation, and unless she asserts herself with firmness she will have reason to regret her confidence in her European and Japanese friends. Of the many books and papers that have been published lately on the present topic, none can compete with this one in interest or as a source of intelligent information and temperate opinion upon what is undoubtedly one of the great crises in the history of mankind. If Mr. Millard believes that his experience and observation qualify him to give the public some appreciation of the religious and ethical position of Japan, we should look forward with great interest to a future publication on the subject. The present volume touches only once, and that incidentally, on any topic directly relating to those subjects. But this single instance is so very significant that it deserves to be reproduced: "As to the ethical foundations of Japanese character, about which so much that I consider to be nonsense has been published, I can think of nothing more illustrative than the proposal of Marquis Ito, at the time when Japanese statesmen came to fully realize the necessity of cultivating a sympathy for Japan throughout the West, to adopt Christianity as the national religion. Although this extraordinary suggestion was hailed in some quarters as an indication of Japan's yearning towards better things, it really demonstrated that the people entertain no ethical belief that will not be sacrificed to expediency."

We are happy to note the growing excellence and the onward progress of this newest contemporary,* which comes to us from the Far West.

Begun less than two years ago, in a very modest way, by the zealous pastor of Prescott, whose purpose was to advance Catholic interests, to uphold Catholic education, and to keep the local public informed as to Church happenings, the publication has developed into a bright and interesting magazine. The July number marks a high point of excellence in the profuse and excellent illustrations, in the variety and freshness of its more than seventy pages of matter.

Let us hope that Arizona, already so rich in the wonders, beauties, and treasures of nature, in the romance of adventures, will, by the labors of such zealous Catholics, be no less fruitful in the deeds of Catholic living, in the marvels of spiritual grace—for the two go most fitly together. Our best wishes for success to *The Western Catholic Review*.

NOTE.

The article on "The Value of Non-Catholic Labor in Franciscan Fields of Study," which was to be part of the symposium in the June Franciscan number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, will be published in our September number.

* *The Western Catholic Review*, Prescott, Arizona, July number, 1906.

Current Events.

Russia.

The prospects of peaceful development in Russia look very dark.

Although many observers of the course of events who are on the spot assure us that the days of the autocratic despotism have gone for good, the anarchical state into which the country seems to be falling renders it not improbable that a dictatorship may be thought to be necessary by those who have the power to take that step. There seems to be no truth, no order, no unity, nor any person able to bring to an end the existing chaos. For more than a month the Goremykin ministry has been upon the point of resigning. The question of *personnel* is, indeed, a matter of very little importance in itself. That which agitates the country, the Tsar, and the *Duma* is a question of principle, whether, that is, ministers are to be responsible to the *Duma*, as in England, or to the ruler, as in Germany. The *Duma* is all but unanimous in insisting upon the ministers being responsible to it, and have treated every other question, even the agrarian, as subordinate. The wisdom of this is doubtful, the breach between the old and the new would be too abrupt. Let the *Duma* use wisely the powers which it has, and these powers will grow greater. Rumors have been frequent that the Tsar had yielded to the demands of the *Duma*, but so far those rumors have proved unfounded. The opponents of all change, in Russia as elsewhere, find in the atrocities which accompanied the Revolution in France the warning against any concession. It would be more reasonable to learn from these atrocities that the well-being of the people should be so assiduously sought by those who exist for that purpose that there could be no wish for any revolution with or without atrocities. The *Duma*, however, is determined to show how far from shedding blood are its designs. The first law which it has done all within its power to make is a law which abolishes the death penalty for all political crimes. Strange to say, capital punishment was abolished in Russia two centuries ago; and still remains abolished for all except political crimes. In this way, as in many others, Russia offers a strong contrast to Western civilization. This re-introduction of capital punishment for political offences is, of course, due to the cruel and despotic character of the government, such as has been mani-

fested even within the last few weeks by the execution of children. To all this the *Duma* has sought to apply a remedy; but the law has still to be approved by the Council of the Empire and by the Tsar.

The character of the government is revealed by a method of procedure which, we are thankful to say, has no word in the English language by which to name it—we mean the *pogrom*. The evidence seems clear that when, for some reason, the Jews or any other part of the population become obnoxious to the government officials, systematic steps are taken by them to organize an outbreak, and to have the objects of their hatred murdered, outraged, and robbed—the police and the military being, if not agents, at least connivers at the proceedings of the mob. The evidence that such has frequently been the case seems pretty clear from an impartial analysis of the events which have taken place in Odessa and many other localities, so far as any investigation has been possible, yet it was hard to believe that so-called Christian men, even when in power, would be guilty of such wholesale cruelty and injustice. Prince Urusoff, a member of the *Duma*, formerly Governor of Bessarabia and Tver, and Assistant Minister of the Interior under Count Witte, has removed all doubts by a speech which he made, in which he revealed the inner workings of the secret government which organized these butcheries. The Prince did not allege that the Tsar's ministers openly and avowedly organized massacres as an act of government; but he found indubitable proof that many minor officials were guilty of active furtherance of the *pogroms*, and strong ground for the belief that General Trepoff was cognizant of these methods, and that he connived at them. Incendiary proclamations, for the purpose of exciting the mob against the destined victims, were distributed by high functionaries, and it was presses installed in premises belonging to the Minister of the Interior that supplied many of these proclamations. The resignation by Prince Urusoff of his position as Assistant Minister of the Interior, under Count Witte, was due to the fact that he found himself utterly powerless to correct these abuses. He does not believe that the Count was personally to blame, still less the Tsar. It is the power behind the throne that, in Russia as in many other places, causes mischief.

The spread of discontent and open mutiny in the army seems likely to remove the prop and mainstay of the auto-

cratic power. This discontent has penetrated into the ranks of the choicest troops, and it is estimated that some twenty-five per cent of the soldiers are affected. When armies become so large that they embrace a great proportion of the population, they cannot fail to share in the ideas which have become popular, and so their very size renders them weaker and less reliable in any conflict with the people. The want of money is another thing which contributes to curb the power of the government. Financiers are not always promoters of the well-being of a country; but in this case it is said that they have given the Tsar and his advisers clearly to understand that no more loans can be made except with the approval and consent of the *Duma*. These considerations might render it hopeful that a new era of something like a constitutional government was at hand, were it not that the peasants seem now to be losing control of themselves, and to be wanting in that patient endurance which is necessary to secure well-considered and stable reforms. From all parts of Russia there come reports of destruction of property, and other forms of violence, which indicate lawlessness and unfitness for self-government, and distrust on their part of the ability of the *Duma* to secure reforms. By acting in this way they are playing into the hands of their exploiters, and giving a justification for the taking of strong measures for the defence of the rights of the rest of the nation. And within the last few days there comes the sinister rumor that Austria and Germany have promised to take action in Poland, should the Tsar so wish. So great is the state of unsettlement that the projected visit of the British Fleet to Cronstadt—a visit which was an indication of the long-talked-of *rapprochement* between the two countries—has been abandoned. Altogether the prospect is very dark.

And the prospect has grown still darker, for since the above lines were written the *Duma* has been dissolved by an Imperial Manifesto. The reason for taking this step the Tsar declares to be that, instead of applying themselves to legislation productive of the great reforms for the benefit of the people, to enact which he had summoned them, they had striven to interfere with the fundamental laws which could only be modified by himself, and had also been guilty of illegal acts leading to disturbance. The Tsar declares that, although for those reasons he dissolves the present *Duma*, it is not his intention

to abrogate the institution, but proposes to order the election of a new Parliament by a Ukase addressed to the Senate. M. Goremykin has been relieved of his office of Premier, and M. Stolypin, the Minister of Agriculture, has been appointed in his place. The members of the dissolved *Duma* fled to Finland, and have issued a Manifesto to the nation, calling upon the people not to pay taxes and to refuse to serve as soldiers. The Tsar acted undoubtedly within his legal right, so far as legal right can be said to exist in a country where one man's will is the sole law. Whether he is sincere and firm in the purpose of calling a new *Duma*, no one can tell, at all events as to the firmness. But the questions of supreme importance are, how the people will act, especially the peasants and workmen, and whether the army will side with the people. There is reason to fear that at the back of the Tsar there are two foreign potentates, giving counsel, and perhaps offering support.

Germany.

There is very little to record with reference to Germany. Additions continue to be made to the navy,

a new cruiser having been launched, another of 15,000 tons ordered, as well as a battleship of 18,000 tons. During the present Emperor's reign 24 battleships have been built, and it is the intention to build more and larger ships. Several obsolete vessels have been put out of commission. This indicates the steadfast purpose of Germany to become a sea-power. As the Second Burgomaster of Hamburg assures us, all that is being done is in the interest of the peace of Europe, in order that Germany may possess a navy which can command respect. "God has preserved peace for us, peace with honor, and may he continue to give us this blessing," were the terms of the Emperor's reply.

In promotion of the same object—the preservation of peace—a number of German journalists have been paying a visit to England as guests of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee. They have been warmly welcomed, entertained at banquets, at which members of the Ministry made speeches and gave utterance to the strongest desires for the maintenance of peace. As an illustration of the spirit of the times, it may be mentioned that the party made a pilgrimage, not to the tomb of the Apostle of Germany, but to that of Shakespeare. Here

editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* addressed the company assembled round the grave. He said that they stood on holy ground. Shakespeare was the source of God like thoughts. So great was he, that he stood solitary and alone. It was a matter of astonishment that such a man could ever have existed. All Germans were educated in Shakespeare, from him their classic authors had received inspiration. The visit seems to have convinced the journalists that no desire exists in England for a war with Germany, and some of them have, on their return, taken pains to impress this conviction upon their fellow-countrymen. But the danger of war, if such there be, will have its source in higher quarters.

The colonies of Germany still form a cause of anxiety to the people at home. In Southwest Africa there are natives still in revolt after more than two years of military operations, and in East Africa, where things seemed quiet, fresh disturbances have taken place. Peace, however, has been restored. But it is not to natives alone that the German colonial troubles are due. Grave scandals have arisen from the conduct of the Governor of one of the colonies, and even in the Colonial Department at home there have been serious breaches of trust on the part of officials.

At the age of forty-seven the Kaiser has become a grandfather, the Crown Princess having given birth to a son. The succession of the House of Hohenzollern is thereby assured to the third generation. The words on the lips of every one in Berlin on this auspicious occurrence were "Three Emperors," just as on the birth of the present Crown Prince, during the life-time of the Emperor William I., the picture of the "Four Emperors" was everywhere exhibited. The Prussian capital manifested the liveliest satisfaction at the joyful event.

Austria-Hungary.

The relations between Austria and Hungary seem to be returning to their normal state. After an intermission of two years, the Delegations which arrange the matters that are common to the two countries have held their sessions, have received the reports of the Ministers, and have made satisfactory arrangements. Members of the Hungarian Delegation attacked Count Goluchowski, because they looked upon him as the adviser of the reprimand given last autumn by the Emperor to the Coalition on the occasion of the "five minutes audience."

They even passed a vote equivalent to a censure upon him, and hope to drive him from his office as Foreign Minister. In other respects the Hungarians have been more tractable, the bill for raising the recruits for the Army having passed and the taxes voted. In order to emphasize, however, the distinct and separate nationality of Hungary, the members of the Hungarian Delegation protested against the practice in use hitherto of designating the departments of government common to the two countries as Imperial, a use which seemed to them to imply that there was a government superior to the governments of Austria and Hungary. In this as in other points they gained their end and the word Imperial is no longer to be applied to any institutions common to the two countries.

The feeling of Austrians against Hungary has become very bitter. The demands of the Transleithan kingdom seem to them so unjust, and her success in attaining them so great, that many of the people of Vienna have become exasperated, and have shown their exasperation in a way not likely to facilitate the peaceful settlement of the existing difficulties. After a meeting, in which between 15,000 and 20,000 citizens of Vienna took part, the cry *Los von Ungarn* was raised, and the whole body proceeded to demonstrate their hatred of Hungary in front of the building where the Hungarian Delegation was sitting. Some of the demonstrators carried a placard representing M. Kossuth on the gallows. Apologies were, of course, at once made by the Austrian Premier, the King himself declaring that such a breach of hospitality ought to have been impossible. What progress has been made in the re-arrangement of the relations between the two parts of the Dual-Monarchy has not been made known; but as there has been no change of ministry, there is reason to hope for the best. Both in Austria and in Hungary the reform of the franchise will be the first step to be taken.

The Near East.

For the past three years the impending rebellion of the inhabitants of Macedonia has been averted, whether because the peasants have been exhausted by the events of 1903, or because they have been hoping that real reforms might result from the efforts of the Powers in their behalf. The Mürzteg programme, which imposed upon Turkey foreign commanders of the *gendarmérie*, has been carried into

execution in a modified form, and was supplemented last year by a scheme for the control of the finances. All those efforts, however, have caused, the friends of the Macedonians say, no real change in the situation. The country is the scene of constant bloodshed, nor have the gravest evils been even checked. The reform schemes have proved inadequate to cope with the elemental evils of civil war, outrage, murder, and brigandage. The country is still red with blood. To aggravate the situation a conflict has arisen between the Greeks and certain inhabitants of Macedonia, called Vlacks, allied in blood to the Roumanians. The Vlacks seem, up to a recent period, to have been allied to the Greeks, and to have been supporters of their claims against the Bulgarian and the other nationalities. But quite recently their own national feelings have led them to pursue their own separate interests, and they have seceded from the Greek cause and set up their own. In this they have found support from Roumania. The Greeks disapproved of this conduct, and expressed their disapproval at first by social pressure, boycotting, denunciation, and in some instances refusal of the sacraments. These measures not having proved effectual, more drastic steps were taken. Vlacks who would not support Greece were not fit to live, and Greek bands have been accordingly doing their best to exterminate them. To this Roumania replied at first by remonstrances and then by expelling Greeks from Roumania, and last of all by breaking off all diplomatic relations with Greece. Such are the proceedings of the Christian nations in the face of the common foe. Christians are, as usual, their own worst enemy. Were it not for their culpable selfishness that stronghold of lust and cruelty, the Turkish Empire, would long ago have been destroyed. But, so far from being destroyed, there seems reason to think that its power is growing. Travelers in Africa assert that Mohammedanism is an aggressive power in that continent, that it has made large conquests and is still adding to them. The recent conflict between Turkey and Great Britain is by some considered to be due to the growth of a Pan-Islamic movement, and the ferment in Egypt, which is considered so serious by Sir Edward Grey, is another indication of the same energizing force. The attitude of Europe to the hosts of Mohammed has too often been a pitiful spectacle, and is no less so in our own days than in the past.

France.

One effect of the victory of the government at the recent General Election is to render it independent of the *Bloc*—the union, that is, of Radicals and Socialists which effected the separation of the Church and State. As a consequence, a conflict has arisen between the former allies. The Socialists found their spokesman and representative in M. Jaurès, a man of great eloquence and force of character. The Socialists seem to think that the yoke of the middle classes, who dominate in the world at present, is just as oppressive and as unjust as was that of the nobles whose power has been extinguished, and much more sordid and even squalid—that for the sake of gain the vast majority of the people is systematically oppressed. M. Jaurès advocated the ownership of property by the State, the abolition of individual ownership, whether with or without compensation he would not say, but he promised to formulate within a few months, in a series of Bills, his conception of a new social order. He did not contemplate the use of violent means in order to establish a really democratic state, in which all privileges would be abolished, and an end put to all the existing evils. The scheme of M. Jaurès did not meet with the approval of the Chamber, nor even with that of all the labor representatives. One of the latter seemed to fear that the Socialists, if possessed with power, might be as tyrannical as the capitalists, and the violence of the demonstration of disapproval with which his remarks were met by the Socialists seemed to indicate that he had just reason for his fears. The Labor representative agreed with M. Jaurès in the denunciation of the wage-system as serfdom, but looked for a remedy not in the abolition of private property, but in the acquisition of property by the proletariat, and he too has promised to prepare a series of bills for facilitating this acquisition. It was in this way that the working classes would be made free men. He claimed that as supporters of this plan there were already nearly two millions of electors.

The present system found its defender in M. Clemenceau, the Minister of the Interior, who made a speech which took two days to deliver, and which was so highly appreciated by the Chamber that it ordered that it should be placarded throughout the length and breadth of France. It seems, so far as it dealt with the Socialist ideal, to have been indeed a

very good speech, and to indicate a real appreciation of the many evils of the present organization, and a willingness to adopt any effective remedies. But among the vast number of conceivable social *régimes*, that of the Collectivists was, in the opinion of M. Clemenceau, the most opposed to liberty, and a more complete social justice would be brought about by the programme which the government was striving to carry into effect. This programme includes a measure modifying the mining laws, determining the circumstances in which mining companies' concessions may be rescinded, and introducing a system of profit-sharing in all future concessions. The Cabinet also pledged itself to make every effort to pass through the Senate the Workmen's Pensions Bill. It will also allow the State employees to form unions; but, on the other hand, will expressly refuse to them the right to strike. The Chamber showed itself decidedly and decisively hostile to the Socialist programme, as might be expected of the representatives of so thrifty and individualistic a body as the French peasants.

The preparations for war last year involved very large expenditure, and a consequent deficit. Among the expedients for raising the money which is necessary, an Income Tax is proposed which, of course, will fall in the first instance upon the wealthier classes. A noteworthy feature of the proposed tax is that a difference will be made in the rate of assessment between an income derived from invested capital and one derived from toil, the rate upon the latter being, of course, lower than that on the former.

The interminable Dreyfus case seems to have at last come to an end, the highest court having decided that, not only is he not guilty, but that there never was any case against him. Forgery, perjury, inhuman prejudice—how these and other forms of iniquity could have had such a dominating power, and have been so powerful for so long a time against a man who is now declared to be both morally and legally innocent, is a question which it is easier to ask than to answer. It speaks well for the highest French tribunal that it should have had the courage to confess to the existence of so much past wrong-doing, and to do everything possible in atonement.

The second Peace Conference at the Hague is soon to assemble, and there is reason to hope that, like the first, it will be productive of good. There does not, however, seem to be

The *entente* with Great Britain is declared by observers of political developments in France to have taken a firm hold of the mind of the people as a whole. The visit of representatives of the University of Paris, the College of France, and other French universities to London and Oxford and Cambridge, and the cordial reception they received, as well as the festival at Hastings in honor of the *entente*, in which many Frenchmen from Rouen and other places in Normandy took part, are indications tending to show that the feeling of mutual regard and trust is spreading wide and deep.

differing but little from that of its predecessor. The main preoccupations of Italian politicians are, so far as they are disinterested, the discovery of some way in which to improve the wretched condition of the peasantry in the southern provinces and Sicily, and the workers in the mines in Sardinia, and for a better administration of the railroads. A wonderful improvement has, within the last decade, taken place in the finances of the State, an improvement so great that the government has been able to convert the consolidated debt, and so to reduce the interest that instead of paying 5 per cent gross and 4 per cent net, as at present, after 1912 it will only pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The question of disarmament raised by Sir Edward Grey met with the courteous consideration of the Minister for Foreign Affairs and his profound sympathy. But that was all, for he declared that it would be the height of folly, and a crime against the country, for Italy alone to take the smallest step in the diminution of its forces while the whole of Europe remained one vast army.

The visits which are so much the order of the day have extended from England to Italy. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs

of London, State Coaches and all, went to the Exhibition at Milan. Banquets were tendered and expression was given of the mutual esteem and regard entertained by the two nations for each other.

Spain.

A new ministry has just been formed in Spain. Before the coronation of the King a ministerial crisis was imminent, but was averted by his personal intervention. Efforts were made subsequently to avoid a change, and it was hoped with success. This hope, however, was disappointed. Señor Moret insisted on a dissolution of the Cortes. To this the King would not consent, as neither the Conservative Opposition, nor the Liberals who are opposed to the government, considered the proposal justified. Marshal Lopez Dominguez has formed a new Cabinet, Liberal in its character, and has undertaken to carry on affairs without a dissolution. Although Liberal the government will depend for its existence upon the support of the Conservatives. The dissolution which Señor Moret wished for was, it is said, in order to carry out a very radical programme, to which the King would not give his consent.

General.

The King and Queen of Norway have been crowned at Trondhjem, with every circumstance of pomp and every token of the good will and affection of their people. Representatives from all the States of Europe were present, except Sweden. King Oscar could not bring himself, and no wonder, to manifest such an approval of the placing of the same crown with which he had himself been crowned upon the head of another.—The question of the Congo Free State is likely to become acute. It seems impossible to deny that the gravest atrocities have been practised there; and the reforms which have been made are not at all adequate. But what is more serious, is the denial on the part of the Sovereign of the State of all right of interference on the part of the Powers which, by their action, gave a possibility to its formation. The existence of a State under the uncontrolled personal rule of a single individual, and one which he treats as his own personal property, is a curious experiment in these days of democracy, and it cannot be said that the results have been of such a character as to justify the attempt.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (11 June): High and fitting tribute is paid to the work and worth of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The occasion is the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Mount Pleasant Training College, Liverpool. With what success these Sisters have borne their part in the noble work of educating the young cannot be over-estimated. May these quiet, cheerful, untiring laborers continue still to preserve in their pupils the true Catholic character and to secure for them the incomparable benefit of sound Catholic education.—The Holy Father has suppressed the Catholic Club of University Students in Rome, owing to its dangerous tendencies.

(23 June): Father Tyrrell's new book, *Lex Credendi*, is reviewed in this number. This work comes as a sequel to the author's preceding treatise, *Lex Orandi*. The author, while pursuing much the same scheme as in the earlier volume, has defended himself against misunderstandings, which have arisen in spite of fairly explicit precautions. "Father Tyrrell shows himself no mean interpreter of the sayings and doings of Christ. Whether he takes the standpoint of the Apostles, or whether he interprets according to the ideas of the twentieth century, we feel his one aim is to make us enter of our own accord into the life of Christ, and to learn by our own experience the truth of these interpretations." *Lex Credendi* will be welcomed by many who are already indebted to Father Tyrrell for much help in their spiritual life. It will be greeted by others as explanatory of points that were, doubtlessly necessarily, left obscure in his former work. Those only will be disappointed who are on the lookout for new and strange doctrines. "It is at least within the power of us all to sympathize with and, as far as possible, encourage the attempts of those few Catholic writers who are called upon to give their talents to the work of God in the Church of Christ.—The Roman Correspondent discountenances the report that Cardinal Merry del Val had lost the confidence of the Pope, and that a new Secretary of State was soon to be appointed.

The National Review (July): Episodes of the Month contains an emphatic protest against British disarmament. On the relations between England and the United States it says: "It is particularly dangerous to blink the fact, although Americans resent any reference to it, that there has been a great revival of Germanism in the United States, as in every other part of the world, of late years."—"British Imperial Defence from a Foreign Standpoint," by Camille Favre, is a plea for a larger army.—Susan Townley gives a history of attempts to build a Panama Canal, and something of the present conditions there.—"Liberals or Jacobins," by Dr. Barry, is a plea for individual liberty against government paternalism.—A. P. Sinnett writes on the "The Progress of Occult Research."—A. J. Dunn gives a timely paper on the Arabian Empire.—The Rev. James Hannay defends the Gaelic League against a recent article by "Vigil" in this magazine.—"A Member of Winchester College" describes "The Labor Problem in South Africa," and Arthur C. Benson makes a plea for "undenominational" Christian teaching in the public schools.

Le Correspondant (10 June): Edouard Rod writes on the "Death of Ibsen," in which he relates the principal events of that great writer's life, and also reviews some of the most notable of his works. He declares that, with the exception of Tolstoi, no other man has exercised so great an influence on the world, on the fundamental ideas held by the masses, on prose, and poetry as Ibsen.—Marcel Dieulafoy writes on the oriental origin of the Spanish drama.—The statues erected lately in the Luxemburg garden to the memory of "Frédéric Le Play causes Henry Joly to write quite a lengthy criticism and review of the life and doctrine of that famous social economist.

(25 June): A short review of Thureau Dangin's latest work entitled *Newman and Manning* is given. The reviewer is high in his praises of the book, and amongst other things says that although the English possess many histories of the Oxford movement and of that period, yet they have no book to equal M. Dangin's.

In a sociological essay Paul Dubois describes the conditions existing in the western part of Ireland.

Études (5 June): *Il Santo* and its author are under discussion again. This time the critic is Joseph Ferchat. It was Fogazzaro's intention merely to elevate souls, to make them more Christian, and for this purpose to reconcile modern thought with Catholic doctrine. The intention was good, but Ferchat thinks the method was not so good. He criticises especially the thesis of theological evolution set forth in *Il Santo*, and condemns it as being too radical.—A plea is made for Church government in France similar to that in Germany and in the United States.

(20 June): Jules Doize describes the manner of election of French bishops previous to the Concordats.—Joseph Ferchat concludes his criticism of *Il Santo*. While he does not wish to insinuate that Fogazzaro is a weak Catholic, he begs to be allowed to draw a comparison between the ideas found in *Il Santo* and those of Auguste Sabatier. While there is a great distance between the intentions of the French freethinker and those of the Italian novelist, the distance between their doctrines is not so striking.—Alfred Durand contributes a study on the attitude of the Evangelists towards Christ's parables. From the four gospels we can learn, he says, that Christ used parables in order to satisfy the demands of justice, as the most prudent method and most in accord with his sense of mercy.—Frédéric Le Play, his life as a sociologist, his services to mankind and to faith and religion, form the subject of an article by H. Prélôt.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 June): P. Caulle, Vicar-General of Rouen, writes on the imperative need of preaching as an aid to faith, and takes occasion of the new epoch in France to say that though vocations may be momentarily lessened in number, the gain in freedom and in courage will more than compensate.—P. Lecigne gives a sketch of the military career of Captain Wyart, who later became Superior-General of the Trappists, and who died very recently.—P. Pradel describes an episcopal election in the sixth century; and shows how in the

course of time, the share of the Holy See in episcopal appointments has steadily increased; and the future will not be unlike the past.—P. Turmel answers a questioner who asks if all the documents contained in Denzinger's *Enchiridion* are recognized as infallible. Before deciding this question, he says, we must decide the conditions necessary for an infallible pontifical pronouncement, and as to these conditions theologians hold two theories, some demanding that the pontiff express his intention of proclaiming a certain doctrine to be an integral part of revealed truth, and others not demanding this condition. In the former theory, the nineteenth century would offer but one instance of such a definition; and the eighteenth century scarcely two instances. With regard to the older documents, it is the theologians most devoted to the Holy See who are most anxious to minimize the number of infallible pontifical pronouncements. The Letter of Pope Nicholas to the Bulgarians, and the Decree of Eugenius IV. to the Armenians, are documents much discussed, and it is not altogether easy to reconcile the first with the present doctrine on Baptism, or the second with what history tells us concerning the Sacrament of Order.

La Civiltà Cattolica (16 June): In an article entitled "L'Obbedienza al Papa e alla Chiesa nella dottrina di S. Tommaso" the author takes exception to the interpretations of St. Thomas on Obedience by one who writes in the *Cultura Sociale* under the title "Concetto dell' Obbedienza in San Tommaso d'Aquino."—Another writer is alarmed at the amazing extent to which foreign words are creeping into the Italian language.—H. Grisar, S.J., in the study of an ancient cross, which served as a reliquary, denies the authenticity of the so-called relics of the circumcision. He remarks that his argument will not please some, but that we should remember that our only norm in regard to past errors is to speak the clear and open truth.

La Rassegna Nazionale (June): Pietro Stoppani recounts an excursion to Vesuvius during the late eruption.—Guisepe Morando answers critics of his work on Rosmini, maintaining, in the course of his article, that there

is a true historical sense to the forty condemned propositions, and another sense in which they were condemned by the Church.—The editor reproduces an article entitled “Un Atto di Libertà,” by Edouard Rod, which expresses an admiration for those heroes of liberty who have opposed oppression, whether it be that of Calvin or of Rome. The editor remarks that he must not be looked upon as countenancing the censures passed upon the Church. Whenever the *Rassegna Nazionale* publishes such an article it does so from a serene principle of objectivity, which looks to the valuable ideas that are present. The article is mainly concerned with a eulogy of Senator Fogazzaro for his submission to the condemnation, by the Congregation of the Index, of his book *Il Santo*.

La Quinzaine (16 June): Lucie F. F. Goyau sketches the Life of St. Catherine of Sienna, dwelling especially on its joyful aspect.—With the purpose of giving us a history of *L'Avenir*, Charles Boutard describes the events that resulted in the foundation of that paper. The present condition of affairs affords us an opportunity to appreciate the political programme and the labors of *L'Avenir's* founder, Lamennais. Perhaps if he had acted more calmly, and with more moderation, his views would have received general acceptance in his own lifetime, and his paper would have started under more favorable circumstances. Moreover, he himself failed to avoid the dangers of which he warned others, and his too wide proclamation of his predilection for the Republic was a sad welcome for “liberal Catholicism.”—Discouraged by the ill success of his literary efforts, disappointed in life, a misanthropist, a pessimist, proud and dignified, A. de Vigny was nevertheless a strong man and a soldier of honor. The breadth and strength of his intellect enabled him to love the men whom by profession he detested, and to embrace all men with a universal and tender affection. Such is the picture offered us by Henry Gaillard de Champris of the writer of *Stello*, *The Garden of Olives*, and *The Wrath of Samson*.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

READING CIRCLE DAY, August 24, at Cliff Haven, N. Y., will be memorable for the patrons of the Champlain Summer-School on account of the special programme to honor the memory of the late Warren E. Mosher, A.M. His work as Secretary of the Summer-School, since the year 1892, had for its chief motive the advancement of Reading Circles. It was to provide an opportunity to bring together the representatives of these circles scattered far and wide that the Summer-School was first proposed, with the late Brother Azarias in charge of the Committee on Studies and Speakers. It is hoped that, in addition to the spoken tributes regarding Mr. Mosher's life and work, there will be personal reminiscences sent in writing, especially by those who have information of this kind, and may be unable to attend the exercises at the Summer-School on the day appointed. Letters relating to the Mosher Memorial should be sent to the Administration Office, Cliff Haven, N. Y., not later than August 15.

The Catholic Northwest, ably edited and published monthly by M. Johnston, at Seattle, Wash., lately contained an account of the Columbian Reading Union, and the following appreciative notice :

The death of Warren E. Mosher, at New Rochelle, N. Y., removes from the activities of educational religious journalism one of its most zealous and active spirits. There are few names that have placed to their credit so long a record of faithful and unselfish effort in a great cause. He was the champion of the Catholic Reading Circle movement almost twenty years ago, that has done so much to stimulate an interest in good literature and higher education among Catholics. This movement has had its development in the Champlain Summer-School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., now a permanent and prosperous institution, the Columbian Summer-School in the West, which is temporarily suspended since the death of Rev. Father Danehy, of Minneapolis, its President, the Maryland Summer-School, and the New Orleans Winter-School. The uplifting influences that have gone forth from these several centres of Christian Catholic culture, and have been diffused abroad over the land, can scarcely be overestimated. He established and ably edited the *Reading Circle Review* in connection with the reading circle work, and this, after his removal from his Ohio home to New York City, was changed to the *Champlain Educator*, the organ of the Summer-School. He held the office of Secretary of the Summer-School since its organization, and performed its onerous duties without compensation. He was known as the "Father of the Summer-School," and to promote its interests was to him a labor of love. His self-sacrificing labors brought him little pecuniary reward, for, like Agassiz, "he had no time to make money." His aims were loftier and purer and they had no alloy of sordidness. He has been called away in the prime of his manhood and usefulness, but his work survives, and the impetus he gave to Catholic thought and study will continue to grow in ever-widening circles as time goes on. May the turf lie gently on his brave and loyal heart and his soul enjoy eternal rest.

The record of the Reading Circle Movement would be enriched if more people would commit to writing their early impressions. Under the title of "An Ideal Realized," Katharine A. Grady has contributed to the *Pilot* a most interesting sketch which is here given :

One of the dearest and most cherished desires of my life, springing into being when I was yet a schoolgirl, and waxing in strength as I grew to womanhood, was an ambition to join the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle. There was a halo of glory attached to it, which surrounded no other organization of which I had either read or heard, and I had secretly resolved, when I arrived at the years of discretion I would enroll myself among the elect. To me it was a sort of literary "Parnassus," the heights of which once attained, I might look with kindly contempt on my less fortunate sisters.

The knowledge of its existence had come to me through the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. This magazine used to lie on the table in our convent school-room, together with other magazines and books. One day, glancing through it, I read an account of the sessions and lecture courses held at the Catholic Summer-School at Cliff Haven, in New York. Here the various Circles from the different States met with one interest, one bond of sympathy.

Naturally, I was attracted to the John Boyle O'Reilly Circle, coming from Boston, my native city, and because of that early admiration in which I had held it. It was an attraction as unexplainable as that of the sunflower for the sun. With every succeeding number of the Magazine, I watched the progress and advancement of the Circle, until it grew to be a part of my life, a thing of my affections.

I feel that here I ought to place a long dash, for about this time there had come into my life those absorbing interests and distractions which, to a school-girl, seem to be the most important events that life could ever hope to offer.

My graduation from school now claimed all my attention, and those subsequent gaieties which follow such an auspicious event. To a convent girl there is no sense of freedom equal to that of graduation, no matter how halloved the associations, how strong the friendships that bind us to our school-days. I was truly of the world, worldly. O what a dear, lovely world it was! How I loved its light, its color, its enchantments! Life seemed to hold out so many allurements that I was dazzled by their glitter. I felt as a released butterfly must at the first glimpse of summer.

But gradually the flush faded away, and I realized that I was only an ordinary human being after all, with my place to make in this world.

The studies of which I had been fondest during my student days again besought me to return; the aspiration which I had cherished in those golden days shone forth as radiant as ever.

There are sometimes emotions and affections, which we think time has allowed to pass entirely from our minds, when lo, a word, a memory, show us they are still a part of our life, dormant yet vital.

It was thus with me. Whether it was the irrepressible yearnings for higher knowledge, or the early passions of youth asserting themselves, I know not, all I do know is that join the Reading Circle I must. It was one of those psychological moments which occur quite frequently in our lives.

I wrote to the Secretary of the Circle, in regard to the requirements for admission, and in a short time received an answer explaining the same, and inviting me to attend the meeting the following week. Needless to say, I was delighted and counted the nights until the eventful one should arrive.

Upon the evening assigned I hastily journeyed to my destination. As I

ascended the steps, before entering the building, I paused a moment, as one would before entering the portals of a renowned cathedral. Though the middle of winter, the mildness and softness of the night reminded one of spring. The sky was bright with stars, and as I gazed upon their shining brilliancy, I almost fancied they beamed encouragingly on me, and their twinkle seemed to say: "Good Luck."

The Secretary to whom I was to introduce myself, I soon found, and in her gracious manner she welcomed me, and introduced me to the President of the Circle. This gifted woman, who has presided over the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle since its early inception, is a person of wonderful intellect and fascinating personality. She is the inspiration and idol of the members, and though the discussion of books, and authors, and the opportunity for social intercourse is a strong attraction, yet I doubt not that strongest of all is the magnetism of Miss Katherine E. Conway, who draws to her shrine so many devoted worshippers, there to gather renewed courage, for the battle of life, from her hopeful philosophy.

While the meeting progressed, and during the discussion of one of the "latest books," I had time to regain my composure, which I fear had rather deserted me during my "debut" into the Circle.

It was with a feeling of inward enjoyment and satisfaction, that I gazed around on the faces of those whom I hoped would soon be my friends. I breathed an atmosphere of culture, I had realized my ideal!

And across the low murmur of voices, the words of an old poem came to my mind:

"At last the dream of youth,
Stands fair and bright before me;
The sunshine of the home of truth,
Falls tremulously o'er me!"

• • •

A bill for the erection in Washington, D. C., of a statue in memory of Commodore John Barry, the father and founder of the American Navy, has been passed by both houses of Congress and has been signed by President Roosevelt. No other patriot of the Revolutionary period deserves this high honor more than Barry. His devotion to the cause of the colonies, and his signal services in war and in peace, make him conspicuous even among the band of heroes who achieved the independence of this country. To the Emmet Club, the National Barry Statue Association, the Hibernians, and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick belongs the credit for the enactment of the law for the erection of this monument.

Representatives of the National Commodore John Barry Statue Association waited on the Site Commission at the War Department to suggest the location for a site for the Barry Statue.

The Commission is composed of Secretary Taft, Secretary Bonaparte, Senator Wetmore, and Representative McCleary. The sites suggested were the southwest corner of Franklin Square, or the junction of Massachusetts and New Jersey Avenues. The Commission agreed to keep these sites open till a further meeting, to be held in the fall.

The Committee consisted of Michael E. Driscoll, M.C., William F. Downey, Nicholas H. Shea, Clarence Mangan, Frank P. Burke, Terence V.

Powderly, D. F. Finucane, John D. Gallagher, P. J. Walshe, and M. F. O'Donoghue, representing the Barry Association, and P. T. Moran, P. J. Haltigan, and William Frizell, representing the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

M. T. O'Donoghue suggested four sculptors: St. Gaudens, Daniel French, John Boyle, and James Kelly. Mr. Haltigan presented the name of Mr. Murray, of Philadelphia.

The editor of the *Irish American* has discovered one justly happy man in this land to-day, and he is Martin I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia. When he showed the nonsense the late A. C. Buell was writing about Paul Jones, and calling it "history," he could not get press or public to listen to him, but he went on telling the truth just the same. Now Mrs. de Koven has made the whole country pay attention while she proves that Buell's book "is studded with historical forgeries and inaccuracies." Our old friend is splendidly vindicated. He says himself of the episode:

I honor Jones' name and know something of his merits which the fathers of the country did not recognize. But I know his name has been dishonored by his chief biographers. Jones is honored for deeds he never did, and others are robbed of the honors justly belonging to them, notably Captain John Barry, of our own city. Time brings justice. It is showing the truth about Jones and manifesting the worth of John Barry. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Coniston. By Winston Churchill. Illustrated. Pp. xii.-543. Price \$1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Divine Authority. By Scholfield. Price 90 cents net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

Balzac: A Critical Study. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Pp. 240. Price \$1. *The United States in the Twentieth Century.* By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. Pp. xxvi.-396. Price \$2 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Portraits: Stories for Old and Young. By David Pearne, S. J. Pp. 108. Price 50 cents net. *Gospel of St. Luke.* By Madame Cecilia. Price \$1.25 net. *Beatitudes.* By Abbé Bolo. Price \$1 25 net.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Short Instructions for the Sundays of the Year. By Rev. P. Baker. Enlarged and Edited by Rev. William T. Conklin. Pp. 375. Price \$1. Postage 10 cents extra. *Salvation and Sanctification. Will Protestants Be Saved?* By Rev. B. C. Thibault. Pp. 232. Price 33 cents net. Postpaid. *Questions of the Day.* Vol. II. By the Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G. Pp. 223.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

The City That Was: A Requiem of Old San Francisco. By Will Irwin. Pp. 47. Price 50 cents net. Postage 4 cents.

A. G. SPALDING & BROTHERS, New York:

Catalogue of Outdoor Gymnastic Apparatus. Illustrated. Pp. 48.

J. FISCHER & BROTHERS, New York:

Manual of Plain Chant. A Text-Book for the Singer and Organist. By the Rev. Sisebert Burkard, Ph D. Pp. 55. Paper.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston, Mass.:

The Economy of Happiness. By James Mackaye. Pp. xv.-533. Price \$2.50 net.

MAYHEW PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:

Bridget; or, What's in a Name. By Will W. Whalen. Pp. 135. Price \$1.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Me.:

Poems in Prose. By Oscar Wilde. Pp. xvi.-54. Price 50 cents net. Japan Vellum Edition, \$1 net. *Hand and Soul.* By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Pp. viii.-53. Price 50 cents net. Japan Vellum Edition, \$1 net. *The Sweet Miracle.* By Ecade Queiroz. Done into English by Edgar Prestage. Pp. viii.-33. Price 50 cents net. Japan Vellum Edition, \$1 net.

HENRY PHIPPS INSTITUTE, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Second Annual Report of the Henry Phipps Institute for the Study, Treatment, and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Pp. 452.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:

The Confessor at Court; or, the Martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene. Adapted from the German of Rev. L. A. Reudter. Pp. 208. Price, postpaid, 50 cents. *In Hard Days: Ardent Natures.* Translated from the German of Rev. L. A. Reudter. Pp. 184. Price, postpaid, 40 cents.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England:

The Affections in Mental Prayer. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan. Pp. 36. Price 2 cents. *Credo.* By Mother Mary Loyola. Pp. 63. Price 2 cents. *Catholic Answers to Protestant Charges.* By G. E. Anstruther. Pp. 38. Price 2 cents. *The Scarlet Woman; or, the Methods of a Protestant Novelist.* By James Britten, K.S.G. Pp. 32. Price 2 cents. *The Death-Beds of "Bloody Mary," and "Good Queen Bess."* By Robert Hugh Benson, M.A. Pp. 16. Price 2 cents. *Indulgences.* By the Rev. John Procter, O.P. Pp. 16. Price 2 cents. *The Decline of Darwinism.* By Walter Sweetman. Pp. 16. Price 2 cents. *The Christian Revolution.* By William Samuel Lilly. Pp. 32. Price 2 cents. *Church History and Church Government.* By the Rev. Harold Castle, C.S.S.R. Pp. 32. Price 2 cents. *The Rupture of Church and State in France.* By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Pp. 24. Price 2 cents. *Catholic Education and the Duties of Parents.* By the Bishop of Clifton. Pp. 12. Price 2 cents. *The Truth Shall Make You Free.* By E. D. Boothman, M.A. Pp. 31. Price 2 cents. *In the Net; or, Advertisement by Libel.* By Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B. Pp. 24. Price 2 cents. *The Problem of Evil.* By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. Pp. 96. Price 6 cents. *The Crisis in the Church in France.* Pp. 23. Price 12 cents. *The Education Question.* Pp. 16. Price 12 cents.

THOMAS BAKER, London, England:

The Ascent of Mt. Carmel. By St. John of the Cross. Edited by V. R. Prior Zimmerman. Pp. 388.

P. LETHILLIEUX, Paris, France:

Demain: d'Après les Concordances Frappantes de 120 Prophéties Anciennes et Modernes. Par Baron de Novaye. Pp. xii.-452. Price 3 fr. 50.

HACHETTE ET CIE, Paris, France:

L'Empire du Soleil Levant. Par Baron Suyematzu. Traduit par la Princesse Ferdinand de Fancigny-Lucinge. Pp. 420.

CH. POUSSELGUE, Paris, France:

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BLOUD ET CIE, Paris, France:

Science and Religion. Etudes pour le temps Présent. Nos. 384-396. *La Divinité de Jésus-Christ. L'Enseignement de Saint Paul.* Par Henri Couget. Pp. 63. Price 0 fr. 60. *La Divinité de Jésus-Christ. La Catéchèse Apostolique.* Par Henri Couget. Pp. 59. Price 0 fr. 60. *Le Clergé Rural sous l'Ancien Régime.* Par Joseph Ageorges. Pp. 61. Price 0 fr. 60. *Boniface VIII.* Par Paul Graziani. Pp. 63. Price 0 fr. 60. *Les Saint Barthélemy Calvinistes.* Par J. Rouquette. Pp. 63. Price 0 fr. 60. *Les Victimes de Calvin.* Par J. Rouquette. Pp. 64. Price 0 fr. 60. *Pensées Chrétiennes et Morales.* Par Bossuet. Pp. 72. Price 0 fr. 60. *Épicure et l'Épicurisme.* Par Henri Lengrand. Pp. 71. Price 0 fr. 60. *Comment Renover L'Art Chrétien.* Par Alphonse Germain. Pp. 64. Price 0 fr. 60. *Le Concile de Trente et la Réforme du Clergé Catholique au XVIIe. Siècle.* Par Paul Desl'andres. Pp. 61. Price 0 fr. 60. *Organization Religieuse de la Hongrie.* Par Paul Emile Horn. Pp. 61. Price 0 fr. 60. *Le Christianisme en Hongrie.* Par Emile Horn. Pp. 74. Price 0 fr. 60. *Ce que fut la "Cabale des Dévots."* 1630-1660. Par Yves de la Briere. Pp. 62. Price 0 fr. 60. *Saint Jerome.* Par J. Turmel. Pp. 276. Price 3 fr. *Essai D'un Système de Philosophie Catholique (1830-1831).* Par F. de La Mennais. Avec une introduction par C. Marechal. Pp. xxxviii.-432. Price 3 fr. 30.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris, France:

La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre. Au Dix-Neuvième Siècle. Par Paul Thureau-Dangin. Price 7 fr. 50. *Une Page d'Histoire Religieuse Pendant la Revolution.* Par Rene de Chauvigny. Pp. xx.-298. Price 3 fr. 50.

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No. 498.

NON-CATHOLIC WORK IN FRANCISCAN STUDIES.

BY R. E.

O more interesting subject could well be found—at least from a Franciscan point of view—to write upon than the above, which has been allotted to the present writer, for non-Catholic interest as regards Catholic matters, especially Franciscan, has of late years become so vivid, so all-pervading, that it is impossible, even if one wished to do so, to ignore it or to avoid coming into almost daily, personal contact with it.

If ever there was a fresh use to which the old well-worn name of "Renaissance" might be applied—in all its significations—it is surely to this extraordinary, sudden, almost fanatical enthusiasm, which has taken possession of a certain class of non-Catholics regarding all things Franciscan—this fever which, seizing hold of men and women, constrains them all, canons of St. Paul, country clergymen, ladies of literary instincts, all alike, to leave their homes and rush to the nearest friendly Cook's office, there to invest in tickets for Assisi.

This impulse—the widespreading desire which sends hundreds annually to visit the shrine of St. Francis, which gives birth to so much Protestant literature concerning both it and him—is not, cannot be, treated lightly by Catholics, or in any

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VOL. LXXXIII.—46

way passed over by them; rather should it be an object of careful study on their part, whether it is, or may not be rendered, productive of lasting good, material and spiritual, to those who are affected by it.

That non-Catholic views of any Catholic saint must necessarily be limited goes without saying. Only what the varying degrees of power of their individual, mental eyesight permit them to behold, can be visible to them—they cannot call in to the aid of their hagiographical studies, either the microscope or the magnifying lens of the Church.

Much as we take for granted that the intelligent non-expert would find less to see than the trained expert in some wonderful, complicated piece of machinery, so, also, would we take these non-Catholic limitations for granted. But as it is true that the expert will see and know more of the piece of machinery before him, so is it possibly true that the intelligent non-expert observer may, by his very freshness of sight brought to bear on it, discover or be struck by what has been, *not overlooked*, but disregarded by the expert, who from long, intimate, daily study has grown over-familiar with his subject. So with the non-Catholic limitations to which we have referred. They may occasionally be productive of a strong focussing power—of an attention to one or two rather passed-over details—and a consequent aid to the bringing forth of these details into stronger relief, to the advantage of both expert and non-expert, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Without going into the more abstruse, metaphysical aspects of the question, it is reasonable to suppose that what occurs in the material world is borne out every now and then in the spiritual. A Catholic will, for instance, have been brought up from infancy with a knowledge of the lives of and the principal acts of the Church's greatest saints; he may have had a life-long "devotion" for some particular one of them; they may become, insensibly, absolutely necessary factors in his existence; and with daily wear and use, so to speak, he has come to regard them much as one does the material things in use in daily life. *They are there*, and he almost unconsciously relies upon and enjoys the use of them. With a non-Catholic all is different. His Protestant training has necessarily kept from him the knowledge even of the existence of many (to Catholics) accepted facts. He sees with his own eyes for the first time—and late in life, perhaps—much which

must appear startlingly new and wonderful to him, and his suddenly attracted gaze focusses itself quickly on some detail which holds him spellbound by its power; which his surprised senses magnify perhaps out of all due proportion, but which induces him irresistibly to proclaim its "discovery" to his friends and brother-students.

So with regard to the literature of a Protestant character which, of late, has seemed to be pouring forth in "rivers of print." Though sometimes undue importance is attached to details, and what are, and have been for years past, well known facts to Catholics are magnified into "important discoveries" by this or that Protestant writer, freshly introduced to them—much still is to be said in its praise. Deducting from it that occasional element of lofty Protestant superiority to the inferior subject in hand, an enormous amount of scholarly work has been turned out by Protestants within the last twenty years, which has earned for them the admiration and even gratitude of Catholic Franciscan students. Though partiality to privately preconceived notions will sometimes intrude itself—as, indeed, where will it not?—yet it cannot be said to predominate, and the general tone of Protestant writers on that most Catholic of subjects, St. Francis of Assisi, is one of warm admiration, attaining in many cases even to a personal love of his marvelous personality. Throughout the pages of many a Protestant writer may be discerned a veritable craving to make St. Francis his own—to join hands, as it were, with him across the centuries—to claim him as co-religionist even! And this real, genuine feeling for the saint, which pervades their writings, explains the *raison-d'être* of so many otherwise inexplicable and unsuccessful Protestant literary attempts to prove St. Francis Protestant.

In these same unsuccessful attempts, however—in these failures of literary Protestants—lies what is the most valuable non-Catholic contribution to the work of the Church; for in them is to be found that germ of Catholic thought which is later on to bring forth fruit, to be productive of many a blossom which will be culled by the loving hands of the Church. Among a certain class of non-Catholic readers—to employ a paradoxical means of expression—*only by Protestants may Catholic truths be enunciated and obtain a hearing!* The non-Catholic world is, alas! as large if not larger than the Catholic—and Catholic

writers may write and write and spend their lives in demonstrating the truth of certain religious facts, and the non-Catholic world will either never even hear of their efforts, or hearing heed them not. But let a Protestant take up his pen, and let him incidentally announce to his brethren the most obvious of Catholic truths, and he will be listened to at once, if not with the acquiescence of his audience, at least with the aroused interest of their opposition. In other words, St. Thomas of Celano and St. Bonaventure, as the original authorities on the life of St. Francis, may be—and by many *are*—ignored, even unheard of; but Paul Sabatier, Canon Rawnsley, and Stephen Adderly will be read and re-read, and believed in, when they state positively that once upon a time there lived a man, who was a saint, and whose name was Francis.

This is a great advantage gained, from the Catholic standpoint. The mere fact that the non-Catholic spiritual outlook should be enlarged—that its world should be brought into contact with spiritual facts hitherto outside its own existence, though it be through the medium only of Protestant writers on Catholic matters—is surely a leading up to a better, a clearer interchange of religious sentiments, the symptoms of “a second spring.” Set a stone in motion rolling down a steep mountain-side, and one cannot divine what in the end it may carry along and away with it. So, once unlock the sluices of Franciscan thought with that master key, that name to conjure with—Francis of Assisi—and God alone knows how many parched and thirsty souls may eventually find themselves assuaged by its refreshing streams, by its reviving waters. The Protestant reader of a Protestant work on St. Francis must be struck—and one knows from practical experience that this is so—by the plain facts dealing with the life of the saint, as existing quite apart from any possible biased view taken of them on the writer’s part—a bias which, after all, but resembles ivy which clings to and partially disguises the shape and form of the tree, but which cannot hide from sight the obvious fact that *the tree round which it clings is there*, and that but a few strokes from a skillful woodman’s axe are necessary to remove the disfiguring overgrowth.

A great danger does, however, exist in some of the modern non-Catholic Franciscan literature—but it is no longer a lurking, hidden danger. It has been so often aired and dwelt upon

and pointed out, that the veriest novice in Franciscan studies should now be completely on his guard against it. Moreover, it is a danger created rather by the reader himself than the writer. This is the fatal tendency of so many non-Catholics, superficially informed on Franciscan subjects, to accept as authentic and verified statements much which—to refer to a very great non-Catholic writer, M. Paul Sabatier, in his Introduction to his own *Life of St. Francis*—is, after all, only *Transformed History*. If, to take one instance, the thousands and thousands of readers of M. Sabatier's *Vie de St. François* would but bear in mind, whilst reading it, M. Sabatier's own introductory remarks, they would probably arrive at a much juster and calmer appreciation of him as a writer. "Pour écrire l'histoire, il faut la penser, et la penser c'est la transformer," are his own words. And there is no reason why M. Paul Sabatier should not transform the history of the saint's life if he chooses to do so. The mistake lies with his non-Catholic readers who, hearing him constantly spoken of as "a great authority on Franciscan literature," and justly supposing him to be a very fine writer, jump to the hasty and unfounded conclusion that all that he says must be absolutely correct and authentic, because *he* has said it. Whereas, M. Sabatier would probably be the first to acknowledge to them—what, indeed, cannot be denied—that in the writing of his *Vie de St. François* he made several very important errors: one of which he has had corrected, and one which the student world, interesting itself in such matters, still hopes he may correct in later editions of his work.

Yet who would deny that M. Sabatier and many other Protestant writers have greatly helped on, or rather have started, by their *Histoire Transformée*, that general impetus for Franciscan studies now in vogue; or that their books have not, at least, half-opened a door to untold treasure to many a non-Catholic who never before had so much as heard of Assisi and her saint?

Although, as we have said, the danger above referred to does exist, of superficial readers accepting too readily as a truth what is rather an individual view of the authors, set before them with force and skill, yet it is possible that to Catholic Franciscan Experts—to coin a title—that danger presents itself as a greater one than in reality it is. It should be re-

membered, that most of the non-Catholics who form the bulk of the reading public, as far as the Protestant output of Franciscan literature goes, are neither profound scholars nor well versed in Franciscan matters. How could they be? Assisi is not within a stone's throw of either London or New York; nor are the valuable codexes and MSS., scattered about mainly in Italy in the libraries and monasteries, easily accessible except by a few with leisure and means at their disposal. The ordinary reader of a life of St. Francis, therefore, is not likely, in the first place, to dwell much upon the scholastic padding with which that life is encased. It will be the main facts of that life itself which will arrest his attention and start him forth on fresh paths of thought. He will not reflect much, even should he recognize their existence, upon the scholastic errors which often exist in such works. Nor, in the second place, would he be capable of, or much interested in, making profound and erroneous deductions from wrong data given—on assertions made regarding, let us say, the author or authors of the *Speculum Perfecti*!

With experts in Franciscan lore, as with experts in every other branch of learning, the very slightest error in the working is of vast importance. And it is, of course, of very great importance that exaggerations of facts, or unproved assertions, should be shown up publicly as such; and Catholic expert scholars can and do render very great public service by their prompt dealing with literary Protestant offenders; but they may remember, and also perhaps take some comfort from the thought, that for any one reader who will derive harm from Protestant prefaces to English editions of, for example, the *Sacrum commercium*, hundreds will more likely derive benefit of a lasting character from the good translation of the work itself.

In so far, then, as they bring before an otherwise unheeding, even ignorant, reading public good translations—not only good, but very scholarly ones—of original Franciscan works, the non-Catholic interest so widely displayed in the Franciscan cause must tend to the ultimate benefit and advantage of the Church. "He that is not against us is for us," may be said of the many non-Catholic writers who, all unconsciously, are giving a push to, and setting in motion, the dormant Catholic tendencies of many and many a one among their readers.

From the first perusal of the life of a saint to the study of the incentive and motive power thereof, is but a short step: take but another step, and close by stands the Church, and her doors are flung wide and invitingly open! Be sure St. Francis will claim his dues, will take his toll of human souls now as in those far-off days when he walked this earth, winning them back by thousands to the love of God, persuading, exhorting, entreating them, always *per l'amore di Dio*.

Indeed it is a striking fact that almost in proportion to the output of Protestant books on St. Francis, the number of his followers and admirers increases. A wider-spread knowledge of him and his faith, whether unfavorably or favorably written and spoken of, appears to create an increasing desire to know still more, and every fresh work on the old subject finds ready publishers and still more ready purchasers. Catholics and non-Catholics cannot apparently exhaust the topic, nor yet their readers. It is as though the Protestant citadel, originally started for the purpose of reaching to the heavens and overlooking from its superior height the fortress of the Catholic Church, had indeed been converted into a new tower of Babel.

Of the various degrees of potentiality for good, or the lasting worth and merit of such non-Catholic works as we have been referring to, it is most difficult—almost impossible—to judge as yet. The future, as with all literary work, will reveal to our successors which among the many religious publications has produced the greatest, the most lasting, spiritual effects on minds ripe to receive such impressions.

The mere act of putting into print one's thoughts for others to share brings with it, nowadays, such a tremendous responsibility—opens up so many chance fields for the direction to good or evil of so many minds—that no one would lightly undertake to bear the burden of it. One cannot but hope that the treatment by non-Catholic writers of Catholic subjects, and the non-Catholic interest displayed, however faintly and faultily, in Catholic affairs, are the outcome of an earnest desire to do good and not harm; acted on with a full sense of how great his responsibility is who voluntarily takes upon himself the task of directing or bending the spiritual life of his fellows; and that it is not from any but good motives that non-Catholics expend so much time and thought, now in the year 1906,

upon the publishing of every possible detail concerning the life of a Catholic saint of the Middle Ages.

That non-Catholics should not be overcome at once, by the incongruity of their own position as self-appointed searchers out, and almost, one may say, Advertisers of Catholic Truth, in connection with these Franciscan researches which they so eagerly pursue, is to Catholics only one more proof of the hundred times proved miraculous powers bestowed by God on his much-loved servant. That English-speaking Protestant divines should be the instruments chosen for the purpose of revealing to many the secret motive power of the Catholic Church—her everlasting force existing in the perpetual efficacy of her saints—forming that “Holy Temple in the Lord” described by St. Paul so long, long ago; that Protestant writings should be transformed into well-nigh Catholic manuals; that well-directed attacks against the Church, purporting to be made under the Franciscan banner, should be converted into the defeat and retirement of the attackers; all this is one miracle the more worked by God through St. Francis, and but a divine “Confounding of the wise.”

No honest non-Catholic reader can accept as facts the many insinuations which certain Protestant authors have continuously made against the Catholicism of St. Francis. He has but to ask himself a simple question: If St. Francis (he will say) was, as some modern writers assert, *not* a Catholic at heart, why did he not say so, and leave the Catholic Church? St. Francis was certainly not renowned for any undue reticence in the matter of expressing his views on any subject! And the simple answer to the simple question is quickly given. St. Francis did *not* wish to leave the Church; he did not *say* that he wished to leave the Church, and he therefore remained in it; and of it, and of it alone, can he ever be counted a member.

This is the question-and-answer test which one might apply nowadays, if desirous of ascertaining the religious views of any one; and presumably no Wesleyan, or Methodist, or Presbyterian would resent being taken logically for such by his friends and neighbors, if, with every possible opportunity at his command for changing the tenets of his faith, he continued to practise externally the customary acts which are regarded as the usual accompaniments of the faith to which he was accredited.

That there should be any lasting credence given to the theory concerning St. Francis and his supposed "heretical" tendencies, seems almost astounding, when ordinary common sense and judgment are applied by way of test; and in the amount of Catholic scholarly knowledge brought to bear against this non-Catholic capacity for erroneous beliefs, lies our best means of resistance to the harm scholarly non-Catholic writings may produce. Expert knowledge we *must* have at our command—experts, ready armed at every point, to combat at any moment when called upon the skillfully advanced erroneous theories which are perpetually being printed on all Franciscan subjects by Protestants, who also in their way are regarded as experts, and whose names consequently carry great weight with those not well-grounded in Franciscan literature. For this reason, at the risk of repeating statements already known to a portion of their readers, some of our best Franciscan professors, as we may well call them, cease not to pen article after article concerning the life and acts of their patron, reiterating facts drawn and substantiated from the oldest and truest sources, verifying dates, correcting doubtful non-Catholic statements, bringing careless writers to book, always, in fact, doing "sentry-go" on behalf of the Catholic world. The admirable articles published so recently in the June number of this very magazine are instances of this alertness—this "standing to attention" on the part of the soldiers of St. Francis. We are most fortunate in having so great an army of Catholic scholars of all nationalities, French, English, American, Italian, German, always on the watch. Nothing appears to escape their vigilance—nothing too small to be passed over. Witness even now in a very leading English paper, the *Saturday Review*,* how a certain author, Dr. Rosedale, a clergyman of the Church of England, is being put through his paces as regards a recent publication of his, to which a preface—if we remember rightly—has been written by M. Paul Sabatier. So far the challenge so vigorously thrown down by the Catholic champions has not been responded to, but it will be difficult if not impossible for the author to decline much longer to break through the inexplicable silence, which up till now he has maintained. Flight—with ignominy—or honest battle, are his only alternatives in the eyes of all students of Franciscan

* *Saturday Review*, May 12, 1906, seq.

literature, and those of the *Saturday Review* readers who have been interested in, and followed up, the subject under discussion.

As in every other branch of the Church's work, we find in the literary department a great stimulus given by the interest of non-Catholics, displayed as it is either in the form of opposition to the Church's teachings, or in partial approval thereof. The mere presence of the enemy, sometimes felt rather than seen, quickens the soldierly instincts, and there is no doubt that the remarkable energy displayed on the Catholic side, in the way of recent Franciscan publications, is the result of similar non-Catholic activity in that line. Indeed, in view of the fact that every year new searchers—not always after truth, but certainly after M. Sabatier—travel to Assisi, filling the little town with a babel of tongues, thronging its streets, and taking its few hotels by storm, it would be positive neglect on the part of Catholics not to give heed to the edicts which that newly enthroned monarch of Assisi gives forth to his devoted subjects; and to allow all his statements always to pass unchallenged would be to call down upon us the wrath of St. Francis himself. To be in readiness to meet the enemy is to be half way on the road to beating him, and many a struggle may yet have to be fought out on the old battlefield of Assisi. Catholics, we think, should not neglect to study, if only in a slight degree, the literature which Franciscan history offers them—much less need they indulge, as sometimes they do, in half-deprecatory allusions to the "Franciscan mania" of such-and-such a writer, Catholic or non-Catholic, as the case may be. The man with "a mania," the man who is enthusiastic on the subject in question, is more likely to become an expert than the Catholic who practises the art of being enthusiastic about nothing—and it is of experts we stand in need; the Church cannot have too many of them on her side.

This paper has been written in vain if it has not managed to show that much real expert power is being employed, though sometimes unintentionally perhaps, in establishing as facts what really are additions of a modern character concerning the true life of St. Francis—his life as we have it from the pen of Thomas of Celano. And to this expert power on the enemy's side, expert power must be opposed. We should like to hear of

the establishment of a permanent "Franciscan Council of War," consisting of expert scholars whose sole duty and work would be to be always on the watch and in readiness to take up literary cudgels on behalf of St. Francis. Of the two kinds of non-Catholic interest generally displayed in Catholic Franciscan work, it is not always easy to distinguish at first sight between that which is genuine, simple-minded, brotherly sympathy, and that which is at bottom hostile but veiled under the outward appearances of the above qualities. Here again the expert's watchfulness is necessary, both to ascertain clearly when the latter is in the ascendant, and at work against Catholics, and also to warn at once and put on their guard those Catholics who might otherwise be deceived by the disguised enemy.

Many a Protestant writer, happily, belongs to the first class of non-Catholics, and is as genuinely in sympathy with Catholics as a Protestant can be. Unhappily, some of the best non-Catholic Franciscan scholars may be assigned to the second category, and to the real Franciscan expert reveal themselves as dangerous in the extreme, precisely because of this capacity of being able skillfully to disguise what are really attacks on the Church, under the appearance of being desirous only that "the real truth" about St. Francis should be known.

One small piece of advice we venture to offer to non-Catholic readers of this article. Let them, before pinning their Franciscan faith on only one or even two writers, consult the valuable list of works of reference given at the end of a book just published—*The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi*, by F. P. Robinson*—and *read* more for themselves the pros and cons of the Protestant theories now being advanced, and *see* more for themselves and less through the spectacles of non-Catholic divines, or ex-divines, than hitherto they have done. And in the meantime every Catholic may individually work to bring nearer to the non-Catholic mind the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning St. Francis of Assisi, in the firm belief that a nearer acquaintance with that truth may bring with it a greater clearness and steadiness of vision, and

* *The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi*. Newly translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes. By Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

that a sounder knowledge of his life and works may lead their hitherto wandering gaze to fix itself more constantly upon that "Mirror of Perfection," that "Virtutis Speculum," who will reflect back to them—only God.

The tendency of this paper has been perhaps to lay before readers the different aspects of non-Catholic work in the regions of Franciscan thought, rather than the definite results of that work—which, indeed, it is as yet impossible finally to judge of.

Generally speaking, non-Catholic interest therein tends probably to good rather than evil. The enterprise of non-Catholics awakens that of Catholics; their researches incite Catholics to similar feats, and to a careful verification of their opponent's statements; and finally, although so far they have only succeeded, unfortunately, in doing so *wrong side out*, they have endeavored to hoist the banner of St. Francis, thereby directing a hitherto indifferent world's attention to it—a fact which must, eventually, conduce to victory for the Church and the conversion of her enemies into friends.

NARCISSUS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

"Author of *In Old St. Stephen's*, *The Metropolitans*, etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.



LITTLE rest and quiet, said the doctor, was all that Marjorie needed. So she reclined on her lounge for a day or two, and was assiduously waited upon by Will and Jack. Then she commenced to go about as usual, and take long rambles here, there, and everywhere. Perhaps Mrs. Fleming had a little more of her company than before, as she sat quietly sewing or reading, but the girl's book seemed scarcely ever to interest her, as she rarely turned a leaf; and Jack complained more than once that she was not half as "jolly" as she used to be. If the natural beauty around could have given her joy, she would have been gladdened by the sight of Martres and its environs now; for June had come, and the flowers bloomed in gayer colors, the air seemed clearer, the breezes softer, the river more sparkling, and the far-off mountains and valleys nearer and more distinct. But a glamor had departed for her from sky and earth and water, their tints had faded, everything was dull and colorless—and everything was a weariness. How she would have done without Will now it is impossible to say, for she thought in after days with profound wonder and gratitude of all that he was to her at this time. Never visible when she wished to be alone, he was always on hand if needed to amuse, to interest, to read, or talk, or to be silent; and not the most sensitive could have guessed from his manner that he thought there was any special need for his tenderness; but only that, the restraint of a visitor's presence being removed, he could fall back more freely into his lifelong habit of coaxing and petting. And she was apt to abuse this kindness, too; for, whereas formerly she had been teas-

ing yet always gentle, now, in variable mood, she would sometimes say hard and reckless things, almost as though she meant to hurt, being hurt herself.

It was the afternoon of a particularly heavy day, for she had been to 'Colette's cottage, where the bride and Etienne had thanked her for various small kindnesses until it oppressed her, and then she had stopped at Mère Véronique's in returning, and had been closely catechized about Philip Carhart, and been compelled to answer loudly all manner of inquiries about him. "Was he an American? How old was he? How did he chance to be in Martres? He had been about a great deal with Mademoiselle—was it not so? And he had gone away, had he? That was a good thing; for she had feared that he was there to marry Mademoiselle, who was much too good and kind and amiable for him." And there followed many expressions of affection, rare and unwonted, from the crabbed old woman. Now in the twilight Mrs. Fleming opened a sort of cracked spinet, old enough apparently to have been played by Dame Jacqueline herself. They had all laughed often enough at its wheezy sound, and Jack had solemnly told his mother that its "tones were sufficient to madden the cohorts of hell," and almost convinced her thereby that he was losing his mind. If one sounded only a few notes, however, and those very gently, it was not so frightful. Mrs. Fleming touched it very softly.

"Marjorie," she said to the girl, sitting silently near, "I have not heard you sing lately."

"I am getting lazy, Auntie. It is that."

"Surely not. Well, my dear, it shows advancing years, no doubt, to say so, but I do not appreciate any of your modern ballads as much as the songs 'they used to sing when I was a girl.'" She indicated just a chord or two, and hummed a little of "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me." "Now I always liked that," she said. "And this, too, was a great favorite of mine, though it is sad; and she began to sing low:

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn—'"

when she heard the rustling of a skirt, and, looking, found that Marjorie had gone.

"Well, Will," she asked in mild surprise, "what has come to our Marjorie? She never used to be so—so fitful and capricious. Is it only my fancy, or is she looking a little thin lately?"

"I think, mother," said Will gently, "that she needs a change, perhaps; and we have been long enough in Martres. Suppose we go back to Paris now."

So it was settled; and within a week every arrangement was complete, to the regret of those in Martres to whom they had endeared themselves. And one bright June morning the diligence carried them down the road towards Cahors, waving adieux to the curé, who had given them his blessing, and to Etienne and his parents, and to Maître Sébastien, and to Nicolette, whose eyes were so red for days after that Etienne felt it to be a little hard on *him*. As for poor old Jeanneton, she sobbed loudly, and recovered only after they had disappeared in the dust of the highway, to seize by the ear Pierre, who was likewise blubbering, and lead him homeward.

"Farewell, St. Vidian and Martres!" cried Jack. "I declare I am sorry to leave. I had quite made up my mind to live in Martres always, and to be a potter and marry the black-eyed girl I danced with at the wedding. Vain, vain dream!" and he sighed portentously; but cheered up presently, and asked his mother if she did not want a bit of broken crockery off the road as a souvenir.

Their way lay at first, by coach, through most beautiful and varied mountain scenery; then they came to a more level and thickly settled region; and then they reached Cahors and were on the train and whirling rapidly towards Paris. On their arrival, they drove to the quarter where they had formerly lodged, near the principal theatres and the shops, and were soon settled and very much at home.

Of course it was impossible that at her age Marjorie should not take a certain interest in the freshness and novelty and gayety of the most delightful of cities. When they were not out shopping or driving in the Bois or at the Exposition, she seemed to find amusement, even, in watching from her window the brilliant street below, with its throngs of Parisians and other world citizens.

But Will, who studied her every mood, knew the difference between this time and the last. Her interest in everything now was fitful and apt to be succeeded by an interval of silence and depression. Her round, soft cheek looked paler than he had ever seen it, and there was at times a quick, pained look in her brown eyes. Often when Jack would have dragged her with his mother to some new amusement he had discovered, she would make her escape, to be found by Will in a picture gallery, perhaps, apparently absorbed before some painting; or, oftener, sitting quietly in some dark corner of the Cathedral. And when he would remonstrate about her going anywhere alone in a European city, she would tell him, with just a touch of her former sauciness, that it was sometimes a joy and a comfort to get rid of everybody.

One evening they were all coming out of a theatre, and they met in one of the ante-rooms a party of acquaintances, New Yorkers. Gay greetings and polite conventionalities were exchanged, and future visits arranged, and they fell to talking of common friends over here.

"By the way," said one of the men to Will, "you know Philip Carhart, of Baltimore?"

"Quite well," said Will. "He spent last month with us in the Pyrenees."

"Then you know, or do not know, that he has been appointed to a vacant judgeship since his return home, and is about to marry Hugh Deloraine's daughter. They have been engaged for a very long time, and a good thing it is for Carhart. She has a fortune in her own right, and then her father's influence means rapid advancement for his son-in-law." A little desultory chat of other matters, and the party separated.

All the way home Marjorie spoke not one word, and her face, to Will, looked quite white when the light from the street flashed for a moment at a time through the carriage window. Next morning, however, he was equally surprised and delighted to note some subtle change which had come over her. She seemed to have made a call on her own spirit and mettle—a fixed resolve to please and interest herself entirely in outside matters, and within even a few days' time he fancied a slight color had returned to her cheek and added light to her eyes. About two weeks after this he received a letter from Philip Carhart, which he mentioned casually at the table. When later

the *réverbères* were being lighted in the street, and he and Marjorie leaned together from a window looking down at the crowd, he reverted to it, saying carelessly:

"Carhart sends his regards to mother and yourself."

"Yes?" said Marjorie, still gazing down into the street; and then, after a pause, she asked indifferently: "Does he give you news? Does he speak of his wedding?"

"On the contrary," said Will, "he is in trouble; or"—with irony—"some men would be in trouble in his place. His fiancée is dead; died a few days before the date fixed for the wedding."

"Oh!" said Marjorie in a whisper. "Oh, poor thing! How dreadful! Was it not very sudden?"

"Yes"; he replied, "she has always been very delicate, he writes; but her death was terribly sudden—from heart disease. Let me see, I have the letter somewhere"—feeling in his pockets. "But it does not matter—I remember what he says. Her poor father, who is quite distracted with grief, desired to carry out her expressed intention, and give Philip half her fortune; but he would not accept it in that way. He writes calmly enough, saying that he admired and respected her, and that her death was a shock; but that I knew his views in regard to matters of love and marriage—alluding to a conversation we held on the subject in Martres—and that, therefore, in writing to me, he made no pretence of inconsolable grief. At present he is busily occupied with work and study, and is to take his seat as judge very shortly."

"And what *are* his views?" Marjorie asked slowly. "That a man should be glad when his fiancée is dead?"

"Not exactly," said Will hesitating, for he was naturally chivalrous; and then he did what nine men out of ten would have done. "The fact is, Marjorie, Philip Carhart, with a good deal of brain, has very little heart. He is absolutely devoted to—Philip Carhart. His own career is his end, aim, and object in life; and no minor distractions, such as feeling and sentiment, are permitted to interfere with it. Our fellow-students at Heidelberg named him 'The Iceberg'; yet they admired him for his brilliant successes, and liked him for his courteous manners. You may wonder at our intimacy, perhaps, when I think him so cold and selfish; but he showed a marked and flattering preference for me at college; and I

was with him continually, finding him interesting, in spite of all. As these people here would say in similar case: '*quand même*.' "

No comment on all this from Marjorie, who was staring down again at the thousand twinkling lights and the surging crowds, and had begun to listen apparently to the hum that comes up from the street, and to the cathedral bell tolling the hour, and to a distant sound of a band playing somewhere.

But Will was conscious all the evening afterwards that he was being regarded by her continually and wistfully, yet abstractedly; and when bed-time came, and Jack was performing a war dance around his mother with a lighted candle, filling her with deep alarm for her gown, the girl went up to Will and, laying a hand on his arm, said earnestly: "Will, I do not think I have been quite well for a long time, and I am sure I have been very cross. But you may be certain I have seen how thoughtful and considerate and kind *you* have been. You *have* thought me perfectly hateful, have you not?"

And he would have liked to say to her: "I have always thought you, and I think you now, the sweetest woman in the world"; but he dared not, for he felt it was still too soon—too soon.

More Exposition and theatre-going and driving and meeting of friends, and then Mrs. Fleming represented to Jack that his college was about to open and that to amuse oneself was not the only object of life.

"If you will just leave me over here, Mammy, I will try to make it so," that youth declared with the utmost hardihood. But Will, who had seen Marjorie's face lighten, came to his mother's assistance and averred that he for one was tired of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the South Seas, and longed to see his own, his native land once more.

"I think I am tired, too," said Marjorie, "of foreign parts and ways."

And it was settled, in spite of Master Jack's protests.

"They say the New Year begins in January," said Marjorie to Will, where he stood beside her on the deck of the vessel, looking at the receding land. "For my part, the end of every summer seems to me the end of the year. It is always an idle, dreamy, joyous, pleasant time, and then it dies and autumn comes in its place."

"Are you seeing its ghost now, Marjorie?" he asked.

"Indeed, no"; she said, straightening her slender form proudly and looking, with the breeze blowing her hair about and freshening her cheek, quite like the Marjorie of old. I am seeing something young and fair and new. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" And she went on, unconscious that he had always read "between the lines": "See how the old world glides away from us. Let us sail back into our own 'new world which is the old'; and who knows—who knows what we may find there?"

"Who knows, my dear?" repeated he.

PART II.

"Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said;
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more,
Till the sea gives up her dead!"

"But that time is gone and past—
Can the summer always last?"

"Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss."

CHAPTER I.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" called Marjorie, stopping to bang at his door as she ran down the stairs, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you drone! You sluggard! Half-past nine on a nice, frosty morning, and you in bed! Get up! 'The lark is trilling high his matin lay.'"

"Let him trill," responded a drowsy voice from within.

"If you don't get up this moment I shall come to you."

"Come on," still more drowsily.

This threat having failed in effect, she stooped to take off one small slipper, and opening the door a little bit threw it in with force, calling: "Well, I'll send a messenger, anyhow."

A sudden crash and smothered ejaculation following this made her fly swiftly down the staircase.

"Why, Marjorie, where is your other slipper? You will take cold," was her aunt's morning greeting.

"Jack!" explained Will succinctly. "Whenever Marjorie displays eccentricities a little more pronounced than usual, you may feel sure that Jack is concerned in it somehow."

"He has the other," she admitted carelessly, taking her seat. "James," to the attendant, "go up to Mr. Jack's room and say I send him my tender regards, and would he be kind enough to return me my slipper."

Who departed thereupon, and came back presently "with Mr. Jack's devoted love to Miss Marjorie, mum, and as the slipper had fallen into the water pitcher, mum, he had dried it, and was now on his knees before it and would rather part with his life, mum."

"Now, Will," said Marjorie, when he stood in great-coat and hat ready for departure, "you don't mean to say you are not at our service this morning, and we going to look at Mrs. Partington's bric-a-brac!"

"I don't think I care much about china dragons and hideous vases myself; and I must certainly keep my appointment at the Archæological," said he; "but, of course, little cousin, I am always at your service, and can, perhaps, find time somewhere in the day."

"Oh, no, thank you"—indifferently—"it does not matter in the least."

"Do you know, auntie"—musingly, after he had been gone a while—"I have been very much disappointed in Will."

"How, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fleming, in quick surprise.

"Oh, agreeably disappointed, I mean, of course. I always expected him to be an idler."

"Well, Marjorie"—a little offended—"I never did."

"Why, auntie, it would have been only natural that with his—his looks and his manner—gay, you know, and debonair, as they used to say in Martres—and being musical and all that, that he should have become simply a man of leisure, a society man, as one sees so many young men now, with only half as much income as he has, perhaps. Instead of which, see how constantly he has been occupied this winter, and how much he has done for learned societies and for charity. It is quite a compliment that the 'Archæological' has asked him to deliver that lecture before them on the twenty-fifth."

"Yes"; agreed Mrs. Fleming, with motherly pride, "I hope both my boys will turn out good and wise men."

And when her aunt left her, Marjorie fell to thinking, as she gazed into the fire, how little she had seen of Will that winter. Was it her fault or his? With her it had been the

usual society winter in New York—one round of balls, receptions, and musicales—a whirl of pleasure; and her few evenings at home found her surrounded. When she had had a moment to miss him, he had seemed to be quite absorbed in his books or societies, or in writing those scientific papers for which the savants praised him so much. True, he was always ready for escort duty when needed; but that was seldom, for there were always others on hand, and she remembered, with a touch of pique, how willing he appeared to leave that part to the others.

Jack entered now with the missing slipper in his hand, quite dry and innocent of the smallest stain of water.

"Oh, Jack, what a story; it never fell into the water pitcher at all!"

"No"; with extreme sternness, "I wish it had. It did worse. It knocked the water pitcher over on my best rug; and a pretty mess it has made. I have a great mind"—approaching the grate—"to put it in the fire."

"No, don't"; stretching out a stockinged foot, "put it on my foot, instead."

"Well, I will this once. But, mark me, if this thing continues, and I am not allowed my morning slumber in peace and quietness, I will emigrate. I will go to Africa to fight the Zulus or to cultivate the coffee berry on the banks of the Nile."

"In the meantime, hadn't you better see to your breakfast? It must be dead cold," with evident malicious enjoyment of the fact.

"If that is so"—peering under the dish covers—"I will—" "Here, James! Jupiter Tonans! Why is my breakfast left on the table to cool?"

"Didn't know, sor, what moment you'd be down, sor."

"Is that a reason? Bring me something hot like lightning!" And James vanished, not at all discomposed, for, as he blandly explained in the kitchen, "he was used to Mr. Jack's little ways."

"They will expel you some fine day, Jack," Marjorie told him as he sauntered off to his college after a while, like a gentleman of infinite leisure.

Twelve o'clock as usual saw a dark coupé and pair drawn up before the door; and Marjorie and her aunt went for their

drive in the park, to bow to some acquaintances and chat with others, and to be escorted for a few minutes at a time by various cavaliers. Then to take up two friends at their houses to go with them to the china sale. As they passed swiftly down Broadway, Marjorie caught a fleeting glimpse of a head and shoulders which seemed familiar.

"If Judge Carhart were here," she told her aunt, "I should say I had just seen him on the street."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Fleming, and speedily forgot the matter in an animated discussion over big china monsters and vases of Sèvres and Cloisonné, and every other known ware in the very ugliest forms that ever delighted ladies' souls. This important business and luncheon happily over, their friends were set down at their doors; and then they drove home again for afternoon callers, a little rest, and a few invited guests for dinner.

When Marjorie descended later she found Will dressed and waiting in the drawing room. "Whom do you think I met to-day, Marjorie," he asked, coming to meet her, "on Broadway, 'promiscuous-like,' as Jack would say?"

"Philip Carhart, by chance?"

"Why, how did you know?"

"I, too, saw him on the street."

"Well, he is here for a while with his younger sister, staying at the Waldorf. I asked them to dine; but she was going to a concert, and he had a business engagement, but would call later in the evening. He's looking a little pale and worn, I think. Working too hard, possibly. Then, also, he gives one the impression that his fruit will always be apples of Sodom, useless as soon as plucked, and making him eager for something else."

Here their guests began to arrive and interrupted them. Philip's call was sufficiently early, for they were just leaving the table from dinner as he was ushered in; and he saw the ladies, a group of softly-tinted coloring, pass first under the portière at the end of the brilliantly-lighted rooms. They came up across the polished floors towards him, and then one figure detached itself and advanced holding out a warm white hand. It was Marjorie, her creamy silk waving far behind her, and purple pansies in her hair and bosom. It was herself and not herself; for when had the little maiden at Martres been used

to look at him with that clear, full gaze; and where had she acquired that repose of manner and little touch of gracious queenliness? A few low-toned conventionalities, an introduction or two to those nearest, and he found himself seated beside Mrs. Fleming and answering that kind lady's inquiries.

"My mother," he told her, "remained this winter in England with my elder sister, who married, you know, a young English clergyman whom she met at Bigorre. Molly returned with me, and has been staying since with our aunt in Baltimore. I have not been quite up to the mark lately myself—found I needed rest; so I got some one to take my place for the remainder of this term, and brought her over for a little trip. Unluckily, however"—with a somewhat annoyed smile—"‘The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a'glee,’ I have had a telegram this afternoon which compels my return for a week or two; and, as of course I cannot leave her here in the meanwhile, I am afraid she will lose her visit—for this time."

"Of course you can't leave her at the hotel!" said Mrs. Fleming, all her natural hospitality rampant at once. "But why should you not leave her with us? We should be delighted. It would be such a pleasure for Marjorie; and the boys would try and insure her a nice time. It would be a shame to whisk her back that way before she can see anything of New York."

"My dear Mrs. Fleming, I am already heavily in your debt for kindness received, and could not impose on you again that way. But I thank you very earnestly."

"Oh, but I will take no refusal. It is the simplest thing in the world. Will, come here"; and Will, whatever his secret objections to a plan which would involve Philip's frequent presence in their home on his return, was forced to add his entreaties to his mother's; and the matter ended by Mrs. Fleming's asking when he would leave in the morning. "Half-past ten? Then the carriage will be sent for her at nine," and various messages followed to the young lady.

Here they were startled by a meek-looking gentleman sitting down at the piano and roaring out suddenly that he was somebody "ragged and tanned," which moved one to examine the irreproachable evening costume which he was pleased to designate as "rags." Then a lady executed a marvelous Hun-

garian polonaise, all brilliancy, and musical pyrotechnics enough to make the hearers giddy. Under cover of the subdued applause following this, Philip drew nearer Marjorie, and said, with a slightly injured air: "You are so much surrounded, Miss Fleming, that it is almost impossible to approach you."

"Yes; I am hostess, you know"—in a matter-of-fact way. "That is, I am the one who does most of what Lady Cork used to call the 'circulating'; for my aunt is fond of keeping still. Not," with a frank friendliness that somehow displeased him, "that I should not enjoy very much a chat about our pleasant summer days, but I shall hope for a better opportunity. Excuse me, now"—moving away again; and a few moments afterwards she was seated at the piano, and after preliminary chords began to sing.

It was "Oh, that we two were maying"; and he disliked this song, calling it, indeed, "trite and vapid sentimentality." Also, a rapid glance at the owner of the male voice, whose tones blended with hers, convinced him that the tenor was a "vacuous dude." But there was something about the girl's voice—he had never heard her sing before—something odd and touching, something peculiar which thrilled. "Yet, I have heard much finer voices," he thought, almost resentfully. This voice, he decided, held a rare and sympathetic tone, which undoubtedly thrilled the hearer.

"I am doing something very foolish," he said, finding himself again, coffee cup in hand, beside her.

"I did not think you ever did anything foolish."

"I do not often"—coolly—"yet I am drinking strong coffee now, though it may keep me awake all night. It is to drown remorse. Did they tell you you were to have a guest to-morrow? I seem to be always inflicting myself, or one of the family, on all of you."

"Auntie told me she hoped to keep your sister with us for some time. It is far from an infliction, I assure you"—politely—"but a great pleasure."

A young man, with a single eye-glass screwed in, came and interrupted them, and Philip was inclined to classify him as a puppy. Then others surrounded her, and after a while he went away. He returned to the hotel and sat up late to finish some writing; during which he found himself wondering once

or twice if Marjorie Fleming had always looked and spoken and acted as she did now; to decide which fully, he overruled his sister's faint objections to her impromptu visit at the Flemings', and arranged matters to suit himself, as was his custom.

"I am sorry, Marjorie," Will was telling her at the same time, "that you will be bored with Miss Carhart; but I had to second mother's invitation."

"I shall like to have her," declared she. "I imagine that she is a very pleasant girl."

"Why, Marjorie, you said in *Martres* that she looked snappish, and—and—and a lot of other things!"


"I thought her snappish in *Martres*"—with an air of being extremely logical—"because I had a black patch on my nose, and was vexed with Jack and you and myself. Just now I am in good health and spirits, and am delighted with all the world; and I have no doubt I shall find her very charming."

Which was all very well, but a trifle unsatisfactory to Will, who felt that he had failed in his object of finding out whether she was pleased or not with the prospect of again seeing Philip Carhart frequently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'LIZA OF THE ALLEY.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

HE was a rope-walk girl—a wild creature and impulsive, as quick with her tongue as she was sure with her fist. Instinctively people made way as she passed along; for they deemed it wise to propitiate 'Liza Twigg.

As a child she had attended a neighboring poor-school. Yet by some art, known only to herself, she had somehow managed to evade success both in learning and industry. The result was that she could neither read nor write, nor cook nor sew. But why continue? 'Liza Twigg could do nothing save make rope and scrub floors. As a matter of fact, she prided herself on scrubbing floors, though she seldom indulged in it.

In matters religious her limitations still held. She knew nothing of doctrine, and rarely did she set her foot inside a house of prayer. Yet, withal, she had a vague sense of a Supreme Being, and a great reverence for what she considered sacred.

At the time I speak of she was eighteen years of age, and just then under instruction for her First Communion. And as she was my friend, it was arranged that I should undertake the preliminary preparation.

To me these instructions were usually discouraging. But if there was one person who was even more discouraged than I, it was 'Liza of the Alley. For no sooner did I open a catechism, than the catechumen sat bolt upright and assumed an attitude of strict impartiality. Never did anything out of a book affect her heart or her judgment. But the reason of this lay in the fact that never did anything out of a book ever reach the cells of her understanding. So I used to lay the book down in despair.

"Let's talk," I'd suggest.

"Yuss, that's it"; was the invariable reply, and the girl from the rope-walk would hitch up her shawl with a sense of

relief; and forthwith she would tell me of the loves and the hates of the Alley. A considerable element of the mundane used thus to enter into our spiritual relations. But, irregular as the method was, it tended to cement our friendship.

One day, in a burst of confidence, she told me what the Alley thought about me. At least she was going to, when she decided not. Her reason for suppressing the local verdict was in view of human frailty in general, and mine in particular. For, as she remarked with much earnestness, "ev yer was ter know wot the Alley sez abaht yer, yer'd fair go orf yer 'ead." Under these circumstances, I could not but be grateful for her restraint.

Meanwhile, our theology proceeded but slowly. Then one day I gave her a crucifix. She could understand that, and her eyes brightened. Never in her life had she been given anything for her very own; and this was a sacred treasure. She received it in her open palm and, her eyes having rested on it a moment, she raised it to her lips.

In ancient times, when the Jewish scribe came to the name of Jehovah he covered up his face, for he realized the might of the Holy One. But the girl from the Alley knew nothing of his Majesty. She only knew that the Master had died for her. Therefore she kissed the feet of the Christ in love, and when she turned towards me her eyes were full of tears.

"I'll be good, straight"; she whispered. And having pulled the old brown shawl over her head she went out into the darkness, with the crucifix in her hand.

She was to have returned in a day or two, but the next week came and went without her. So I made my way down the Alley and knocked at the door of the hovel.

"You didn't come"; I ventured.

"No"; said she. Then followed a pause. "There was a fight," she said abruptly, "an'—an' I were in it. An' I promised yer I'd keep aht of it. An' I guv away the crucifix," she added.

"Why?" I asked.

For answer the girl hung down her head and bit the corner of her apron, while in the length of the squalid court there was silence. Then presently she spoke: "Seemed like as if I weren't good enuff fur to 'ave thet theer crucifix. So—so I guv it ter Moggie."

The rope-walk girl leaned her head wearily against the door of the hovel and choked down a sob. "It's mighty 'ard ter be good in the Alley," she said.

Thus 'Liza and I became friends. And when I left the quarter she used to write to me—the letters being, of course, by proxy.

It was about two years later when I received, one morning, a remarkable communication from the Alley. It was to the effect that they did not forget me; and when was I coming back? She had had no further instructions, she stated, and, "God help her for saying it," she hadn't been to Church.

So far the epistle was negative and indirect. Then there would seem to have been a pause, wherein 'Liza and the scribe had stopped to discuss matters, after which the pen of the scribe became distinctly positive. "If," the letter went on, "if I were to ask her to stay with me, she'd come."

That was all. She made no request. She merely postulated a theory and diagnosed the result. So, of course, I asked her. "Come next Tuesday," I suggested, "and stay for a week."

But 'Liza Twigg gave no sign of life. Thus a week passed, and at length I wrote again. Still no answer. Then I communicated with the Social Settlement in the neighborhood, begging that one of the ladies would go and reconnoiter in the Alley; and it was on receipt of her information that I wrote once more to 'Liza Twigg.

Hitherto, the Alley had been Liza's world. For though she went daily to the rope-ground, and at night she loitered about the street corners, or sat in a public-house bar, still all these things took place within a half-mile radius of her home. She had never been beyond Aldgate. And now she was afraid to venture, for beyond Aldgate lay an unknown world.

First there was a horse-tram to be encountered; after that there would be a train. And did not rumor say that the train lay underground—running along in the dark? To 'Liza of the Alley it sounded sinister. And after the train? Heaven only knew what further horrors awaited her. Thus, all things considered, 'Liza Twigg thought it best to remain where she was.

But even so, even though the actual visit fell through, there still remained the social prestige which necessarily accrued to such an invitation. An invitation for a week's visit! The news

ran like wildfire down the Alley, bringing all its denizens into the open.

"Lord save us," said the Alley in a paroxysm of astonishment, "an' did any one ever hear the like!" And the feminine world, from force of habit, meditatively wiped its grimy face in the corner of its apron. The statement was almost beyond credence; such an experience never having befallen hitherto.

So the people of the Alley stood in their doorways and wondered. And among these stood the father of 'Liza Twigg. He, of course, was surprised, too, but his feeling of surprise was apparently tempered with regret—that the invitation was limited to 'Liza. After all he, too, was my friend. Then Jim, the half-daft fish-porter, propped his shoulder against the mouldy wall of the Alley, and, after rubbing his unshaven chin resentfully, made a brief statement.

"Wishes ter Gawd she'd ask me," said he. But in view of the omission there seemed nothing for it but to swear at the "cussedness" of things. This he did gently, but thoroughly, before he replaced his pipe and withdrew into the hovel. It was lucky, perhaps, that Johnnie was away "hopping" in Kent when my letter reached 'Liza. Otherwise, I think, he also would wish to have come. Time was when Johnnie used to constitute himself my champion, and, on these occasions, no man might swear when I was in the Alley. In truth, he safeguarded me well. Nay, further. Did he not, one gray morning, when the Alley was out *char*-ing—and when only the sparrows were by—did he not offer me his photograph and ask—

Ah, Johnnie! did you but know it, yours was, perchance, the triumph of failure. . . .

However, all this is by the way, though it partly accounts for the elation of 'Liza Twigg at receiving an invitation to stay. But, though she had asked for the invitation, she now hesitated whether she would accept it.

Accordingly, in that final letter, I thought it well to enlarge upon the advantages of the position.

She would have a bedroom all to herself, I asserted. And there were pink curtains to her window and a white coverlet on her bed. Outside there were green trees; and also grass to walk upon. Did she like flowers? Then she must see these. Any number of flowers were here. They were not tied up in

rush-baskets, but growing on their own stalks; positively waving about as the wind blew. And if she could only see the birds flying about in the park; pigeons and doves and wag-tails and—and crows. Thus did I paint the joys of life beyond the Alley. Besides, as I added, should she come to stay with me, she might, if she wished, continue her religious instructions.

Then 'Liza of the Alley consented, even while she trembled at her own temerity.

It was accordingly arranged that she should start on the afternoon of a certain day. But hardly had the day dawned than 'Liza was stirring. She put on her new outfit in all haste; together with a new air of importance. Hitherto she had lived in rags and obscurity; to-day she was to go hence and take her place in the glare of the polite world. Consequently she was somewhat impatient at her father's reiterated injunctions and commands. Her father swept up snow for the local vestry, and in the Alley he ranked as a minor aristocrat, whose good opinion was to be valued. Indeed, I thought myself fortunate in being singled out by Mr. Twigg of the Alley. And on this occasion he charged 'Liza with kind messages. These consisted of odd-sounding references to past events which were common knowledge to us both, mingled with welcome but seemingly irrelevant prayers for my eternal weal. In saying that the prayers seemed irrelevant, I mean that on their delivery they were so intermixed with mundane affairs, that I was at first rather bewildered, though I was the more ready to subscribe to the belief in the dual nature of man; and of the interdependence of soul and body. Yet Mr. Twigg was no metaphysician. Nay, have I not said it? he was a road-sweeper. And having delivered his messages, he took up his broom and hied him to the scene of his labors. But this was a day of days—if not to the local vestry, at least to Mr. Twigg—therefore, he deemed it an occasion when he might, without reproach, absent himself awhile from the post of duty. So at midday, after finishing his dinner, which had been tied up in the ever-cheerful bandana, he turned his steps homewards. Then, pushing open the door of the hovel, he thrust in his head.

"'Liza, me gel! I 'opes as yer 'aven't furgot the messages wot I told yer. Me best respec's, d'yer mind me now!

an' I 'opes she's enj'yin' the best of 'ealth an' sperits, an' be sure an' tell 'er—"

But 'Liza's nerves were to-day at high tension. "Garn," she said unceremoniously, "'ow many more times are yer goin' ter tell me? 'aven't yer said it all afore, wifout comin' 'ome from work a purpose ter s'y it agen? My lor! w'y, I wonders me 'ead don't bust wif yer messages an' wot not."

Partially quelled by this filial outburst, Mr. Twigg and his broom slowly withdrew from the Alley.

Then Moggie came in from the rope-walk, an' Moggie begged to see 'Liza off, even at the loss of half a day's work. But 'Liza declined—politely but firmly. For did not Moggie wear the twin badges of servitude—the apron and shawl of the rope-ground? Whereas 'Liza, as she afterwards told me, felt "thet proud."

Yet 'Liza at one time had thought a white apron and a blue shawl the *ne plus ultra* of desire. But not now. For now she had fallen under the spell of a second-hand jacket and skirt. Indeed it was the assumption of such polite attire that marked the parting of the ways. So Moggie, with a lump in her throat, bade her farewells—obscurely—in the Alley, whence 'Liza emerged triumphant and alone.

All this, and much more, did 'Liza tell me later; and of how Moggie's eyes had filled with tears, and how she had grasped 'Liza's arm saying: 'Liza, tell 'er as me an' 'er 'as allus been friends, an'—an'—p'heps she'll ask *me* ter stay." And then Moggie had cried to herself because she was left behind in the Alley.

At Aldgate Station a philanthropist from the Settlement awaited to take over the charge of 'Liza of the Alley, and thus, one early winter's day, they arrived about tea-time—the smartly dressed philanthropist and 'Liza Twigg, of Stepney.

With a shy look round, she gave me a quick glance to see if I really was the same friend and companion of two years ago. And having satisfied herself on this point, she forthwith laid down the lumpy paper parcel, which contained her possessions, and putting her hands on her hips she made a brief statement: "Don't mind if I stays over Christmas." Then she paused. "Yer see, I must git back then," she explained, "'cos o' Moggie's weddin'."

It was now early in October, and I had invited her for a

week. The programme was, therefore, a lengthy one, but I trusted that time would dull my powers of attraction, which it did. But that came later.

It was now time for afternoon tea, therefore 'Liza Twigg was conducted downstairs, where she had hers by the kitchen fire.

From that out until evening I was variously occupied, but at 8 o'clock 'Liza came up to sit with me as arranged.

First there was a prodigious knock at my door. It was a knock such as is given at the street doors of tenements—a loud, flabby sort of knock that goes with the East End dialect.

"Come in," I said hastily; whereupon the door opened slowly, and the head of 'Liza Twigg peered round its bald edge like the moon rising over a hill.

"I was just expecting you," said I. Thus encouraged she closed the door with some caution, after which she proceeded to take note of the surroundings.

"The saints be good to us," she said fervently as her eyes traveled up and down the little sitting-room, "an' is all them things your'n?" Here she vaguely indicated the furniture. Trying not to give way to arrogance, I nodded gravely. "Come—where will you sit?" I asked.

Then 'Liza of the Alley stood nervously in the middle of the room and considered the matter. First she looked at the sofa which had a pink cretonne cover. But the pink cretonne cover evidently cowed her. She would have none of it. After that she fixed her eyes on an old oak chair. It was mounted in dark red velvet, and its original owner had as I believe, been hanged as a Jacobite long years ago. Therefore it had been known ever since as "The Earl's Chair." But I refrained from telling this to 'Liza of the Alley, for fear she would wish to know the length of the rope; and the exact number of its strands; and how long—approximately—did the Earl take to die. And these things I did not know.

But in spite of the fact that 'Liza Twigg knew nothing of its history, the old chair seemed to inspire her with reverence, for presently she pointed her finger at it shyly, and said to me: "Kin I sit on it?"

"Do," I answered. So she sat on its extreme edge.

"Well, 'Liza," said I sociably, "we don't seem to have met since the year One. How's the Alley?"

But 'Liza Twigg declined to unbend. Indeed it was with

abnormal propriety that she answered my question, sitting bolt upright on the old oaken chair.

"The Alley," she said stiffly, "is that respectable, yer wouldn't b'lieve. W'y, the perlice walks dahn it, an' no one hinterferes wid 'em. Lord, yuss; it's a lot changed, is the Alley."

At this information I nodded cheerfully. But it was not true; and we both knew it.

The position briefly was this: 'Liza Twigg was feeling strange in her new surroundings, consequently she did not think the time or place propitious for dealing with facts as they stood. She felt the loss of the Alley as a background. Here she was struck by a sense of contrast; and she probably felt that she owed something to the furniture. Therefore, she was constrained to propitiate the new gods. So 'Liza of the Alley offered up what was best on the altar of conventionality. She sacrificed truth. But the sacrifice, however well meant, was unworthy, therefore no fire came down to consume it.

"How's Tilda?" I next asked.

"Tilda's fine," said 'Liza with dignity, "an' as sober as a jedge."

Then was I abandoned by hope, and accordingly I changed the conversation.

That night when 'Liza was in bed, I went into her room to say good-night, as I feared she might be lonely. And I was glad I thought of it, for there she was lying huddled up against the wall, taking up as little space as possible. In the single bed at home she had to make room for 'Moggie an' Tilda; for the hovel in the Alley had but two tiny rooms, and in this limited space seven adults had to live: to eat and sleep, and cook and wash—yea, and curse and squabble. Or they broke one another's heads as occasion or expediency demanded.

"I hope you'll sleep well," I said to 'Liza.

"Don't want ter," was the unexpected reply. "I wants ter think abaht it." With her hand she smoothed out a crease in the sheet, and looked round her little room.

"Yuss; an' as likely as not," she ruminated, "theer's them as won't b'lieve it. They'll say as I lies."

She was thinking of the Alley and remained plunged in reflection. "Tell yer wot," she said abruptly. "It hadn't ought ter be 'ard to be good 'ere. Lawd! ter think of it, no fights ahtside yer winders—no fights nor nuthink."

Yet, here my mind went off at a tangent, what does Thomas à Kempis say? "The place yields small defence." But Thomas à Kempis had never lived in 'Liza's Alley.

The next day was to 'Liza Twigg the unfolding of many joys; and, in fact, for the next few days she spent blissful hours with her nose flattened against plate glass windows; or rambling about in the neighboring park among the birds and the flowers.

Besides this, she used to go up each morning to the clergy house, where an eminent cleric, charmed with this scheme in experimental education, had undertaken her spiritual training. That this was no sinecure may be judged by the following incident.

It was a week later when 'Liza Twigg walked into my sitting-room looking sullen and gloomy. Evidently something had happened; seeing which, I hastily laid down my pen and assumed an air of cheerfulness.

"Well, 'Liza," I said, "how are things going?"

"Jest any'ow," was the reply, and she sat down with an air of dejection.

"Was it the instruction?"

'Liza nodded. Then there was a pause, and the girl from the rope walk shook her head. "It ain't no use," she said, "I can't understand 'im. Yer see," she continued, "it's like this 'ere. As long as 'e keeps on a-jawin' I un'erstands 'im like, but w'en he leaves orf, I dunno wot it's abaht."

At this I felt sorry for the cleric, since it represented a lavish expenditure and no return.

"Yuss"; continued 'Liza, "an' it wud be right enuff if 'e wudn't go arstin' me questions. Fur you 'ave ter say some-think," she added. "An' to-day 'is reverence 'e sez ter me, 'Liza,' sez 'e, 'wot d' you know abaht the Blessed Trinity?' An' Lord 'elp me," interpolated 'Liza, "but I didn't know nuthink. So I sits theer, an' I said n'er a word. So 'e arsts me agin, an' still I sez nuthink. Then 'e sez ter me, 'D' yer know,' sez 'e, 'who's the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity?' sez 'e. 'John the Baptist,' sez I. An' wid that 'e 'ol-lered at me, an'—an'—I come 'ome."

So 'Liza of the Alley, having failed at the preliminary examination, laid her head on the table and wept.

That evening the parish priest called on me. He was a

student of humanity, and zealous. But his zeal seemed to have suffered a reverse, for he had been beaten by the psychology of 'Liza Twigg.

"Have you any more catechumens?" he asked; "that is, any more from the rope-walk? Because, if so—well," he said lugubriously, "I was thinking of allowing the curate to win his spurs over the next."

And the zealous cleric groaned again.

The next morning 'Liza came to me with a request. "I'm thinkin'," she said, "that if you was ter tell me wot ter say, as I might, p'heps, be able ter remember it."

So each morning after that we used to go over the lesson together, and no sooner had I finished speaking, than 'Liza would cram her old sailor hat onto her head; cram it down hard, as if to keep in place the newly-acquired ideas; and, thus equipped, she used to make a bee line for the clergy house.

And 'Liza was surprised to find how gentle and kind the great ecclesiastic now was to her; and she wondered why he no longer asked her questions, but only talked to her about serving God and loving her neighbor. But I knew, for had not the ecclesiastic said to me that evening concerning 'Liza Twigg: "There are some souls for whom the knowledge is sufficient that there is one God and Ten Commandments."

And in this way 'Liza Twigg, without any knowledge of high mysteries, began to run in the way of the saints.

She was now quite at home in her new surroundings. When she came up each evening to sit in my snuggery, she sat back in her chair and fearlessly spoke out her mind.

She had been discussing the Alley. "Yuss"; she said, with all her old candor, "it's a den of 'orrers. Straight! An' as fur Tilda"—she paused—"Gawd 'elp me fur sayin' it, but 'Tilda's the wust drunkard in the Alley."

"Then she's not changed much?" I ventured.

"No; nor won't, neither; not till she's carried aht feet fust." The remark was significant in its sense of finality.

Then, wishing to change the current of her thoughts, I asked if she liked music.

"Not 'arf," said 'Liza, with suppressed enthusiasm, and she took up her position right against the piano. She meant to lose none of it. But what to play was the question. I must only play what she would appreciate. Consequently there

could be no "Dead Marches in Saul"; no Chopin of chromatic memory; no Grieg with his dream pictures of dark fiords and falling waters. Such things were banned. So I started off with a swinging waltz; then into another, diverging presently into a gay step-dance, such as the rope-walk loves. And all the while there sat 'Liza of the Alley, silent and absorbed.

At times I wondered whither the sounds were leading her. Had they wafted her away on the fleet wings of memory to the last "bean feast" at Margate? Was she thinking of that Bank holiday at Epping Forest? Or did she hear again the twang twang of the nigger minstrels and the rude applause of the crowd, as she sat on the shingle at Southend?

I had ceased playing, but I was still pondering when I heard a quick sigh—a sigh that had a catch in it—and looking up I saw that the girl's cheeks were wet with tears.

"I wonders," she said simply, "if it's like thet in 'eaven always, or on'y sometimes?"

At the question I drew back startled. It was as if, with an unthinking hand, one had thrown a pebble into a wayside pool, only to find that its depths reached down, even into the heart of the infinite. Verily, it is in moments such as these that one realizes the mystery of those hidden springs which flow ever onwards, as if in obedience to some unknown law. For is it not written in Ecclesiastes: "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea doth not overflow; unto the place from whence the rivers come, they return, to flow again"?

So the days passed, and 'Liza of the Alley drew in new life; and each day the sun shone for her as never before. She had grown used to seeing the beauty of flower and tree, consequently they only remained in her sub-conscious mind. But what she did not get used to was the extraordinary phenomenon of having as much food as she wanted. And puddings, too! Why, the mind of the Alley must have reeled at such news. "Puddings every day," she wrote, "an' as much as ever yer kin eat." Surely the Alley must have smacked its hungry lips at the reading.

But, as if to show that the human mind has natural aspirations, which the sweetest pudding may not stay, 'Liza Twigg stretched out her hands in the emptiness and refused to be comforted. Then, one morning, the sitting-room door was

rudely burst open, and a curiously dishevelled figure stood before me. "Can't stick it no longer. I'm goin' 'ome," said she.

Collarless and unwashed, with her sleeves rolled up and her hair uncombed, there stood the genuine 'Liza of yore. The spirit of the Alley was upon her; Stepney was calling.

"What's the trouble—do tell me?" I said.

She hesitated, for the flying moments were precious. Then, relenting, she took a chair; and little by little she unburdened herself.

It was not that she had ceased to care for the ways of civilized life. No; it was only that amongst the joys a certain sorrow had sprung up, like a flaring poppy among the corn.

Why hadn't Moggie written the bit of a letter? She had said she would; and, lo! a cold silence lay out between this and Stepney.

Had the Twiggs all perished, as with some sudden frost? Had the Alley been swallowed up since she left? What was the meaning of it all?

"Yuss"; said 'Liza with a strained look in her face, "I'm orf—back ter the Alley."

But it seemed a pity for her visit to terminate thus abruptly; so I laid a proposal before her.

"How would it be," I asked, "if I wrote a letter to Moggie and asked her to write back by return of post?"

And to this 'Liza finally agreed. But all that day, and for part of the next, 'Liza Twigg was inconsolable. To her the Alley was peopled with the dead; and the pall of sorrow hung dark on her horizon. She declined to take an interest in anything. She moved about uneasily, like a spirit seeking rest. It was Epictetus who once said: "I am a soul, dragging about a corpse." But 'Liza of the Alley was indifferent to him. She gave herself up to laments just as Job did, when—suddenly a letter dropped into the box. 'Liza's fingers trembled as she opened it; the letter so eagerly expected; so tardy in its coming.

Moggie wrote briefly. She certified that the Alley was the same, and that she wished to God she was out of it. She thought 'Liza was happy in having pudding to eat every day, and she wished she could see the pink curtains. The window of the hovel had been broken the night before; their present neighbors were no class, and when was 'Liza coming home?

The letter was a great relief. It was grateful news that the Alley was intact except for the broken window; it was consoling to know that the Twiggs were still there; but most comforting of all was the information that they wished they were anywhere else. That was the main item, and it restored 'Liza.

In the reaction, she reverted to her old 'self, even going so far as to compare some of the differences which characterized the East End from the West.

For instance: It so happened that when the housemaid was out on an errand she had seen a tipsy man, and, wishing to give him a wide berth, she had crossed over the street. At which information 'Liza stared open-mouthed.

"Wot," she said incredulously, "yer wudn't pass a man cos 'e's drunk? Lord love yer; w'y! if yer was dahn our w'y, yer'd 'ave to. For if yer crossed over, yer'd on'y meet another; an' ev yer tried walkin' midway, yer'd knock agen 'em jest the same."

'Liza of the Alley was astonished at the fastidiousness of polite servitude. Therefore, it was a relief to her to come upstairs and exchange confidences with me. For 'Liza and I shared that larger knowledge which belongs to waste places.

But now 'Liza's visit was drawing to a close. It had been experimental; and, as I would fain think, it was not entirely without profit. Firstly, she had been given a chance—possibly the only one so far—of leading the life of a civilized being; secondly, she had attained the object of her visit—she had drawn near to the Tree of Life, and had tasted of the Manna which still falls in the modern wilderness. Now she must return whence she came.

So 'Liza Twigg stood ready, with her paper parcel under her arm.

We had shaken hands, and I had bidden her God-speed, when suddenly, without any warning, the paper parcel was hurled on the floor, and a pair of strong arms were round my neck.

"Yer've bin good ter me," she said. "Straight!"

With the back of her hand she brushed the tears from her eyes. Then she picked up the discarded parcel, and, without turning her head, she strode off into the darkness; and so, back to the Alley.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

II.



AND now let us examine those difficulties which the Combes cabinet so eagerly exploited against the Church; and first of all, the matter of episcopal nominations.

Under the *régime* of the Concordat there was generally, as we have explained, a "previous understanding" between the French Government and the Holy See. It was, at times, a rather tedious matter to agree upon such and such candidates. This was precisely the case during the ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the predecessor of M. Combes. The Pope deemed it necessary to reject several of the candidates proposed by the French Government, and negotiations were about to follow concerning the selection of others when M. Combes stepped into office.

The first act of the new ministry was to present to the Curia the names which had been discarded both by the Papal Nuncio and the preceding cabinet. M. Combes declared that for the sees in question he would never accept other candidates, and, to emphasize the irrevocable character of his decision, publicly announced the names of the priests whom the Vatican had refused to acknowledge. Such a course was, to say the least, decidedly improper, as M. Combes was thus false to the word given by the preceding cabinet in the name of France to the Holy See. In the course of the negotiations he made public names which should have been kept secret in sacred confidence, and such a violation of trust could not but create trouble.

M. Combes ventured still further, and even sought to usurp the rights of the Holy See. "According to the letter of the law," says M. Jean Guiraud, * "the Government had a right to nominate its candidates, and even publish their names in the *Journal Officiel* ; but it is equally true that the right of canonical

* See Jean Guiraud. *Op cit.* P. 25.

investiture was absolute, and the Pope could reject candidates thus proclaimed. Who could fail to see the disadvantages arising from a publication of the candidates' names; legal, to be sure, but ill-advised, since it would seriously embarrass priests favored by civil, and rejected by religious, authority; and, on the other hand, give publicity to difficulties which diplomacy should have solved. Moreover, both the French Government and the Holy See had, heretofore, realized the necessity of keeping secret all names save those concerning which they had come to an agreement; and before officially nominating its bishops the Government made sure that they were acceptable to Rome, and that canonical investiture would not be denied them. Such was the 'previous understanding.' M. Combes expressed his intention of ignoring it, and, strictly speaking, this was his privilege, but it indicated a strong desire on his part to widen the growing breach in his relations with the Vatican. But what was absolutely illegal was to restrict the right of investiture which the Concordat acknowledged to be the absolute right of the Pope. Nevertheless, this is what M. Combes purposed when he demanded that the Holy See give its reasons for refusing one of the names proposed, and that these reasons should bear solely upon the faith and morals of the candidate. This was impossible; because a candidate might not possess the administrative ability required for the episcopate, and yet might be irreproachable in both faith and morals. The Vatican, therefore, rejected this new claim as dangerous, and opposed to the Concordat." *

* But grafted upon all these difficulties, was one of an especially delicate nature. The French cabinet wished to do away with a formula (*nobis nominavit*) employed in the Bulls addressed by the Holy See to the Government for the nomination of bishops, which seemed to indicate the dependence of the French State upon the Papacy. After much negotiation, the Holy See consented to abolish the formula, judging that the pontifical claim was sufficiently safeguarded by the purport of the letters of nomination addressed by the French Government to the Pope. Here is the text of these letters as it is published in the *White Book* (p. 41.)

"MOST HOLY FATHER: The See of — being vacant, on account of the death of Mgr. —, late incumbent, we believe that N— would worthily fill the present vacancy. The favorable opinion which led us to fix our choice upon him is all the stronger because we have an intimate knowledge of the integrity of his life and morals, of his piety, learning, intellectual power, prudence, and other commendable qualities which give us reason to hope that he will devote all his zeal and attention to the service of religion and the glory of the episcopate. It is with this in view that *we name him and present him to your Holiness* that, upon our nomination and presentation, it may please you *to appoint him to said see*, by granting and forwarding him all Bulls and apostolic authorities required and necessary, according to the details which will be brought for that purpose to the attention of your Holiness. We eagerly seize this occasion to renew the assurance of our respect, etc. . . .

M. Combes announced his further intention of compelling the Pope to accept *all* the candidates in a body, declaring that, so long as Rome rejected any one of the ecclesiastics proposed, the Government would not make any nomination. In vain did the Holy See try to insist upon a mutual agreement concerning, at least, two or three candidates who could be elected without awaiting the issue of negotiations pending in regard to other names. M. Combes remained inflexible, and during his ministry no episcopal vacancy was filled. This, of course, explains why, on the rupture of the Concordat, fifteen episcopal sees were unoccupied.

The second conflict between the French Government and the Holy See was brought about by the visit of the President of the Republic to the Quirinal, and by the consequent protest on the part of the Holy See against that visit. This protest served as a pretext for the recall from the Vatican of the French Ambassador.

This conflict, so cunningly and odiously exploited by M. Combes, is described as follows in the *White Book* published by the Holy See:

It has been said, time and again, that the protestation made by the Holy See, in consequence of this visit, caused the rupture. This is historically false. . . . First of all, we must here repeat what has been openly declared on so many occasions, and what the Nuncio remarked to M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the audience of June 3, 1903, namely, that the Holy See, which is always careful not to interfere in the internal or external affairs of a State when the interests of the Church are not involved, never intended to disapprove, or in any way prevent, the reconciliation of Italy and France; moreover, it looks with pleasure upon whatever tends to promote the brotherhood of nations and lessen the danger of international conflicts and wars. Hence, leaving out of the question the reconciliation of the two nations, had President Loubet visited King Victor Emmanuel III. in another Italian city the Holy See would certainly have remained silent. But, after the deplorable events of 1870, which have as yet received no just atonement, such as would guarantee the stable and complete independence of the Supreme Pastor of the Church, the Holy See could not refrain from protesting when the head of a Catholic nation, especially when he himself was a Catholic, by a solemn and official

visit made in Rome to the King of Italy in an apostolic palace, sanctioned, *ipso facto*, the spoliation suffered by the Roman Pontiff and the anomalous character of his present situation.

The *White Book* enlarges upon the chief reasons which, since 1870, have caused the Papacy to adopt such an attitude, and then dwells at length upon the particular case of President Loubet's visit to Rome.

From the time that Victor Emmanuel's trip to Paris began to be talked about in July, 1902, the Nuncio did not fail to draw M. Delcassé's attention to the exceptionally serious situation that would be entailed by M. Loubet's visit to Rome, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs positively declared that the rumor of these two visits was without foundation. However, the official press of both countries continued, without being contradicted, to assert the perfect agreement of France and Italy on this exchange of visits, even setting dates for the same. Therefore, on June 1, 1903, the Cardinal Secretary of State sent a note to the French Ambassador, M. Nisard, and this note was transmitted to M. Delcassé. It openly declared that the Holy Father considered M. Loubet's proposed visit to Rome no less an offence to the rights of the Holy See than to himself in person, and, in order that M. Delcassé might entertain no doubt whatever as to the Holy Father's opinion, the Cardinal Secretary of State, by a despatch on June 8, 1903, addressed to the Nuncio in Paris and read to M. Delcassé, set forth ample reasons why the visit of the head of a Catholic nation, especially of the French nation, could not, in the present predicament of the Holy See, be other than a grave offence, no matter what the intention of the visitor.

In spite of all these warnings, of the example of the heads of other Catholic nations, although under much more trying circumstances; of the manifold proofs of good-will given to France by the Roman Pontiffs, and particularly by Leo XIII.; of a long past during which France was made the guardian of papal independence, M. Loubet, after Victor Emmanuel's visit to Paris, journeyed to Rome, April 24, 1904. As Cardinal Rampolla had foretold in his despatch of June 8, 1903, the Masonic press of both countries did not fail to invest the presidential visit with a character openly hostile to the Pope, and with its reports of the applause given to the President of the Republic combined the most insolent mockery of the Sovereign Pontiff. It was, therefore, but natural

that the Holy See should resent the insult offered to it. Hence the protest of April 28, 1904, which was couched, with the exception of a slight variation, in the same terms as the despatch of June 8, 1903.

The *White Book* continues :

This protestation was not intended for publicity. However, since the Holy See had a major interest in preventing M. Loubet's action from being invoked as a precedent by the sovereigns of other Catholic nations, it was found necessary to inform such sovereigns that it had protested. And this was done ; but they were not sent a copy of the protest addressed to the French Government, nor a circular, as some had believed. An ordinary despatch was written to the representatives of the Holy See in the different States, authorizing them to read it and deliver copies of it to their respective governments. A single exception was made in the case of a sovereign at whose court the Holy See is not represented,* the protest being made known to him through a note transmitted to his representative at Rome. . . . These communications themselves should have remained secret ; however, it was likewise important that the Holy See reassure the consciences of Catholics by informing them that no surrender whatever on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff to the situation created for him by the events of 1870 could be deduced from the presidential visit. For this reason the *Osservatore Romano* of May 4 published a short official communication simply announcing the sending of the notes. It would be unjust to claim that this proceeding was unseemly or lacking in propriety, since it has become a diplomatic custom among all governments. It was after this publication in the *Osservatore Romano* that the council of Ministers met in Paris to investigate the papal protest. On May 6 the French Ambassador to the Holy See sent the Secretary of State a note stating that the Minister of Foreign Affairs, having taken the precaution of informing Parliament of the exact character and object of the visit,† must now reject, in the name of his Government, both the form and substance of the papal protest. This closed the incident on the part of the French Government, as M. Delcassé himself declared.

* This sovereign, likewise a bishop, is the prince of Monaco.

† In this declaration M. Delcassé had asserted that, in making his visit to the King of Italy, the President of the Republic had had no hostile intention toward the Holy See.

This had nothing to do with the Masons, who were eager for the rupture with Rome. But an indiscretion, at variance with all diplomatic rules, and imputed to the Government of the Prince of Monaco, enabled *l'Humanité*, M. Jaurès' newspaper, to publish the text of the confidential note sent by the Curia to different States. This note contained the following phrase, which is not found in the protest delivered to the French Government: "If, despite that, the Nuncio has not left Paris, it is solely on account of reasons of an altogether special order and nature." The newspapers bought up by the Masons affected violent indignation, claiming that M. Loubet had been insulted. As the *White Book* says:

'This phrase had not and could not have any other meaning than the following: In case that M. Loubet's example were followed by the heads of other Catholic nations, the Holy See could go so far as to recall the Nuncio from his place of residence; such a possibility is in no wise eliminated by the fact that Mgr. Lorenzelli has not left Paris, since, in regard to France, there are particular reasons and considerations for retaining him there. This phrase, therefore, expressed the special deference and consideration that the Holy See has always had for France and it is really astonishing that its meaning should for an instant have been interpreted as offensive.

Nevertheless the French press desired thus to interpret it, and then called upon the Government to demand apologies from the Holy See, under penalty of a rupture.

Let us now see what the *White Book* has to say on this point.

On May 20, by order of his Government, M. Nisard, French Ambassador to the Vatican, asked the Cardinal Secretary of State if the note published in the Paris newspapers was authentic; if the same note had been communicated to other governments; and especially if the communication to other governments contained the phrase concerning the Papal Nuncio.

The Cardinal Secretary of State was certainly not bound to answer such questions, and indeed all ministers of Foreign Affairs would refuse to do so if a like demand were made them by the representative of another power. However, instead of refusing to answer, the Cardinal asked that the

questions be made out in writing, promising a written reply within an hour or even half an hour. M. Nisard at length accepted, adding that he would immediately proceed to write out his questions. The Cardinal's request was fully justified, both by the gravity of the affair and the well-known deafness of the French Ambassador, and it was easier to furnish quickly the answer in writing, because such an answer had been in readiness ever since the despatches announced the questions with which the Ambassador had been charged. Among other things, this reply stated that the incriminated phrase had a meaning altogether favorable to France; it threw light on the communications made to Catholic Governments; it specified that, in protesting, the Holy See had not intended to offend or threaten the French Government in any way, but simply to protect its own rights, which might have been compromised by silence, and to prevent M. Loubet's visit from being taken as a precedent; it concluded by expressing the hope that, after these friendly explanations, the relations between the Holy See and the French Government would remain unaltered.

Two hours elapsed after the conversation with M. Nisard, and as no communication came, the Cardinal made known to the Ambassador that he was at his service with the answer. But the written questions were not presented. The following day, May 21, the Ambassador again called on the Cardinal Secretary of State to say that what he had apprehended had actually come to pass, *viz.*, that the request to have the questions made out in writing had been taken by his Government as a pretext for eluding them! . . . And that he had been ordered to take a leave of absence, adding that this leave meant neither the rupture, interruption, nor suspension of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the French Government. He next presented M. de Courcel as temporary *Chargé d'Affaires*, announcing that in two days M. de Navenne, titular *Chargé d'Affaires*, would arrive in Rome. During the parliamentary discussion of May 28, in the French Chamber, a character and meaning were given to the departure of M. Nisard much more serious than that of a simple leave of absence. The Holy See received no official communication from the representative of France save the foregoing.

The first decisive step toward separation had been taken:

the French Ambassador had left the Vatican. M. Loubet's visit had already borne all the fruit hoped for by the Masons.*

The final rupture was close at hand and M. Combes seized upon the cases of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon as a pretext for it.

The case of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon was of a most delicate nature and we shall therefore discuss it with due discretion, always referring to the papal documents in the *White Book*.

Mgr. Geay, Bishop of Laval, was, almost from the beginning of his episcopate, the object before the Holy See of grave accusations of an exclusively ecclesiastical nature, and altogether foreign to the political and religious questions agitating France. An investigation had been begun, and the accusations were such that the Holy Father felt compelled to counsel the said bishop, by the intermediary of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office (in a letter dated January 26, 1900), to resign his diocese. By following this course Mgr. Geay would have avoided for himself, and would have spared the Holy See, the unpleasantness of a trial and of the scandals which would probably ensue. On the other hand, he could have preserved his good name by giving some plausible reason for his resignation.

The bishop at first accepted this advice (see his letter of February 2, 1900); but immediately after, he demanded, as the condition of his withdrawal, appointment to another diocese, even if it were the last in France, as he expressed it. As the charges against Mgr. Geay did not arise from local or external difficulties, but were private and personal, the Holy See would not accept such a condition.

Because of the patience which characterizes the Church, and also because of the hope that the future would cause the past to be forgotten, the Holy See temporized for more than four years. But the postponement and the hope were in vain. On the contrary, the accusations assumed such a character that any further delay became impossible. The arrival of Mgr. Geay in Rome, in 1900, and the brief stay he made there, which did not permit the Holy See to proceed to a formal trial, did not diminish the gravity of these accusations. Hence the same Congre-

* At the Etienne Dolet Lodge in Orleans, April, 1904, one of the dignitaries of the *Grand Orient*, F—— Level, a member of the council of the Order, spoke as follows: "We should be able to foresee the consequence of this visit of the Head of the State to Rome: the separation of the Church and the State. . . . The Lodges of the *Grand Orient* may justly claim their share in bringing about such a result, as they have powerfully contributed to it." Quoted by M. Jean Guiraud. *Op. cit.* P. 23.

gation of the Holy Office, by order of the Holy Father, wrote again, and in the same sense, on May 17, 1904, repeating the counsel already given, and adding that, if within a month Mgr. Geay had not resigned his diocese, the Sacred Congregation would be constrained to push matters further, in accordance with the prescriptions of Canon Law.

Up to this time the matter had rested exclusively with the Holy See and the Bishop of Laval; but, appealing to the Organic Articles which prohibited direct relations between the Pope and the French Bishops,* Mgr. Geay communicated to the Government the letter addressed to him by the Holy Office. The Minister of Foreign Affairs protested, and the *Chargé d'Affaires* of France at Rome demanded the annulment of this letter of May 17, 1904, taking it for granted that the Sacred Congregation intended to depose the Bishop without entering into a previous understanding with the Minister of Worship.†

Then followed an exchange of explanations, which the French Government succeeded in making particularly tedious, and which Mgr. Geay's hesitation caused to pass through many contradictory phases. M. Combes hoped that the Bishop of Laval would persevere in resisting the Pope by refusing to appear in Rome; but the Bishop of Laval heard and heeded the call of duty and, after being received by Pius X, tendered his resignation.

The case of Mgr. Le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon, came up simultaneously with that of the Bishop of Laval, and was very similar to it.

Mgr. Le Nordez had been summoned to Rome to explain

* The Holy See never agreed to acknowledge the Organic Articles, which the French Government claimed to be the corollary of the Concordat.

† The Holy See was unquestionably right in proceeding as it did: this was conceded even by the enemies of the Church. For instance, it was thus that M. Clémenceau wrote in his paper, *l'Aurore*, of July 21, 1904: "What is more conformable to the nature of things than that the Pope should have the right of religious discipline over his bishops? If a bishop celebrates Mass under an irregularity, it certainly is not within M. Combes' province to reprimand him. The Bishops of Laval and Dijon might be the best men in the world and yet be failures as bishops. Whence could the Chief Executive of the French Republic derive the dogmatic authority indispensable in order to pronounce in the matter? 'I have exercised my power of religious discipline,' says the Pope, 'and, no matter what happens, I shall continue to exercise this primary prerogative of my ministry.' Conscientiously then," continues M. Clémenceau, "I cannot blame him." Another anti-Catholic, M. Beauquier, Deputy from Doubs, wrote in *l'Action*: "No one could seriously dispute the power of the Head of the Church to discipline bishops and to punish or depose them should they be guilty of grave misdemeanors or openly profess heresy. Neither M. Combes nor M. Dumay, Officer of Worship, can claim the right, either from a dogmatic or moral point of view, to constitute himself a censor of the episcopacy."

certain serious charges made against him. In February, 1904, the seminarians of Dijon refused to receive Holy Orders at his hands, and some weeks later the Christian families of several parishes refused to allow him to confirm their children.

Like Mgr. Geay, Mgr. Le Nordez thought he should communicate to the French Government the letters he had received from the Holy See summoning him to Rome, and, like Mgr. Geay, he was formally forbidden by M. Combes to leave his diocese. He hesitated between the prohibition of the French Government and the summons in due legal form, under penalty of suspension, *latæ sententiæ ab exercitio ordinis et jurisdictionis*, served by the Cardinal Secretary of State; but finally, like Mgr. Geay, he performed his duty as a Catholic bishop, went to Rome and tendered his resignation.

Thus was the Holy See spared the grief of seeing two French bishops persevere in their culpable resistance; but the French Government made this conflict the occasion of breaking definitively with the Pope.

On July 30, 1904, the French *Chargé d'Affaires* sent the following note to the Cardinal Secretary of State:

After calling attention on several occasions to the infringement of the rights of the State under the Concordat, by the action of the Holy See in dealing directly with the French Bishops, the Government of the Republic has by two notes, under date of the 23d of the current month of July, forewarned the Holy See of the conclusions which it would be obliged to draw from the persistent ignoring of these rights. Concluding from the reply of the Cardinal Secretary of State, dated the 26th of the current month of July, that the Holy See stands by the action taken without the knowledge of the Power with which it signed the Concordat, the Government of the Republic has decided to put an end to the official relations which, according to the will of the Holy See, are now without object.


In a note of the same date, M. Delcassé informed Mgr. Lorenzelli that his mission of Nuncio-Apostolic was considered at an end.

M. Combes had thus attained his object: official France was in open rupture with the Holy See, and it would now be possible to bring about the separation of Church and State.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SHADOW PORTRAIT.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

OME one has said, "the real heart of New York is the section between Fourteenth and Fortieth Streets." Here are to be found the people who write our dramas, who make our songs, to whose wit we owe many bits of humor that brighten moments of our days, whose brains invent many of the ideas that other men utilize. Here are the haunts of the artists, the musicians, the literary workers, the journalists of the metropolis, and on the part of Broadway that forms the chief artery of this district one may frequently encounter men and women with whose names fame has conjured the world over.

In a wide, red-brick house at one extreme verge of this representative area, namely, the lower side of Washington Square, Maxwell Norton, the portrait painter, chose to erect his Lares and Penates.

He might, indeed, have selected more imposing quarters at the *Beaux Arts*, further uptown, and also facing a pleasant park—for success had rewarded his patient endeavor, and there was a respectful saying among younger votaries of the palette and brush that for years Norton had not been "hard up"—but to the quiet, self-contained man of middle age, there was an enchantment about "the Square." There on its northern border, almost within the shade of the new Washington Arch, stand the mansions, ivy-crowned, as if by the traditions of half a century, to which still cling the descendants of the prosperous merchants who built them; two blocks sacred to exclusiveness and fashion. On the east loom up the hoary walls of the old University. And here, to the west and south, lies Bohemia, happy-go-lucky Bohemia, a colony of toilers with brain, pencil, baton, and pen, who in turn are being fast crowded out by the children of sunny Italy. Once a dreary "Potter's field," the Square was soon claimed by wealth, the paupers being left *in situ*, while under the graceful elms and along the walks be-

tween the green lawns, strolled the gallants and belles of the town, in days long before the trolley cars, that now incessantly clang by on Fourth Street, were foreshadowed in the minds of the modern electrician.

It pleased Norton to paint mentally the portraits of the youth and beauty of the past who thus haunted the place, unseen save by his artist fancy. But he loved also to sit here during a fair afternoon, or in the lingering light of a summer evening, making sketches of the life around him, the failures and waifs and strays of humanity who lounged upon the benches; the black-haired, bonnetless Italian women, sturdy and Juno-like, who walked through the park with babies in their arms or clinging to their skirts; the swart-skinned men, Sicilians, Neopolitans, Piedmontese, who chattered and frolicked like school-boys; the dark-eyed urchins playing in the fountain as though it were the *de Trevi* of Rome; the little girls, mothering their rag-puppets, even as the "eternal feminine" ever seeks something upon which to lavish love and tenderness. As for Norton's abiding place, if in the glare of day the somewhat shabby exterior showed that it had fallen from its high estate, not so the studio—the old-time drawing-room. It had, at least, lost nothing of its spaciousness. The great mirrors still adorned the walls; from the ceiling hung the antique crystal chandeliers, through which at night the gaslight shone with a soft radiance, while by day their many prisms sparkled like mammoth clusters of jewels. Norton had gathered together some well-nigh priceless things. Among the rugs that covered the floor were one or two that a millionaire collector might have envied; the small tapestry opposite to the door was of the period of the Italian renaissance; the porcelains and the few pieces of armor were worth their weight in gold. But, above and more precious than all these treasures, the studio possessed that desideratum of the painter, a splendid north light. Here, then, was an inspiring nook wherein to paint, and here Norton lived, a tranquil, industrious existence, breakfasting before he rose, according to the European custom, lunching and dining at a café where his *confrères* congregated, and, at home, being served by his Hindu servant, Absalam, with a solicitude akin to that wherewith a mother watches over her first-born.

It was an afternoon in October, when the trees of the Square were in the full splendor of their crimson and golden

glory, that a hansom cab stopped in the street on the south side. A young woman alighted from the cab and, after a short search up and down the block, made her way to the studio. She was closely followed by a typical negro mammy, who evidently acted in lieu of a chaperon.

Absalam answered the light tap on the door and reported to his master. Norton laid aside his palette, told the model she might rest—at this hour he had no regular sitting—and, with a regretful glance at the ideal picture of "Coquetry" upon his easel, came forward, brush in hand.

"Mr. Norton," said the girl, advancing into the room with an ease of manner that at once settled her social status in his mind, "I hope my call is not inopportune."

After a second glance at her face the artist amiably accepted the interruption. "N—no"; he said, nevertheless with some hesitation.

"I am Elizabeth Van Ruyter, the daughter of Frederic Van Ruyter," she continued, taking the chair Absalam placed for her, while the imperturbable Mammy stood on guard behind it, "and I have come to ask you to paint my portrait."

The name was that of a well-known banker. Norton smiled. No one's face was ever more changed by a smile than Norton's. When serious, he appeared cold and reserved, but when his features grew animated and his steel-gray eyes lighted up, either with pleasure or friendliness, he became like one who invited confidence and who could be trusted.

"You see, I am going to be married," Miss Van Ruyter chatted on naïvely—she was very young, after all—"and I wish to hang the portrait in the dining-room at home, so that father will not be quite so lonesome when I am gone. He has been both father and mother to me, for I lost my mother when I was a child." Her voice trembled and she turned away her head.

Norton found himself wondering why a woman so often sheds tears when she is happy.

"Yes, I see"; he said gently. "When would you like to begin the sittings?"

"Now, if you wish."

He glanced at her rich gown and shook his head. "Come to-morrow morning; the light will then be at its best—and—"

eh—wear something simple, a little home frock in which your father has often seen you.”

She nodded and went away; the old negress attending her with the air of a princess.

“Yes, yes; Norton paints charming portraits of women,” admitted Tom Morley, Elizabeth’s fiancé, that evening, when she told him where she had been. “He is a fine fellow, too, and a gentleman; but eccentric, as, no doubt, you will soon notice. It is said he has never recovered from his grief over the death of his wife, although it happened years ago.”

The next day the sittings began.

Mammy, of course, accompanied her “little Missy” to the studio.

“Lors a massy, ef it ain’t a queer chiny shop, wif sarpents, an’ fishes, an’ strange folk a-lookin’ out from de bowls an’ jugs,” she commented in a whispered aside to the young lady. “But, Lawdee, ef de queerest sight o’ all ain’t dat fool nigger wif de tea-cosey on his haid an’ breeches big enuff for two o’ his sizel”

Nor could she ever be persuaded that the turbanned East Indian was other than “jest an ’onary black man.”

Absalam, a waif from the St. Louis exposition, returned her aversion with an oriental scorn, which any one but a comfortable “colored pusson” of adipose and assertiveness would have found withering. Mammy, however, only chuckled over it to herself until her fat sides shook, and often, while Norton painted, his eyes twinkled with amusement as, straying from his pretty sitter, they noted the little comedy enacted in the background by the serio-comic representatives of the African and the Aryan races.

Although so pleasing to look at, Miss Van Ruyter could not be called a beauty. Her features, though fairly good, were irregular. The fascination of her face consisted in a certain sweetness of expression that reflected a charming personality. She moved in the world of society, yet was not of it; she had been educated in a convent, and her tastes were simple. Naturally cheerful, at times even vivacious, she was also very conscientious and unaffectedly devout. During the hours when she sat for her portrait, she had many people and things to think about—her father, her lover, the care-free life of her girlhood, the new sphere of duty of which her wedding-day

would be the threshold. And sometimes, too, soaring higher, her thoughts, perhaps, dwelt upon "the beauty of things unseen."

On the occasions of the sitting, however, she was not always silent or absorbed; she liked to talk to Norton, and they became friends. He was as old as her father; frequently there was something paternal in his tone as he conversed with her. Of the eccentricity of which Tom Morley had spoken, Elizabeth saw no sign for several weeks. By December the portrait was nearly finished.

One morning Miss Van Ruyter came to the studio unexpectedly. After sending Mr. Norton word that she could not give him a sitting, she had suddenly changed her mind. It was a "gray day," and Norton was at work without sitter or model. As Elizabeth entered the room, he hastily drew a curtain half way across his canvas, but, upon recognizing his visitor, and, as if on second thought, as quickly pushed it back again. Absalam had disappeared. Mammy took her accustomed place on the corner settle. The artist had discovered long ago that she could not see well without the spectacles she was too amusingly vain to wear, and that she was also a little deaf.

"I was able to come after all," began Miss Van Ruyter cheerily. Then she broke off with a little cry of admiration as her eyes fell upon the picture on the painter's easel. Norton again started forward as if to cover it; but, deterred this time perhaps by her interest, he again drew back, and Elizabeth noticed that he sighed, as if involuntarily. The picture was the portrait of a woman, no longer young, but still beautiful. Clear, frank, and true the dark eyes looked from the canvas into the girl's very heart, yet in them there seemed the mystery of an infinite longing, as of a spirit not quite at peace. The lovely mouth was so sweet, however, that Elizabeth wished she could kiss it, as she had often wished she might caress her mother, whom she had scarcely known. The hair, once brown,—as could be seen—was now touched with silver. The face was still a perfect oval; but over the speaking eyes, and the broad, low forehead, time had passed a gentle hand. About the sweet mouth, too, were lines that, to herself, Elizabeth called, not wrinkles, but "the record of many smiles."

"Miss Van Ruyter, you have unintentionally learnt my se-

cret," said Norton as, enthralled, she continued to gaze upon the canvas. "This is the portrait of my wife, Marie, who died twenty years ago, when she was about your age, I should judge. You are surprised. I know the question you would like to ask. This is not, you would say, the face of a young woman. Dear child, you have a nature that glows with human kindness; you are *simpática*, as my neighbors around the corner in Little Italy say."

"When my wife was taken from me, my grief was so great that it threatened my reason. When I grew calmer, I resolved to keep her likeness with me all the time. In order to do this I decided that year by year I would change her portrait so that we might grow old together. In this way, at least, I hoped to keep her with me. Always, on the anniversary of our wedding day, I have altered the lines of this dear face, adding what I thought would make the difference of one year. There have been many anniversaries, and many changes of the portrait, until you see here a fading woman, 'a rose of yesterday.' Yet, had time done his worst, she would still have remained beautiful. Is it not so?"

"The portrait is exquisite," declared Elizabeth with enthusiasm. "And, dear friend, I feel, I *know* what a consolation it must have been to you to try to keep even this shadow of her with you. Nevertheless"—Elizabeth hesitated, and then went on, impelled by the eagerness of her thought—"have you not sometimes felt also regret that, in altering the portrait you lost the likeness of your wife as she appeared in all the charm of her youth and the perfection of her beauty? Does not death lose something of its victory, when we reflect that the dear ones who have been called away remain forever young, that old age, or sorrow, or the cares of the world can never touch them?"

"You mistake me," said Norton quietly, "I would as soon have taken my own life as destroy the likeness of my dearest Marie as she was when she became my wife." Opening a drawer of the Chinese cabinet, he took from it a miniature and placed it in Elizabeth's hand. His visible emotion cast a spell upon her. She glanced alternately from the little painting on ivory, to the portrait in oils. The artist, feeling that she understood him, proceeded to take a packet of sketches in color from the cabinet, and spread them out before her on the divan.

They represented every year of the shadow life which had become so real to him. Beginning with the miniature of the bride, they were like a series of medallions that terminated in the picture on the easel, linking together the past and the present in one continuous chain. Or, like the beads of a rosary, beginning with the cross, they came back to the cross again.

"Oh, they are all beautiful," Elizabeth murmured, half to herself, "and only the mind of a true artist could have conceived the thought of thus portraying a life as it might have been."

Norton gathered up the sketches and replaced them, with the miniature, in the drawer. Elizabeth had returned to the contemplation of the large portrait, which combined the excellences of all the others.

"I painted it for no other eyes than my own, but into it I have put my best work," said the artist. "And yet—and yet—Miss Van Ruyter, whenever I study this portrait, I am haunted by the fancy that it lacks something, that in some point I have failed. Yes; there was an indescribable charm, a dominant characteristic of my wife's personality, that I have been unable to interpret or portray. Whenever I even think of the picture I am uneasily conscious that, after all, it is not *herself* as she would have been had she lived. At such times, in my despondency and disappointment, I am often tempted to slash the canvas into shreds."

"Oh, no, no; never commit such an act of reckless vandalism," protested Elizabeth in alarm. "If you had done no other work than this, Mr. Norton, you would still be acknowledged a great artist."

Her appreciation pleased him. "Thank you"; he said simply, and then went on: "But the most singular part of it all, Miss Van Ruyter, is that the illusive quality I have missed in the portrayal of my dear wife, I imagine I find in you. Or is it imagination? During the hours when you sit for your portrait, when you are present here bodily—apparently idle, yet occupied with your own thoughts and often in spirit far away, while I paint and watch you, striving to interpret your inner self, this being always the aim of the true portrait painter—at such times I see in your face the expression that is lacking in the pictured face of my wife, the charm I have

failed to grasp. Perhaps you can tell me what it is?" His delicate hand swept across his brow and over his gray hair with a gesture of discouragement, and, turning away, he began to pace up and down.

For a few moments Elizabeth stood silently studying the dream picture, thinking of the painter and of this woman whom he had so loved, whom he so loved still, although she had been dead for nearly a quarter of a century. The girl had had little experience beyond her two short seasons in society. And what are the pleasures or jealousies of the social whirl but the froth of the nectar, or of the bitter draught, of life? She knew, however, that Norton was a man of the world. Tom Morley said he was a good man, as men of the world go. Norton had told her once that, like herself, he and his wife were Catholics—adding, with a light laugh and a shrug of the shoulders: "But you know, we painter-fellows are a careless set, and so now I am not much of anything."

It must be admitted that Miss Van Ruyter knew as little of art as she did of life. The chatter of the critic and the *dilettante* anent technique and brush work, tones, values, and *motif*, was all as Greek to her. Nevertheless, together with a feminine perception of character, she possessed the artistic temperament; she loved pictures and *felt* their beauty. So now, as she scrutinized the canvas on the easel, the truth came to her.

Norton, arresting his impatient stride, paused at her elbow. "Well, what does the portrait lack?" he inquired in a tone that was half a demand, half an entreaty.

She answered slowly, absently, almost to herself, and as if only following out her own thought: "The fault lies—I think—ah, I know, it is simply this—*The woman in the picture has forgotten how to pray.*"

Norton, dazed, stared at her. Then his eyes searched the portrait, as though it possessed a soul into whose depths he sought to look. "My God, child, you are right!" he cried unnerved.

Going to a window, he glanced out without seeing anything. But the light borne in upon him by the young girl's involuntarily scathing criticism, drew him back. "Yes, Miss Van Ruyter, you are right," he repeated, as his gaze again

riveted itself upon the beautiful face he had attempted to save from oblivion. "This woman has forgotten how to pray. And my wife, thank God, would never have forgotten. It is I who did not remember; and, therefore, the shadow-life I sought to win her to share with me was the idlest of dreams. My ideal fell short of the reality. Had she lived, she would have been more beautiful than I have painted her; had she lived, I would have been a different and a better man."

He flung himself into a chair, folded his arms, and dropped his head upon his breast. So he might have portrayed "Remorse," or "Vain Regret."

There was a tense silence. Elizabeth hesitated, perplexed and distressed. After a moment, however, she crossed the room swiftly, and her kind hand touched his arm. "Mr. Norton, you will yet make the picture a true portrait of your beautiful wife," she said in a voice that thrilled with womanly sympathy. "And—and—you know, while we live, it is never too late for us to become better than we are."

Then, signalling to Mammy, who, forgotten, had watched the little drama in stupid wonderment, Miss Van Ruyter went quietly out of the studio.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

BY A. W. CORPE.



THE career of Richard the Third is a striking illustration of "vaulting ambition," which, in his case as well as in that of Macbeth, o'erleaps itself. Widely differing as well in person as in disposition, it is interesting to trace the steps by which they each attain the object of their desire; how, when attained, it brings no content; and how, in the end, it costs each his life. As the plays dealing with Richard are considerably earlier in date than that of Macbeth, it is convenient to consider them first. Our first introduction to Richard occurs in the third part of "Henry VI."—a play which, if not entirely Shakespeare's, has certainly passed under his hand. Richard does, indeed, make his appearance in the second part of the play, but only to say a few words.

The weak son of Falstaff's Prince Hal is on the throne; the Yorkist faction is represented by Richard, Duke of York, of whose sons our subject Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, and ultimately King, is the youngest, the others being Edward, afterwards King, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Rutland, and George, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

Warwick, the king-maker, had spoken:

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up, who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Henry entreats:

My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me for this my life-time reign as King.

And York replies:

Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

Henry proceeds:

I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs forever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honor me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

And York replies:

This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

The action commences with a disputation between Edward and Richard. The Duke of York enters and Richard explains that it is

About that which concerns your grace and us:
The Crown of England, father, which is yours.

York replies:

Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead.

Richard answers:

Your right depends not on his life or death.

And Edward adds:

Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrace you, father, in the end.

And York says:

I took an oath that he should quietly reign,
Edward urges:

But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

To Richard's protest:

No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn,

York answers:

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

But Richard replies:

I'll prove the contrary,

and proceeds to adduce the usual arguments provided for such cases; and concludes with the consideration of a more personal kind:

Father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York does not require much persuasion:

Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.

The War of The Roses is begun: a battle is fought at Wakefield, where the Yorkists, who were very inferior in strength, lost the day. Rutland is brutally slain by "butcher" Clifford:

Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

York is taken prisoner, and, after ignominious treatment by Queen Margaret, stabbed to death by her and Clifford.

The contrast between the attitudes of Edward and Richard, on hearing of their father's death, is significant. Edward says:

Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.

Never, oh! never, shall I see more joy.

Richard, on the other hand:

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:

Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!

Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death;
Or die renowned by attempting it.

The fortune of war soon proves more favorable to the Yorkists, and Edward is crowned King in London. Warwick had designed that Edward should marry Bona, the sister of Lewis, and has proceeded to France to arrange for the union. Much to his dissatisfaction, however, Edward has seen and fallen in love with Elizabeth Woodville, then the widow of Sir George Grey.

Warwick, after his interview with Lewis, says:

I came from Edward as ambassador.

But I return his sworn and mortal foe.

A casual word of Edwards leads Richard to say ironically:

Ay! Edward will use women *honorably*.

And then, soliloquising, he continues :

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, e'er I can place myself ;
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard ;
What other pleasure can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be beloved ?
O monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought !
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I . . .
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile—

a line which may remind us of Chaucer in his description of the Temple of Mars: "The smyler with the knyf under his cloke"—

And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheek with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

Richard's description of himself here closely follows Sir Thomas More: "Litle of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise; he was malicious, wrathfull, envious, and from afore his birth ever frowarde."

Passing over intermediate events, mostly unfavorable to the Lancastrians, we find Henry a prisoner in the Tower; Warwick has been killed in the battle of Barnet, and after the battle of Tewksbury, fought in the same year, Margaret is a prisoner; and Edward, the Prince of Wales, has been murdered by the hands of King Edward, Richard, and Clarence. Henry, not long afterwards, is found dead in the Tower. According to the play, he is murdered by Gloucester. He says:

See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those who wish the downfall of our house!
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

It is questionable how far this account of the death of Henry is historical, but there can be little doubt that Gloucester had a hand in it. In the contemporary chronicle it is stated: "The same nyght that Kynge Edward came to Londone, Kynge Henry, beyng inwarde in presone in the Towre of Londone, was putt to dethe, . . . beyng thenne at the Towre, the Duke of Gloucestre, brothere to Kynge Edward, and many other."

So far the play of Henry the Sixth; we now come to "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third," which is undoubtedly Shakespeare's. The scene opens with a soliloquy by Richard, in which, after commenting on the gaiety of the court, he says:

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely shap'd and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why, I, . . .
. . . since I cannot prove a lover, . . .
I am determin'd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.

Presently Clarence enters, having been arrested by order of Edward. Richard affects surprise, and lays the arrest on the Queen, hinting at danger to himself:

We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you;
Meantime, have patience.

And then, as Clarence is led out,

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.

News is brought of the King's declining health. Richard says:

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father.

The spectacle of the funeral of King Henry, with Anne, his widowed daughter-in-law, as mourner, is now presented. Richard stops the procession, and, after some remonstrance from Anne, he proceeds to make his suit to her, to which, at last, she listens. The courtship is conducted in such extraordinarily headstrong and rapid fashion, that well may Richard say:

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?

Lines which seem reminiscent of an earlier play, in which Shakespeare may have had some hand.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.

The lady, having yielded to Richard's importunity, the funeral proceeds. The King's body, after resting at Whitefriars, is conveyed to Chertsey Abbey for burial. Perhaps it was with conscious irony that the body was afterwards conveyed by Richard to Windsor, and placed beside that of Henry the Fourth.

It is interesting to note that the hall of the Crosby Place, mentioned in this scene, with its fine timber-work roof, is still in existence. It was at Crosby Place, then in his possession, that Sir Thomas More wrote his life of Richard the Third.

Presently we see Richard plotting the assassination of Clarence: he finds cut-throats apt for the purpose.

Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears;
I like you, lads.

This scene is followed by Clarence's description of his dream. This is, of course, apart from the present purpose, but one passage may be quoted, not only on account of its rare beauty, but for its resemblance to certain passages in the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*. He has passed in imagination the melancholy flood with the grim ferryman into the region of night:

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"

The murderers addressed themselves to their work; one of
VOL. LXXXIII.—50

them develops qualms of conscience, which gives opportunity for some passages of clownish wit: the speech about conscience beginning: "I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing; it makes a man a coward," seems like a foretaste of Falstaff's famous tirade against honor. In the end, conscience notwithstanding, Clarence is despatched. According to the play, Clarence is stabbed by the more obdurate of the villains, who says:

. . . If all this will not do,
I'll drown thee in the malmsey-butt within.

The popular story of Clarence being drowned in a butt of malmsey, though supported by the chronicles, is generally believed to be unhistorical.

The King, of whose illness we have been informed, feels that his end is near. There have been contentions between his adherents and the Queen's friends; he is anxious to set all at peace before his death. The Queen with her two sons, Dorset and Grey, Rivers, Hastings, and Buckingham are assembled, and profess mutual amity. Gloucester enters and joins in:

A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege:
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace;
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

The Queen intercedes for Clarence, and Gloucester bursts out:

Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?

Rivers exclaims:

Who knows not he is dead? Who knows he is?

The King, too, cries out:

Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

And Gloucester's ready lie makes it appear that Clarence died by the King's warrant:

But he, poor soul, by your first order died.

The King dies, and Gloucester's first concern is to get possession of the persons of the young princes, King Edward's two sons. The elder, Edward, is at Ludlow, and Buckingham suggests he should be brought up to London, with a small attendance only, for his coronation. Hastings and Rivers, on consideration, concur. Buckingham says to Gloucester:

Whoever journeys to the prince
For God's sake, let not us two be behind.

and he proceeds to explain, how he will find means to part the Queen's adherents from the prince. Gloucester exclaims:

My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

And accordingly they make for Ludlow. We next hear that Rivers and Grey are seized by order of Gloucester and Buckingham, and committed to Pomfret Castle. Shortly afterwards we hear they have been executed. Arrived in London, the young prince meets his brother, who, at the instance of Gloucester, has left Sanctuary, whither the Queen had betaken him and herself; and, not without some reluctance on their part, the young princes are lodged in the Tower, as a suitable abode pending the coronation.

Gloucester next instructs Catesby to sound Hastings as to his pretension to the crown, and on Buckingham interposing to ask what should they do if Hastings should not prove favorable, Gloucester says characteristically:

Chop off his head, man.

He then proceeds to attach Buckingham to his side:

Look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possessed.

Hastings, proving unassailable, is promptly arrested upon an absurd charge of witchcraft, and, soon after, executed.

The scene in which Gloucester and Buckingham appear upon the Tower walls, "in rusty armor, marvelous ill-favored," pretending that they are in danger from a conspiracy of Hastings and others, is taken, even to the detail of their garb, from the Chronicle. The ruse seems to have been but indifferently received. Gloucester instructs Buckingham to follow the Lord Mayor, and suggests "the bastardy of Edward's" children, and endeavors to raise a cry in his favor, but the citizens remain silent.

Gloucester goes through a pretence of being engaged in devotions with two bishops at Baynard's Castle, when Buckingham affects to beg Gloucester to accept the crown, while he affects to refuse it.

Alas, why should you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

At last he pretends to be persuaded:

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:

For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Whereupon Buckingham salutes him as King, and proposes the next day for his coronation, which, as appears from the stage directions, accordingly takes place.

Richard, considering how he may best contrive the death of the young princes, proceeds to "play the touch" on Buckingham, to try if he is to be trusted.

K. Rich. Young Edward lives; think now, what I would say.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence
That Edward still should live! "true noble Prince!"
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayst thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.

Buckingham says:

Your Grace may do your pleasure,
and asks some little pause for answer, and retires.

Left to himself, Richard soliloquises:

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsel:
Hath he so long held on with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Richard next directs Catesby to give out that Anne, his wife, is ill and dying. He had said, when she had consented to marry him:

I'll take her; but I will not keep her long.

He soliloquises:

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Buckingham returns, prepared apparently to concur in Richard's designs, when the latter puts him off with other matter. Buckingham then claims the gift promised him, of the Earldom of Hereford. Richard continues to put him off, and he to urge his request. Richard breaks in:

Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keepst the stroke.
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

And Richard leaves him. Buckingham reflects:

Is it even so? Repays he my true service
With such contempt? Made I him King for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

Richard has found a creature fit for his purpose in Sir James Tyrrel, who subornes villains to murder the princes.

The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,

and Tyrrel carries the news to Richard, who now reviews his position:

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good-night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown;
To her I go, a jolly, thriving wooer.

The wooing is conducted between Richard and Queen Elizabeth with the same audacity and speed as in the case of Lady Anne, and with the same result; the Queen yields, and promises to be the attorney of his love to her daughter.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman,
says he as she leaves.

Richard's dream of Elysium is drawing to a close: Richmond is on the sea, expecting the aid of Buckingham in Wales; Stanley is cold and would revolt but that Richard holds his son as hostage; others are up in arms in different parts of England; Buckingham's force, indeed, is dispersed and himself, being taken prisoner, is led to execution.

Richmond has landed at Milford; the armies meet at Bosworth. Before the battle, the stage presents the tents of Richard and Richmond; the ghosts of Henry the Sixth, Clarence, Hastings, the two princes, Anne, Buckingham, and others appear and breathe words of confidence to Richmond, and of despair to Richard.

The King starts up out of sleep:

Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

With the morning the forces are set in array, and here, at last, we may feel some admiration for Richard's desperate courage.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom;
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

His horse is killed under him and he fights on foot:

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Catesby begs him to retire.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die!
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

In the battle Richmond is victorious and Richard is slain.

"From Shakespeare's delineation of Richard," says Drake, "Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his satanic portrait: The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterizes both, and renders what would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting, an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration."

PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.

BY WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.

A tyrant to the wife his heart approved,
A traitor to the very king he loved.—*Pope*.



PROBABLY one of the most remarkable among the many remarkable figures appearing on the stage of English politics during the first half of the eighteenth century was that of Philip, Duke of Wharton. A man of many gifts, author, orator, statesman, and soldier; loyalist and rebel by turns, Wharton's eccentricity and instability of character alone prevented him from occupying a very high place in directing the concerns of his native land. Although, like so many of his contemporaries, a drunkard, gambler, and libertine, the Duke was far from being either brainless or heartless, and it is by no means impossible that his great abilities would have been turned to other account than they were, had his earlier training been different. Son of Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, one of the most prominent leaders of the great Whig conspiracy, which brought about the overthrow of the Stuart Dynasty and the accession to the English throne of William, Prince of Orange, he was born in December, 1698. Educated at home, in accordance with the strictest Calvinist principles, his father expected him to develop into a staid pillar of the Protestant Church and State, which he had done his best to purge of all tendency towards Catholicism or Toryism. Feeling convinced that his son would follow in his own rigid footsteps, in affairs of religion as of State, the Marquis devoted extraordinary attention to the cultivation of the oratorical talent, of the possession of which the boy early gave proof. That the lad would ever be anything but a prim precisian and a strict upholder of Whig doctrines, that he would favor the Pretender, join the King's enemies, or die a Catholic, never entered his father's narrow mind. When the future Duke was baptized, on the fifth of January, 1699, his sponsors were King

William III., the Duke of Shrewsbury, and Princess Anne, of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne. Every possible care was taken with his education, and a host of instructors were employed in the development of his budding talents.

One of the Duke's latest biographers states that "at the age of thirteen Philip was acquainted with the best part of Virgil and Horace, learning the text by heart; nor was this the sole feat of the youth's memory. He was taught and accustomed to recite (after having acquired them by heart) passages from Shakespeare and the later dramatists; also to deliver parliamentary speeches, selected by his father, and esteemed at that time models of rhetoric. He also studied closely metaphysics and mathematics; in fact, no task was too difficult for the youth, no problem was too abstruse for his undertaking, and no situation came amiss to his ready wit."* In person the youthful earl, as he then ranked, was singularly handsome, while he was skilled in all the arts of arms and of the chase practised by the young men of his time. The old Marquis watched his progress in piety and learning with hopeful eyes, until suddenly a disaster occurred which blasted all his fond anticipations. Earl Philip stole away from the parental abode and, on the 2d of March, 1714-15, was married at the Fleet† to Miss Martha Holmes, daughter of Major-General Holmes, a handsome girl whom his boyish fancy favored, but whose fortune was as small as her beauty was great. The old Marquis simply collapsed under this blow. His heart was broken. He sought his bed, and never left it until carried therefrom in his coffin. In his seventeenth year, Philip became

* *Philip, Duke of Wharton, 1698-1731*. By John Robert Robinson. London: Sampson, Low & Co. P. 3.

† The London *Weekly Journal* of June 29, 1723, said: "From an inspection into the several registers for marriages kept at the several alehouses, brandy shops, etc., within the Rules of the Fleet Prison, we find no less than 32 couples joined together from Monday to Thursday last without licenses, contrary to an express Act of Parliament against clandestine marriages, that lays a severe fine of £200 on the minister so offending, and £100 each on the persons so married in contradiction to the said statute. Several of the above-named brandy-men and victuallers keep clergymen in their houses at 20s. per week, hit or miss; but it is reported that one there will stoop to no such low conditions, but makes, at least, £500 per annum, of divinity jobs after that manner." The system of Fleet marriages originated in the revolt of the Protestant incumbents of the parishes of Trinity Minories and St. James', who claimed to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Protestant Bishop of London. When the trade in cheap marriages which they carried on was interdicted, the business was taken up by the many clerical prisoners for debt confined in the Fleet Prison or resident in the miserable lodgings or sponging houses connected therewith. These men, we are told, "having neither cash, character, nor liberty to lose, became the ready instruments of vice, greed, extravagance, and libertinism."

second Marquis of Wharton. Previous to his ill-considered marriage, he had been involved in a flirtation with a lady who, for the best of all possible reasons, was not free to wed him even if she had been so inclined. It will be seen, therefore, that the Marquis had displayed at a very early age the tendency which mainly marred his life. Under the circumstances, the trustees of his father's will decided that the best thing they could do would be to send their ward upon a Continental tour, but they selected as his guardian or tutor a brutal French Protestant, who appears to have resorted even to blows in order to curb the impetuosity of his wayward pupil. In company with this man Wharton traveled to Geneva; but one morning, when the tutor inquired for his charge, he was missing. Philip was on his way to Lyons, which he duly reached. At this time, the Pretender, son of James II., was staying at Avignon, and the Marquis, trampling on all the principles inculcated by his father, proceeded to address him in terms of fervent loyalty, at the same time presenting him with a magnificent charger. The Stuart Prince was not slow to recognize the importance of winning to the support of his cause such a distinguished personage, and he promptly responded by sending one of his principal officers to invite him to attend his Court. This the Marquis did, duly offering homage to the legitimate King of England, and accepting from him the wholly invalid patent of Duke of Northumberland. One day at Avignon was enough for Wharton, who next proceeded to Paris, where he laid his sword at the feet of the widowed and much-injured Queen of James II.

Lord Stair* was at this time the English Ambassador at the Court of King Louis, and he appears to have made persistent efforts to induce the Marquis to abandon the foolish course he was pursuing, and also to persuade the authorities in London to take a lenient view of his proceedings. He was successful in both efforts, but it is asserted that before Wharton left Paris he induced the mother of the Pretender to pawn her jewels for £2,000 and to entrust the sum to him for use

* This was the second Earl of Stair, son of John, first Earl, who, as Sir John Dalrymple, during the lifetime of his father, Viscount Stair, a famous Scottish lawyer, was one of the three important personages deputed by the Scotch Parliament to offer the Crown of Scotland to William of Orange and his wife, Mary. The first Earl of Stair was the chief planner of the inhuman Massacre of Glencoe, as well as of the Union between the legislatures of Scotland and England, effected in the reign of Queen Anne.

in England in furtherance of her son's interest in that country. It is only too probable that the money was speedily lost at some Parisian gaming table. Whatever happened as regards the money, the Marquis left Paris for London on December 16, 1716. It is impossible to believe that he took this step without having first ascertained that Lord Stair had obtained some promise that his conduct while in France would be forgiven. No attempt, at any rate, was made to call him to account and, early in 1717, he departed from London for Dublin.* Philip had a very practical purpose in view in taking this step. Being still a minor, he could not take his seat in the English House of Lords, nor could he have done so in the Irish House, either, if the regular usage had been upheld. It was then, however, possible to do things in Ireland which would not be tolerated in England, and on August 27, 1717, he claimed admission to the Irish House of Peers, under the titles of Earl of Rathfarnham and Marquis of Carlow or Catherlough, which had been conferred on his father. No one offered any objection, and the new Peer was introduced by the Earl of Kildare and the Earl of Mount Alexander, taking the usual oaths, which involved a ferocious denunciation of Popery and a fervent declaration of allegiance to King George I. These formalities concluded, he took his seat. Forthwith, he proceeded to collect the rents of his Irish estates, ousting his trustees from the task, on the ground that Parliament having recognized him as of age, his tenants were bound to pay him. The whole thing was monstrously illegal, but again no one protested. It may be noted that Wharton was accompanied to Ireland, in the capacity of secretary, by Edward Young, destined to live in the pages of literary history as the author of *Night Thoughts*.† The Marquis only remained in Ireland until December, but he was constant in his attendance at the sittings

*When Wharton arrived in Ireland, his god-father, Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, held the position of Lord Lieutenant, so that he entered on his career in that country with everything in his favor. When he entered the Irish House of Lords, however, the Vice Royalty was held by Charles Paulet, second Duke of Bolton and seventh Marquis of Winchester.

†Edward Young was born at Upham in 1681 and, consequently, was senior to Wharton. It is, however, doubtful if this fact rendered him a wise companion or guide for the mad-cap Duke. There appears to be some ground for supposing that he intermingled in some of his worst excesses. In 1727, he became an Episcopalian clergyman, and was almost immediately afterwards appointed one of the royal chaplains. He appears to have alternately flattered and plundered Wharton. Notice of his literary work is superfluous here. He died on the 12th of April, 1765, rector of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire.

of the House of Lords, and never failed to support every proposal of the Government. His private life was as reckless and dissipated in Dublin as it had been in Paris, but he never failed to vote as the Castle directed, and his reputation as a sound loyalist grew proportionately. His natural ability always enabled him to give a specious reason for his public acts, and his oratory captivated an assembly which contained many gifted speakers. One of the Committees of the House of Lords, of which Wharton was chairman, recommended the adoption by that body of a resolution which is thus recorded in its Journals:

FRIDAY, November, 15, 1717.

May it please your Majesty :

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, being entirely sensible that the Happiness and Welfare of these Kingdoms depend—next under God—on your Majesty and your Royal Family, and being desirous on all occasions to express our unfeigned zeal for your Majesty's sacred person and Government, beg leave in the most humble manner to congratulate your Majesty on her Royal Highness the Princess's safe delivery, and on the happy increase of the Royal Family by the Birth of a Prince.

This was quite loyal for the poor deluded Pretender's Duke of Northumberland !

Among the other acquaintanceships Wharton formed while in Ireland, was one with Dean Swift,* who appears to have tried to get the Marquis to live a better life than the sadly bad one he generally preferred. Although the "patriot" Dean's counsels had no effect on the youthful libertine, he did not resent it, and in Scott's life of Swift there is quoted a letter, written on the eve of Philip's departure from Dublin, in the following words :

* Jonathan Swift, the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was born in the Irish capital on the 30th of November, 1667. Few who have ever glanced over the much-begrimed pages which contain Swift's poetical and prose writings will be likely to deny him the charity of assuming that he must have been nearly always mad. Most of his imagery was tainted by a filthiness which can only have been the outcome of a hopelessly unclean mind. The fame which he secured as a "patriot" was really earned by his thoroughly unscrupulous championship of the supposed right of the English Protestant garrison in Ireland to govern that country as it thought fit, without interference from England. The story of his nominal marriage with Stella, and of his love affair with Vanessa, is sufficiently well known, and equally sufficient to show that the man was an abnormal creature in more respects than one. He died in the lunatic asylum endowed by himself, 1745.

MONDAY MORNING.

DEAR DEAN: I shall embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of Lord Molesworth, on many accounts, and, as Young is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favor me with your company there this morning. I beg you would send me your answer. And believe me, your
Faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

P. S.—If you condescend so far come to me about eleven o'clock.

The Marquis had not been long resident in London, before he learned that George I., acting on the advice of his Ministers, had determined to make him a Duke. Two explanations have been offered of this honor, unprecedented in the case of a man not yet of age. One is that the King thought that he should treat Wharton at least as well as the Pretender had done, and the second is the natural anxiety of the leaders of the Whig faction to secure the permanent attachment of the Marquis to their cause. The probability is that both explanations are correct; they are in no degree contradictory. In the preamble of the patent creating him Duke, the King declared as follows:

We confer a new title on our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin, Philip, Marquis of Wharton and Malmsbury, who, though born of a very ancient and noble family, wherein he may reckon as many patriots as forefathers, has rather chosen to distinguish himself by his personal merit. The British nation, not forgetful of his father, lately deceased, gratefully remembers how much their invincible king, William III., owed to that constant and courageous asserter of the public liberty and Protestant religion.

The new Duke was not permitted to take his seat in the House of Lords until the 2d of December, 1719, when he had attained his majority. His eldest son, who had been born on the 11th of March, 1718, was baptized on the 29th of March, 1719, amidst much pomp and outward display of rejoicing. It seems certain, however, that the Duke already deeply regretted his foolish marriage, and cared very little for his wife, although he appears to have had some affection for his child. At any rate,

he plunged into a career of the wildest dissipation in London, leaving his wife to mind the baby Marquis at their country seat, Winchendon. The Duchess, not unnaturally, objected to this treatment, and insisted on being brought to London and introduced to the high society in which her husband was displaying his courtly graces and handsome figure. Despite Wharton's excuses and protests, she came up to town, bringing the boy with her, but the poor little chap caught smallpox on the journey, and died soon after reaching the capital. The Duke became furiously angry and, for a considerable period, refused to allow the Duchess to enter his presence. His Grace's grief, however, did not prevent him from being a constant attendant in the House of Lords, or from exciting the enthusiasm of that assembly by his eloquence. At the same time he was drinking, gaming, and doing worse things, in full accordance with the fashions of the "young men of spirit" of the time. As a necessary consequence, he was obliged to borrow money at an exorbitant rate of interest, and to fasten ruinous encumbrances on the splendid possessions left him by his far more worldly-wise father.

This is not the place to recount in detail the story of Wharton's political career in the House of Lords. It must suffice to say that, bit by bit, he drifted further and further away from the official Whigs. Furthermore, he proceeded to borrow money for the purpose of running candidates for the House of Commons, no doubt with the object of forming a party therein which would acknowledge his leadership. Parliamentary elections in those days were usually costly adventures, and Wharton's resources were already insufficient to meet his personal expenses. With his other occupations, at this time, he combined the discharge of the duties of President of a Hell Fire Club,* and it seems certain that he had abandoned everything in the nature of religious practice or profession. Moreover, he ranked as one of the greatest libertines amongst those who formed the most immoral coteries of London society. When, in August, 1722, the famous Dr. Francis Atterbury, Protestant Bishop of Rochester

* An English Order in Council was promulgated, April 28, 1721, and an Act passed by the Parliament of Ireland for the suppression of the Hell Fire Clubs, which were assemblies of a Luciferian character. Centring in London, they had affiliated branches at Edinburgh and Dublin. The toasts proposed at the orgies of the members were blasphemous in an appalling degree. A large black cat always occupied the seat of honor at the meetings of the Clubs, and the scenes enacted baffled decent description.

and Dean of Westminster,* was arrested and impleaded before the House of Lords on a charge of high treason, because of his notorious Jacobitism and correspondence with the Pretender and his friends, the Duke became his most zealous champion and defender. During the trial of the bishop he delivered a fervid speech in his defence, and when the traitorous prelate was sentenced to banishment, he was one of those who attended to bid him farewell on his departure into exile. At this time, Wharton published a journal called the *True Briton*, in which he criticized in prose and verse all the proceedings of Walpole and his colleagues. That these afforded ample material for condemnation everybody knows, and it is to Wharton's credit that he consistently denounced the corruption and plundering which were going on in high places. One set of verses which he wrote and published in the *True Briton* will suffice as a sample of the pungent contents of that militant periodical. They were as follows:

ON ROBBING THE EXCHEQUER.

From sunset to daybreak, while folks are asleep,
New watch are appointed, the Exchequer to keep;
New bolts and new bars fasten every door,
And the chests are made three times as strong as before.
Yet the thieves in the daytime the treasure may seize,
For the same are entrusted with care of the keys.
From the night till the morning 'tis true all is right;
But who will secure it from morning till night?

On the 17th of February, 1723-24, the last number of the *True Briton* appeared. It would seem that the Duke had received official warning that, if it were not discontinued, he would be prosecuted for high treason.

Wharton was now in a state of serious pecuniary embarrassment. In 1725 a portion of his ancestral estates was sold by order of the Court of Chancery, to pay creditors, and the same tribunal directed that the remainder of his possessions should be vested in trustees, who were to collect the revenues for the same purpose. Under this decree, a sum of £1,200

* Atterbury had persuaded himself that the exiled Stuart princes might be restored to the throne by the adoption of what he regarded as the allowable and simple device of bringing up the next heir as a Protestant. He offered, on the death of Queen Anne, to proceed to St. Paul's in episcopal attire and proclaim the son of James II. King of Great Britain and Ireland. He died in poverty at Paris, February 15, 1732. He was a brave and gifted man, wholly destitute of common sense.

per annum was set apart for the support of the Duke. This income was, of course, quite inadequate to enable his Grace to maintain the style of living in which he had hitherto indulged, and, accordingly, he determined to proceed to Vienna. His notion was that, by living economically abroad for a few years, his debts would be gradually paid off. From Austria he proceeded, through France, to Spain, and despite his diminished resources cut a gallant figure at the Court of Madrid. On the complaint of the British Ambassador, he was thrice commanded by King George to return to England, but he treated the orders of his Sovereign with absolute contempt. On the 14th of April, 1726, his unhappy and deserted wife died, and this fact probably broke the last link between him and his native land. As, however, he now generally styled King George "the usurper," he must be regarded as having renounced allegiance to that monarch.

Attached to the Spanish Court, as a maid of honor to the Queen, was a beautiful Irish girl, Marie Theresa O'Neill O'Beirne. This lady was the daughter of an exile of Erin who had died a Colonel in the Spanish service. To the widow of this brave man and to his only child pensions had been granted, but save for these allowances they were destitute of resources. Nevertheless, the Duke of Wharton resolved to marry Miss O'Beirne, who appears to have been captivated by his undeniable capacity as a practitioner in the art of love. The etiquette of the Court, however, required that his Grace should obtain the consent of the Queen to his intended marriage, and when this was applied for it was refused by her Majesty, on the very sensible ground that the alliance would ensure the permanent poverty of both the contracting parties. When once Wharton had set himself to secure a particular end it was difficult to change his purpose by opposition and, accordingly, he persecuted the Queen with interviews and petitions, even hinting that his devotion to his Irish sweetheart was so intense that life would not be worth living unless he could make her his wife. The girl herself was equally pertinacious, and when Wharton declared his intention of becoming a Catholic, the Queen reluctantly consented to the union. The marriage, of course, increased the financial difficulties of the Duke, but the King of Spain made him liberal gifts from time to time, until even his generosity was overtaxed. Then the Duke and Duch-

ess set out for Rome, where Wharton reassumed the title of Duke of Northumberland conferred on him by the Pretender. Unfortunately, however, he plunged into his old eccentricities and dissipations in the Eternal City, with the result that he was politely requested to leave the Papal States, unless he desired to make a prolonged study of the interior of the dungeons of St. Angelo. Forthwith, he took shipping for Spain, landing at Barcelona. On arrival, he found that the Spanish forces were besieging Gibraltar, and promptly despatched a letter to Madrid offering to serve against his fellow-countrymen. This, of course, was an act of high treason of the blackest hue, indicating that Wharton had finally renounced allegiance to King George. Apparently taking it for granted that he would be welcomed in the Spanish ranks, he set out, accompanied by his Duchess, for the scene of conflict. He was not mistaken. A few days after his arrival in the lines before Gibraltar, the Spanish General, Comte de los Torres, handed him a letter from his King thanking him "for the honor he intended, by serving under his colors during the siege," and appointing him his aide-de-camp, a position that imposed the duty of forwarding regular reports to Madrid regarding the progress of the operations.

It does not appear that the Duke showed much military aptitude during the period of his service before Gibraltar,* and it was, probably, well for himself that a slight wound in his foot, caused by a splinter of a shell, afforded him reasonable excuse for retiring to Madrid. Here he was promptly created an additional Colonel of the Hibernia regiment, which was one of the Irish corps in the Spanish army. The senior Colonel of the regiment was the Marquise de Castelar, and it would seem that the main purpose of the appointment was to afford reasonable excuse for paying Wharton a handsome allowance from the Spanish war chest.

The Duke was now in fairly comfortable circumstances, but

* The tenth article of the celebrated Treaty of Peace signed at Utrecht, in 1713, was in the following words: "The Catholic King (*i.e.*, of Spain) doth hereby, for himself, his heirs, and successors, yield to the crown of Great Britain the full and entire property of the town and castle of Gibraltar, together with the port, fortifications, and forts thereunto belonging; and he gives up the said property to be held and enjoyed absolutely, with all manner of right, forever, without any exception or impediment whatsoever." Notwithstanding this compact, the cession of Gibraltar long rankled in Spanish minds, and the occasion on which Wharton was employed in an effort to recover the great stronghold was only one of many similar efforts to secure the cancellation of the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht.

nothing could save him from himself. Dicing, wineing, and dissipations of all kinds rendered him incapable of practical work, while they rapidly exhausted not only the income bestowed on him by the King of Spain, but also that still patiently paid him by the London Court of Chancery out of his English estates. Indeed, it is impossible not to marvel at the tolerance displayed towards Wharton by the advisers of King George in allowing him to enjoy revenues which might have been forfeited. It is not improbable, however, that the tenderness manifested in this regard was due to the appeals of creditors who knew that, if the Duke's interest in his lands was confiscated, their mortgages would become so much waste paper as against the Crown claim. At this juncture in his affairs, Wharton turned once more to the Pretender, who was then in Rome, where he was not likely to hear much to the credit of his Grace. At any rate, the Duke had the hardihood to ask the Stuart Prince to receive him as a member of the Court which he was then maintaining in the Eternal City. The latter, however, displayed in this case a degree of common sense which, unfortunately for himself, he did not always exhibit. His reply contained not only a curt refusal of Wharton's request, but also a stern condemnation of his unpatriotic conduct in bearing arms against England at the siege of Gibraltar. Finding himself thus rebuffed, the Duke set out for Paris, where he addressed a letter to the English Ambassador, beseeching permission to return to his native country, on the ground that he had never been disloyal to George II., who had only recently ascended the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. The Ambassador was Horace Walpole, brother of the Premier, Sir Robert Walpole, whom Wharton had so constantly lampooned in the *True Briton*. According to Horace Walpole, the Duke told him his extremity was so great that he and his wife were lodging in "a garret." As might have been anticipated, Horace Walpole received Wharton's protestations of loyalty somewhat coolly, but told him that, if he desired to write him a letter stating his desires, it would be duly transmitted to the British Government. Accordingly he received the following contrite epistle:

July 6, 1728.

SIR: The friendship which your Excellency has always had for my family makes me hope that you will not decline

to become an advocate in my favor with the King, that his Majesty may be graciously pleased to allow me the honor of imploring his royal pardon for my past conduct, and that in order to it his Majesty will permit me to make him an humble tender of my duty in a letter, in which I may have an opportunity of expressing the real sentiments of my heart, and my unalterable resolution to pass the remainder of my days as it becomes a dutiful subject, who has already received the strongest proofs of his Majesty's great clemency, and who is consequently tied to his duty by gratitude as well as inclination. I shall esteem this as the greatest mark of your Excellency's good nature, for really your transmitting of my humble request to the King will be an act of generosity that shall always be acknowledged.

P. S.—If your Excellency favors me with an answer of (*sic*) this letter, directed to me at Rouen, it will as surely reach me as it will charm me.

About the last thing in the world, however, which Sir Robert Walpole and his colleagues desired was the return of the Duke of Wharton to England. Crippled though he was in financial resources, they had far too bitter a remembrance of his unreliability, as well as of his capacity as a political antagonist, to wish to see him once more enter the House of Lords. The result was that, in due course, Horace Walpole received the following official communication, which put an end to whatever hopes his Grace may have entertained of restoration to his olden position :

WHITEHALL,

July 12, 1728.

SIR : Having laid before the King your Excellency's letter, giving an account of a visit you had received from the Duke of Wharton, and enclosing a copy of a letter he wrote to you afterwards upon the same occasion, I am commanded to let you know that his Majesty approves what you said to the Duke, and your behavior towards him; but that the Duke of Wharton has conducted himself in so extraordinary a manner since he left England, and has so openly declared his disaffection to the King and his Government, by joining with and serving under his Majesty's professed enemies, that his Majesty does not think fit to receive any application from him.

NEWCASTLE.

The effect of the correspondence quoted was, as might be expected, to make Wharton a more zealous Jacobite than before. He now went to reside at Rouen, where he set up an establishment on a scale which he was wholly incapable of maintaining, the more especially as the receipt of the revenue previously remitted from his English estates speedily ceased, consequent on his indictment before, and outlawing by, the Courts for repeated acts of high treason.

The unfortunate Duke was now on his beam-ends with a vengeance. Persecuted by angry and importunate creditors, he was obliged to flee to Paris, leaving orders for the sale of his furniture, horses, and other appurtenances, and for the distribution of the proceeds amongst those who had claims upon him. In this extremity, he turned once more to the Pretender, whom he assured that his beggared condition was due to his loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts. Arrived in Paris, Wharton had to be content with a humble lodging, while his wife found shelter in the home of an Irish relative at St. Germain. In due course, a reply came from the Pretender, who sent him plenty of good advice, as regards the amendment of his disorderly life, but prudently refrained from lending him any money. Eventually, however, his Grace was successful in inducing his "Royal master," as he styled him, to remit from Rome upwards of £2,000, every penny of which appears to have been spent in the wildest dissipation. Quite suddenly, however, Wharton displayed signs of grace and repentance, entering a House of Retreat, wherein he charmed the good priests who kept it by his religious fervor, his penitence, and his personal ability and learning. Unhappily, he quickly threw off his self imposed restraint, and returning to his previous companions, plunged into new excesses. The inevitable result followed. Fresh debts were incurred, the Pretender would send no more money, and the Duke and Duchess were compelled to return to Spain. Here Wharton resumed duty with his regiment, while his wife was enabled, through the bounty of the exiled Duke of Ormonde, to proceed to Madrid, where she was received once more in the poor home of her poor mother. The latter died shortly after the arrival of the Duchess, and the result was that her Grace was reduced to a state of absolute penury, through the cessation of the pension which her mother had been paid as the widow of an officer killed in active service. The unflinching charity

of the King and Queen of Spain, however, brought them to the rescue of the bereaved woman. Meantime, Wharton was desperately ill, and his magnificent constitution was irretrievably ruined by his excesses. For more than two months, in the beginning of 1731, he was confined to bed at his quarters in Lerida. Eventually, he made a last effort and had himself conveyed into the mountains, to drink the waters of a famous mineral spring which he had previously found beneficial. His sufferings during the journey were terrible, but the bold spirit was still unbroken. He had nearly reached his destination, when he was seized by some kind of a fit, probably apoplectic, and would have died on the roadside, if he had not been carried to a neighboring monastery of the Benedictine Order, wherein he received all the medical and spiritual aid which the monks were able to bestow. For a while the Duke appeared to rally, and recovered consciousness, but it was apparent to all that the end was not far off. The struggle with death lasted a week, and on May 31, 1731, the earthly life of Philip Wharton, Duke of Wharton and Duke of Northumberland, came to a close. The good monks who watched by his bedside placed on record that "he made a very penitent and Christian exit," and they laid him to rest with their own deceased brethren in the aisle of the Church of the Franciscans at Reus, nine miles west of Tarragona.

THE EXPECTATION OF THE CONVERT.

BY A. M. F. COLE.



It is exaggerated; under present conditions impossible of realization. Yet, for a certain large class of English converts it is inevitable. It is also the explanation of much that edifies, surprises, perplexes, finally perhaps dismays, the on-looking old Catholic.

A great number of our converts come from the working and commercial classes, generally led towards the Church by some external circumstance. Some go to Catholic schools; some wish to marry Catholics; some are taken to church, or convent, by Catholic friends. The knowledge of any outside motive makes the priests extremely vigilant in these cases, and after long and careful instruction many of these converts make good and edifying Catholics. Of them this paper does not treat.

They, of whom we do write, come, generally, from that class boarded on one side by trade, and on the other by inherited wealth and position. Professions, arts, literature in its many senses, and agriculture are the main occupations in this particular stratum of society. Religiously, they come from the ordinary, moderate Church of England; from a state of indifference to all religious belief; or from simple agnosticism. Again I exclude all those who come from ritualism, evangelicism, or any fervent religious atmosphere. I think they have generally learned to be moderate in their expectations.

The greater number of people in this wide class are, nominally, Church of England. A convert gives this account of her training in a Church of England household:

"As soon as we could speak we said morning and night prayers. First we were taught some simple verses beginning with—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me a little child.

"Later, we were taught the 'Our Father' instead of the baby prayer. After both we said 'Pray God bless papa and mamma' (here followed the names of near relatives), 'and make me a good girl for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.'

"When we were old enough to neither cry nor talk, we were taken to Sunday church. Dire penalties followed fidgeting or whispering during those long services. The clergyman read prayers, lessons, psalms, litanies, and sermon. The parish clerk said responses and amens, school children sang the chants and hymns. No picture prayer books, no attempt at explanation, gave us a glimmer of interest in what was going on. Church meant keeping still and quiet, listening to the clergyman, the clerk, or the school children. Public baptism of infants who shrieked; public catechism of school children who made funny mistakes; blundering flying about of bats—dream-flying by day—these were welcomed and longed-for diversions. Even on those occasions we dared not either stare about us or laugh. When we could read, we were expected to concentrate our attention on our 'church services.'

"On Sunday evenings we were taught Old and New Testament history from two little catechisms, and sang 'hymns ancient and modern,' to the accompaniment of piano or harmonium. Later, we learnt the 'church catechism' word for word, the collect for each Sunday, with certain explanations, and biblical references attached to them, and the text for the day from a daily text-book.

"Our religion was going to Sunday church; saying daily prayers; learning Scripture history, catechism, collects, and texts; and a respectful silence on religious topics. The name of God in ordinary conversation would have startled us like an oath. Any mention of personal religion would have been a shock and an embarrassment. This religion had no relation, in our thought, to conduct or life. Belief in what it taught, and such observance as it demanded, was part of the 'rightness' that must be maintained; that, generally, was maintained by those we knew. After death the good would go to heaven and the wicked to hell. 'The wicked' were a distinct class; murderers, thieves, liars, cruel worshippers of idols. (Roman Catholics were included in the class of idol worshippers.)

Religion was not suggested to us as a motive of conduct. The centre of law was an axiom universally understood: *i. e.*,

'Right must be done because it is right.' If that law were broken, suffering followed—inherent in the wrong, as unhappiness, shame, regret—or, from the authority that enforced the law, by rebuke or punishment. Right conduct, like good health, was normal, and went unremarked. Children were sometimes naughty, because they were children. When we grew up we should be good, like all grown up people, except those 'wicked people,' as distinct from the good as the black races are from the white. Our parents and nurses were good; they told us to be good, and punished us if we were naughty. Goodness was the normal condition of grown up human beings.

"Through all the years of childhood our whole conduct, and our thought of conduct, was based on the idea that justice, sincerity, kindness, and fidelity to duty, made a 'rightness' maintained by all except 'the wicked.' Throughout, and after, our childhood, our mother kept vigilant watch over our reading and our companions. No word was ever said before us by grown up people, that could disturb our conviction of their goodness. The moral atmosphere of our training was absolutely pure. Truth, in the letter and the spirit, and in its uttermost meaning, was required of us. 'It is worse to act a lie than even to tell one,' was a nursery maxim. Modesty was vigilantly enforced. Obedience, exact, prompt, and unquestioning; respect for all elders; courtesy to servants; kindness to each other; to poor people, and to dumb things—all this was part of nursery and school-room 'rightness.' Of course we quarrelled, idled, were impudent, and disobedient like other children. That made no difference as to the idea of an ordinary rightness, maintained by most people, simply because right is right. Self-accusation of all unseen wrongdoing was required of us as a part of entire truthfulness. Punishment was in exact proportion to faults. Our law was sanctioned by conscience within us, and authority without.

"Later, when experience and reason modified our belief in grown up impeccability, in the absoluteness of right and wrong, and our own tendency to goodness, the main idea of our training was unchanged. Rightness was still the law. Through weakness, a tendency towards some particular fault, or under strong or sudden temptation, people broke that law. Punishment, interior, exterior, or both, sanctioned the law; such reparation as could be made was made. Always the law

triumphed over the law breaker. Only 'the wicked,' that distinct and reprobate class, persevered in deliberate defiance of the law. Lapses from fidelity to duty, kindness, sincerity, or justice occurred. But we never doubted that such lapses were regarded as wrong and shameful according to their gravity, both by the wrongdoer, and the onlooker. Our whole training was based on the belief that the virtues of justice, sincerity, kindness, and fidelity to duty make a 'rightness' universally recognized as right; and that 'Right must be done because it is right.' This was taught us with scarcely any reference to religion."

Some seventeen years since I was visiting relatives, who were practically agnostic. The eldest child, a girl of about five, was seized by a sudden fancy to ask the names of people in pictures on the wall. We were alone in the morning room, and she took me by the hand, pulling me from one picture to another according to her whim. Drama, history, mythology, were amongst the subjects represented; finally we came before the Holy Family, and the child pointed to each figure with an imperative—

"Who's that?"

Unwillingly—fearing later comments and questions in public—I said the Holy Name.

"*What* an uggerly name," the child exclaimed. "I do call Jesus an *uggerly* name!"

A few days later the younger child, then about three years of age, ran into the room during luncheon, and standing by her mother looked up into her face with great solemn eyes.

"Mudder," she asked, in her clear baby voice, "have you seed Chist?"

Amazed silence fell on us. Then Sylvia spoke again:

"Have you seed Chist on the choss?"

"I suppose the new nurse is religious," the child's mother remarked vexedly. "I'll not keep her if she talks piety to the children."

Afterwards Sylvia explained. She brought a new scrapbook into my room, and showed me a picture of the crucifixion. Under it was printed "Christ on the Cross."

"That's Chist on the choss," the child said, staring pitifully at the picture. "Nanna said so."

Religious belief, or observance, was not part of the "right-

ness" that governed this household. With that exception, the law was the same here as in the Church of England home—justice, sincerity, kindness, fidelity to duty, made the right that must be done for right's sake. Lately one of those girls told me that, when she was very little, she thought something she had said was not quite true. No result could come of it, and no malice was intended, but the fear of having told "a story" kept her awake at night. Now, as in their childhood, a tale of suffering brings tears to their eyes, and what help is in them to the aid of the sufferer.

Theirs is the sort of unselfishness that singles out the shy, plain girl, or the awkward dull young man, to make them at ease and happy; that plays the difficult accompaniment or dance, without minding that they can't play it very well, because people want to hear the song, or to dance; that is always anxious to do what other people desire. In fact, these girls consider scrupulous honor and charity the ordinary rightness of life, under their circumstances. They may be relied on to defend the absent and unpopular. This is their conviction, although they have had little religious training.

For some time I was intimately acquainted with a Unitarian woman; and her Unitarianism was of the sort that might be as accurately called pantheism. She was young, good looking, highly educated, intellectual. Her father was a wealthy mill owner, who entertained leading Liberal statesmen at his house. What enjoyment great wealth can give to a young woman Miss — might have had; but she worked harder to use rightly her wealth and her influences, than most people work to earn their living. She learnt nursing at a hospital; kept a district nurse entirely at her own expense; and, without shirking the round of social duties that her parents required of her, she took a practical, personal interest in the nurse's work, visiting her patients regularly, and supplying all that was needful. Stern, even rigorous, towards lack of cleanliness or morality, I have known her to take off her own warm petticoat, in a country road, and give it to a ragged, shivering woman. And the butler, counting the waterproof coats and cloaks at night, has found one missing. Miss — had taken it to give to some drenched poor person at the door. Often I have seen her worn out by the effort to keep up with all her duties, but she took it all quite as a matter of course. I

asked her, once, what she believed about the immortality of the soul; and she answered gravely, regretfully, that she saw no ground for such a belief. So I understood the gratuity and the finality of the giving of her life to duty. Also, her absolute sincerity fascinated me. We were passing a very humble little farmstead, and I remarked on its smallness.

"Yes"; Miss — said. "My grandfather lived there."

And when an old man alluded to her father as "Old So and So"—without prefix of "Mr."—she answered my comment with:

"You see, they all started together, he and my grandfather and others; and my grandfather got on. Of course they remember that."

This lady's sister was equally devoted in a different sphere of activity. Their "rightness" was a stern and exacting law; and they, too, had obviously been brought up in the conviction that "right must be done for right's sake."

These three types: Church of England, Agnostic, and Unitarian, give a general idea of the moral and ethical training of those converts of whom I write. Evangelicalism overlaps one side of the Church of England, and fervent ritualism the other; but the many are in the middle-way described by my convert. Some Unitarians seek to follow the teachings of Christ, as they know him; and their discipleship of the "Prophet sent from God" is like the "Let us go also, that we may die with him," of doubting Thomas. But the many are pantheistic, holding no definite belief as to the personality of God, or individual immortality. I have even known a bewildered and much heckled seeker after truth to label himself "Unitarian," for the same reason that Emerson locked his study door, and wrote on the lintel "Whim." "I hope," he wrote, "that, at bottom, it is something better; but I cannot spend the day in explanations."

My point is the "rightness" that is taken to be normal, in each class that I have mentioned. The law of "right must be done for right's sake," recognized in these households and revered for its inherent goodness, with little or no reference to a lawgiver.

Imagine a person, brought up in such moral and ethical environment, living his rightness better or worse according to his character, and blind to spiritual truth. Imagine him, either after long seeking, or without any search, hearing the "*Eph-*

pheta" of Christ; seeing the truth revealed in the Catholic Church. He sees eternity, and himself, and all other human beings, immortal in that eternity. He sees this world as a battle-ground of the Church militant. He sees Christ as the Founder of the Church, the Leader in the battle of the Church-militant, fighting till the enemies of that church nailed him to the cross. He sees the cross the sign of the Christian; the mark of his reception into the Church; the symbol that epitomizes the life of a disciple, *i. e.*, of a Catholic. He has the Faith now, and all things are changed to him. This life is only worth living as an Act of Faith, of Hope, of Love: faith in the Unseen, hope of Eternity, love of the Leader. *Deus meus et Omnia*" is the instant response to that divine command "*Ephpheta*."

We who have seen this material world, since we were born into it, see much without the consciousness of seeing, and only something unusual rouses wonder or admiration at what we see. But one who had been born blind, and whose eyes were opened to see, would realize all he saw vividly, wonderingly, joyously. So it is with the convert of whom I write. His thought is: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

The logical outcome of such a realization of things unseen and eternal, is a contempt for things seen and temporal. How could any sane person live for this world, material and temporal, seeing that other world, spiritual and eternal? Clearly he sees that duty is the only reality in this life, and the doing of that duty the task set for this life. That he knew before; it was the law of "right for right's sake" that governed his childhood. But now, the standard of his "rightness" is indefinitely raised: he is a professed disciple of Christ; what is the "rightness" taught by Christ? It seems to differ only in degree, not in kind, from what he knew before. Justice, sincerity, kindness, and fidelity to duty, each practised to the utmost and in the spirit, must involve mercy, humility, forgiveness, and self-sacrifice. Christ practised every virtue in an heroic degree. His religion is Hero-worship: the following of a Hero-Leader. That is the meaning of the cross-symbol. Practically the convert raises his standard of "rightness" from "all he *ought* to do" to "all he *can* do." The utmost is reasonable, because even utmost effort can never reach that unattainable Ideal, Christ crucified.

This sort of convert generally feels sure that in every virtue he is very far behind old Catholics, and all Catholics who have been long in the church.

Eagerness to get on fast in the following of the Master spurs on his already ardent enthusiasm. "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee," is his cry, whenever and wherever he sees Christ. And if he hears, or thinks he hears, the "Come" of his Lord, he will go—or, at least, he will begin to go—the shortest way, even if that means walking on the waves of the sea.

And this literal conduct of the convert is only what his family expect. So long as he remains at home nothing in his environment will encourage laxity or self-complacency. What his people know of the commands and the teaching of the Church, so much they expect to see in the obedience and practice of the convert. They may condemn his credulity, laugh at his belief, but they require that his conduct shall be levelled up to the exact height of profession. Is the nearest church eleven miles distant? Of course he will walk there, fasting, on Sunday morning to receive the Body and Blood of Christ, and be mystically united with God. One girl who, years ago, turned back, tired out, from such a walk, is reproached for her lack of zeal to this day. If he confesses his sins to a priest, then he must aim at overcoming those sins, and they will aid his efforts! "Don't forget that when you go to confession," is their comment on any lapse from the higher "rightness" inseparable from his professed belief. And under all their raillery and banter lurks a real expectation of goodness, even of heroism, in him and in all Catholics.

In any ordinary, non-Catholic surroundings the convert will find that much is expected of him. "And you a Catholic!" adds an immensity of reproach to any criticism. So long as those around the convert echo his own expectation of himself, and of all Catholics, he will believe that his shortcomings are due to individual perversity and non-Catholic training. If he passes his life in such environment, only meeting his co-religionists in church or on religious ground, he may never realize his mistake. Fighting his worser self; groaning over what is human in himself, because the sacraments have not changed it into divinity; sure that his own fault and defect hinder the working of grace in him; convinced that he is the

last and least amongst Catholics, he will be humble, enthusiastic, and very happy. Does such a one live in the very inner truth of the Church, undisturbed by the outward humanity? Is the Church to him what it ought to be to all? When the Church-militant ends the circle of her life; when she has triumphed wholly; when, entering again into eternity, at the closing of the circle of time, beginning and end meet; will the humanity in her then, through much tribulation, be like the humanity of those of the saints who were with Christ—the few who left all to follow him; who, overcoming cowardice and sloth, lived and died for him? As the sanctity of the aged man, after a long life of combat, may meet the purity of his infant baptism, so may it be with humanity in the Catholic Church. And the convert, living strenuously in the truth, looking from his truth, and from his solitude, on Catholic humanity, sees it as he knows it was, as he knows it ought to be; as to him, and perhaps to God in the “Now” of eternity, it is.

If the sort of convert we are considering is free, or when he becomes free, from any tie of duty, he will seek first Catholic privileges and opportunities of living his faith. Again I will describe one case as an example. A convert from agnosticism passed some years amongst non-Catholics, and was only intimately acquainted with a few Catholics, who were either religious or fellow-converts. At a given moment she found herself free, and an opportunity of doing useful and much-needed work in a large provincial mission. She offered herself, was accepted, and began work. She was a tertiary of St. Francis, and resolved to live the life of a tertiary. She would fling aside all that could cumber her spiritual life and hold to nothing of this world but its duty. Pleasure, profit, ease, she despised; she would give all she had to give to him in his poor. Time, money, prospects, youth, health, position; even a great possession, worth indefinitely more than all these, she would give, “as unto him.” She felt sure that the freedom and opportunity given her were a concession to her weakness. Catholics generally could live first for religion in the midst of worldly duties and social distractions. She saw them regular and punctual at Mass, at the sacraments; heard the piety of their opinions and conversation on the occasions when she met them. They were strong in the spirit of the Church, and had

overcome fleshly resistance in themselves. But she had learnt, in herself, the power of the weakness of the flesh, of hereditary pride, and various other faults against the kingdom of Christ in her. And Christ, who saw that war between to will and to do, pitied her weakness and freed her from handicap of worldly ties and preoccupations. She never doubted that every Catholic, tied to duties inseparable from family, wealth, or position, must look on her liberty with holy envy. To them her conduct, her voluntary poverty, toil, and hardship could require no explanation. Poorly lodged, poorly fed, shabbily dressed, she toiled very practically amongst the poor, revelled in her Franciscan life, was utterly content—except with her own shortcomings—and thought her conduct mere matter-of-course in any free Catholic.

Many of the congregation, however, were not of that opinion. They said no one would live such an extraordinary life except for some hidden motive. Was she, after all, making the best living she could for herself, under the cloak of charity? Was she taking money on the quiet? Was she in love with one of the doctors she met in her work? Had she, perhaps, done something disgraceful and come here to hide herself? From the clergy they could draw neither information nor opinion. Evidently either they were hoodwinked or they were bound to silence. Well—time would show. Meantime they would watch, inquire, if opportunity occurred, and hold themselves aloof. Certain they were that no one in her senses, and out of a convent, would give everything for nothing.

Wrapt in illusion, the convert was long unaware of the feeling against her. But she was thin-skinned and felt a chill, and thought the faithful felt her unworthiness of all her privileges; and their coldness rebuked her faults. They, with her opportunities, would probably be saints. Naturally they expected much of her. Perhaps, too, they suspected her of pride because she had no time to visit or receive visits, and they were chiefly of the commercial and working classes. The clergy, she felt assured, approved of her life and its privileges, and naturally did not spare time or thought to add to such Catholic bliss. Also, her outside work absorbed thought and effort.

At last, after many a tug and pull that she never could realize, the cloak of illusion was torn away from her with fi-

nal, sudden roughness. She was pervious to fact at last. The fact that bewildered her was this, that what seemed to her, and to the non-Catholics who mocked at her fanatical creed, mere literal Catholicity, seemed to some of these Catholics so extraordinary that it forced them to suspect, snub, and accuse her.

So the expectation of that convert vanished. Every one of the faithful was not necessarily an incarnation of the Faith. She cut down her own profession and observance to Sunday and Holyday Mass, Easter duties, and the *Pater Noster*. She observed, and commented on, the paradox of pious observance on the part of some without ordinary "rightness." Only the fascination of Christ, the conviction that the Church was his, the sacraments contact with him, held her within the Church through long years of groping bewilderment. From the lowest depth she cried to a friend—a young convert priest—and he answered with a quotation:

"'What is that to thee? . . . Follow thou me.'"

The woman heard those words spoken by Christ to her. She saw, in a flash, the impertinence of criticism; the futility of complaint, the singleness of Christ's dealing with each soul. She, too, began to understand. She hastened to the sacraments, in eager appeal for help. As Peter thrilled at the grasp of the Master's hand outstretched to save him, as he felt conscience-stricken at the rebuking of his little faith, so was the woman thrilled with love and loyalty and remorse at that Communion. Her mind seemed filled with the regretful question: "Wherefore did I doubt?"

Something of the misery of those past years she told to a holy old Jesuit. He criticized her conduct with pitiless common sense, till she stammered in confusion:

"It all sounds so mad—now!"

The priest smiled grimly.

"It was madness"; he said. "Like the madness of the Israelites, when they cried to Moses: 'Speak thou to us. Let not God speak, lest we die!'"

That comment, on what she had not said, startled her so that she did not speak. The Jesuit went on, and his tone was severe.

"You forgot our Lord's warning: 'Do what they say, but not what they do.' You forgot that the high priest prophesied,

even in consenting to the slaying of Christ, because he was high priest."

"Yes"; the woman answered. "But why do you answer more than I have asked?"

"Perhaps because I, too, am a priest of God."

"I understand better now," she said softly. "And I will try not to forget, or to falter, again."

This example epitomizes the experiences of many converts, under more or less similar conditions. The faith that inspired their expectation generally survives it; but the reaction from "believing all things, hoping all things," is an extreme of suspicion, even of cynicism.

Not long ago I heard a young man and an older woman talking together. He spoke in bewilderment and anguish of soul: "Everything is changed. I no longer understand—anything!"

The woman answered slowly: "Perhaps you never did understand—really."

They fell to talking of expectation and of non-fulfillment. He stopped there. She went on to speak, stammeringly, of a "something better" glimmering like gray dawn in the east.

"We were very ignorant," she said, "of the limits of human nature; in ourselves and in every one."

The man laughed.

"My puppy," he said, "jumps, wriggling with effort, like a flying fish, trying to catch the sparrows he can see on the edge of the house roof. When he's exhausted he lies down and pants, and then begins again. He has no doubt that he can and will reach them. You and I were quite as absurd!"

The woman answered, seeming to think while she spoke, as if her thoughts found utterance difficult.

"It was our 'right' then. And, jumping at the then unattainable, we caught a glimpse of the real. We saw from higher than our own height; and over our environment."

The man lifted his head with a jerk, and seemed to speak rather breathlessly.

"You think that futility and failure were only apparent: that the reality was like the glimpse, before Purgatory, of Christ—a promise and a goal?"

The eager smile of the enthusiast lit up the woman's face.

She answered simply: "I never forget what I saw. Now I begin to understand."

Silence fell between them. The man's thoughts seemed to cheer him, for his face lightened gradually. From my own thoughts I spoke, suddenly, breaking in on theirs.

"A day's journey from here, I have found all that we three expected."

"In a convent?" asked one. And the other: "In some isolated saint?"

"In a people," I answered, "who have kept the faith through persecution, and keep it now through sacrifice."

"Tell us what you have seen?"

"There is too much; I can only cite random examples of the whole. There, parents give their dearest and best children to the Church and the cloister, and thank God for taking them; the rich give thousands to charity; the poor share their last crust with the poorer; the churches are crowded at daily Mass; the confessionals and the altar rails are thronged with men and women, rich and poor. Heroic virtue is preached from every pulpit as mere matter of course, and the people drink in the teaching. The priests are just spiritual fathers: more or less kind; more or less holy; but always parental in authority and responsibility. The people regard them with filial reverence and love. Drunkenness I have seen there occasionally, but never the indecency or brutality associated with that vice here; the most drunken man will steady himself against a wall to salute a passing priest or nun. Disorder and dirt I have seen there, as here, in poor parts; but never have I found lack of purity or of gentle manners. I saw a pauper lunatic, in her death agony, clasping a crucifix in her hands. I saw a great, silent crowd watching a burning house. I wondered at their silence, till a red mass crashed down into the street, where firemen worked splendidly. As it fell the arms of that great crowd were upraised. 'Oh, Sacred Heart!' came in one quick cry from hundreds of voices. Then I understood their silence. I saw polo played by the finest players in the world. My companion pointed to the handsomest man and most dashing player of all. 'That young fellow,' he said, 'means to go into a monastery next week.' In the streets I saw ragged, barefooted children run to bend their knee before priest or nun, and murmur:

'God bless you.' In a church, at Mass, I saw a well-dressed, elderly man, praying with arms and eyes uplifted, forgetful of all but God. The utmost condemnation I heard there, when no excusing was possible, was 'God forgive him.' Of the worst criminal I heard only 'God convert him.' Of the sinner overtaken in sin, 'God help him.' In joy, or in sorrow, the first ejaculation is 'Glory be to God!' In the direst straits, 'God is good.' I told an old priest how the carmen, driving full speed in crowded streets, and telling tales the while, never passed a church without saluting the Blessed Sacrament. 'Yes'; he said, 'and the gravest fault those men will generally have to admit at confession will be: 'I said "bad loock to ye!" to the beast.' Those people do not fear death, because they already live in the spirit. They do not fear poverty, because they do not value earthly things. Human they are; passionate in love and in anger; quick to laughter and to tears. But their thoughts, words, and deeds are saturated with Catholic faith and charity."

I paused, rather out of breath; but aware of how little I had said of all there was to say.

The man spoke: "And these are old Catholics! Not converts like us; full of exaggerated expectation."

"Was it exaggerated, after all?" the woman asked thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," he admitted, laughing a little, "we did sometimes forget that 'there's a deal of human natur' in man.'"

But I spoke of what I knew.


"Expect all you can of faith and charity, penetrating human nature. Then go to my holy island. There you will find something better than your expectation."

NEWMAN'S LITTLEMORE:

A FEW ADDENDA.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

May these scattered jottings be accepted by way of footnote to my friend Mr. Wilberforce's beautiful paper in the July CATHOLIC WORLD? They comprise some hints of a topographical nature, omitted by him, which yet may prove interesting to some of the household of the Faith, particularly to any who go to Oxford and to Littlemore from "the great English-speaking Republic of the West."

ITTLEMORE has changed for the worse since Newman lived there. We come across a great steam laundry now, and a lunatic asylum, and rows of small, unlovely brick cottages. But it still has character; and certain bits of it Cowleyward, and Iffleyward, are exactly as they were. The long ascent from Iffley Turn, where the omnibuses stop—local transportation being still very primitive—is called Rose Hill. The view of Oxford is pretty, but spoiled by too much brick in the perspective. One resents these modern excrescences on the gray town of the ages. Better views by far can be had from the Hinckseys, Headington, Elsfield, Nuneham, and even from between the hedgerows of a fieldpath hard by, which crosses high land between the famous Norman church at Iffley and Littlemore Post Office. A less romantic way of reaching Newman's haunts of 1843–1846 is to go by train: the station is very convenient to the Parish Church.

That plain little church attracts everybody. There is something likable about the lych-gate, the comely ivy, the yew-tree (uncommonly big for its age, which is only some fifty years), the rural graves, spreading among the southerly grasses, and up to the ever-open door, the legible tower clock, and the whole peaceful, unpretending enclosure. The plans were drawn up by Rev. Thomas Mozley, an amateur architect of taste,

who was soon afterward to become the husband of Newman's sister Harriett. Many people suspected at the time that Hurrell Froude's enthusiasm was at the bottom of it, but that dearest of all Newman's friends was dying in Devonshire while the walls were rising, his death preceding that of Newman's mother by only three months. Some carping Oxford Evangelicals fell foul of the enterprise and attacked it in print; one of them indicts Froude and Newman together as Popish conspirators, and excoriates as dark and evil "the style of Gothic architecture which they are plotting to introduce!" This quotation from a then conspicuous but now forgotten pamphleteer, will prove that the little church was a pioneer of its kind. In fact, it was the first Early English ecclesiastical building erected in the neighborhood of Oxford since the Reformation; simple as it is, it is very successful, thanks to its graceful proportions. A great drawback, however, to all Early English buildings, is the restricted light coming through narrow lancet windows. Newman himself found the interior too dark for practical purposes. Plenty of hideous gaudy glass, crowded with detail, was put in shortly after Newman's time: of course it was long considered the most elegant thing in the world. Glass was at its heroic worst, midway of the nineteenth century. On the north side of the nave, and in one window on the south, are very harmonious and quiet colored designs of single figures of Saints, occupying only the upper lights of the windows, while such faintly tinted panes are left for a background as would have pleased the Middle Ages. These substitutions are, if I mistake not, the work of William Morris, and, as such, one of the benefits of Canon Irvine's incumbency. Quite recently there has been added also, replacing a red and blue horror in the style of the rest, a good and striking east window representing the Crucifixion, the design of a young artist.

The present shapely chancel and the tower were not put up by Newman. His intentions for his unforeseen future probably embraced something akin to them; but in his day the east wall of his *sacellum* of SS. Mary and Nicholas (the ancient Littlemore dedication), went straight across where the chancel arch now is, and his very modest altar stood against it. A cross, then a most unusual adornment of any Church of

England sanctuary—how far have we not traveled since then!—was cut over it, by order of the bold Tractarian generalissimo. Mr. Wilberforce mentions the wretched fate of the first pulpit, from which were preached so many unforgettable sermons, the last of which was "The Parting of Friends." (For an exquisite description of the delivery of that one, and of the pathos of the occasion, see Serjeant Bellasis' *Memorials*.) The pulpit stood not where the present pulpit is, but in the opposite corner, near the window whence the good Bishop Nicholas looks down upon the Reading-desk. The Communion plate and some fine candlesticks, still in use, were individual gifts to Newman, and remain as relics of him, to our generation.

The Littlemore church has made a profound impression upon a great many people. More than one well known British pilgrim has felt impelled to kneel down there and offer a heartfelt prayer for the return of England to her spiritual home, the bosom of the Universal and Roman Church. There is a legend that the holy Passionist, Father Dominic Barberi, did so when he saw it first: this was some years before he put his sickle to that great harvest of a great soul, and, through him, to the harvest of souls unnumbered. "There is need of a little-more grace," said the wistful Italian shepherd, smiling over his English pun. The thoughts of "Reunionists" like him are always nofeul. When I first saw the Church in 1891, the Bible on the Lectern lay open at the sixtieth chapter of Isaías. It was thrilling to read on that ground, and with such things in mind as those with which Catholics in England must needs be haunted forever, the majestic familiar phrases, like antiphonal trumpet music far away. "Arise: shine: . . . Gentiles shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising." . . . "They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory. . . . Surely the isles shall wait for me . . . and the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their Kings shall minister unto thee; for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor have I had mercy upon thee. . . . The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee, and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet; and they shall call thee the City of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel. . . . I will make thee

an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. . . . Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. . . . I the Lord will hasten it in his time." The engraved panorama which Mr. Wilberforce mentions of the spires and pinnaced roofs of the University city, which is now at the Birmingham Oratory, does not owe the selection of its legend (from the vision of the prophet Ezekiel) to any random hand. Newman himself had it put there. A similar engraving, similarly inscribed, by way of homage to the other, hangs to-day on the wall of an Oxford house which Wolsey built, and which belongs to the revered Chaplain of the Catholic undergraduates, Canon Kennard. "Indeed, can these dry bones live? And I answered: O Lord God, thou knowest." But this much and no more has its tinge of doubt or of despair. Let us not forget the glorious context: how One breathed upon "these slain," that they might live. . . . "And the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Some such religious hope, though mystical and latent, is a very real thing in Newman's Oxford, the Oxford of our martyrs. She is waylaid and enchanted this long while: but some day every beautiful stone of her will be free.

Newman placed in his finished Church the sculptured bas-relief by Westmacott, dedicated to his mother's memory. This is still the only monument on the walls. In copying the lettering upon it, Mr. Wilberforce has inadvertently omitted the text which forms the second half of the inscription: "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth . . . until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." Ps. lxxi. Such a mother of such a son might indeed take for her own those prophetic words, personal and true and wide in their application beyond anything that could have been foreseen in 1836. Mrs. Newman is not, however, buried beneath. She died at her home, Rose Bank, Iffley, at the foot of the hill which climbs toward Littlemore. The pretty house stands back from the road, facing towards Oxford, and has ample greensward and garden. There is a veranda in front, an unusual thing in most parts of England. (I fear this

house has been re-named, very recently, by some incomer too heedless of its hallowed memories.) Mrs. Newman's body was carried to the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin, of which her eldest son was still vicar. Her grave is on the High Street side of the altar, and is marked by a gray slab, bearing the date, and a simple legend worthy of the Catacombs: "J. N. In Pace." She had once lived with her family, after they had tried Nuneham and Horspath, in a smaller house perched sideways on this same Rose Hill, and the house was called Rose Hill too. It still stands near the Nonconformist Chapel.

The Vicarage at Littlemore, next to the Church, and south-east of it, is, despite its fifteenth-century picturesqueness, quite modern. Littlemore was not a separate parish until after its one man of genius had forsaken it. Many a journalist and illustrator has been caught gazing with inquiring awe at that arched doorway, and it is one of Canon Irvine's frequent and half-sportive tasks to break the hearts of the aforesaid with the information that Newman never lived there. The very humble roof under which he did live is easily found.

It stands at a street corner, a little east by north, where a lane breaks away from the road leading to Cowley, and on the left side of the lane, as we turn into that coming from the Church. The lane runs past a few houses and ends abruptly in a footpath over the fields: this leads straight to the site of the mediæval Mynchery (*i.e.*, nunnery), where now stands a house of Elizabethan date, set in green meadows, standing all alone, looking towards Sandford. Newman's odd choice of abode, often alluded to by himself and others as the *Μονή*, is, as Mr. Wilberforce says, a row of cottages. It was originally a rectangular range of sheds or stabling, with openings into the yard only. Newman took it as it was, and made no alterations except to partition it off into rooms, and possibly (though here I speak under correction) to put up the good timber ceiling which we now find in two rooms once used in common by his religious family. The rear entrances were retained, and none others were added. The windows now facing the street were always there, but not so the doors: these are the interpolation or afterthought of subsequent ownership. The rear entrances just mentioned had a rustic shelter or lean-to, too rude to be called a piazza, running the

whole length. This has been divided off into many little sculleries or laundries, used by the poor tenants who at present inhabit the place; but while Newman dwelt there it was kept open from end to end. Very many earnest young members of Oxford Colleges, and others unconnected with the University, followed him, for a longer or shorter time, to this ascetic retreat. It would be interesting to know where Mark Pattison had his room, or Anthony Froude. (Apparently "all that *they* saw in Bagdad was the Tigris to bear them away!") Or we should like to be able to trace to the nest of his youth, Father William Lockhart, predestined to be the first of all the band to ford the stream of the Via Media to the City set on a Hill. Father Bowles, the last survivor of "Newman's young men," died about three years ago at Harrow, where he was known as the beloved Chaplain of the Dominican Convent. He used to say that the family of Mr. Bloxam, of Magdalen, had a plan of the premises, giving the name of the occupant of every room. This, however, would apply only to the community of 1842 or 1843. By the beginning of 1845 most of the brotherhood had gone away, and Newman's interest was more and more concentrated on the finishing of his great *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. After St. John, his most devoted disciple, had made the "venture of faith," the chief hermit of the hermitage lived on with the three or four still faithful to Anglican ideals. One of these told Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who told me, that in the course of time what had been the small oratory at the other (northerly) angle of the house was given up; the local Carthusians drew closer together; and Newman, moving out of his own writing-room, turned it into the domestic chapel, fitted it up with red hangings, and rough benches for stalls, and transferred to it the large Spanish crucifix given by Mr. Crawley. The other and larger apartment, belonging to the unselfish "Vicar" (as he was still called), was then used by him as a combined bedroom and study. These are points to remember, though they have never appeared in print.

The stables or cottages are now known, and must have been known for at least seventy years, as "The College." Every photograph or reproduced drawing of it which I have ever seen brings the wrong wing of the building into the foreground. Of course the conspicuous feature should be New-

man's private cell: the interest of the civilized world centres in that. It is to be found, though no guide-book tells us so, at the extreme end of the "College," down the lane already mentioned. Visitors who stop at the last door are ushered in by a good widow who now lives there; her aged husband remembered "Mr. Newman" well, having once been among those junior villagers for whom the whole Newman family did so much. Here is the very room where Father Dominic dried himself at the hearth-fire, that cold dripping autumn night: the very room, therefore, into which Newman came hurriedly, kneeling down and asking, with his own quiet intensity, to be received into the Fold. May I venture to suggest that I think Mr. Wilberforce is mistaken in stating that the floor is not the very same? There has been an alteration, but it affected the walls and not the floor; the former have been papered since Newman's occupation. Books, in old days, lined all the walls, and filled all the cupboards of what is now a kitchen. We recall that the precious library took long to pack, when its owner "put out to the open sea," for his first port of Maryvale. This little land of shelves must have been the scene of one famous post-Anglican encounter between Newman and his loved Patristic folios. I know not who it is that tells us, or whether he tells us himself, that a day or so after his conversion he felt that he could go up, and did go up, to the stout volumes of the Fathers with a recognizing kiss and a murmured: "You are mine now, you are mine now!" The inner and end room, now a bedroom, but first, as we have seen, Newman's study, and then the oratory, is, therefore, the spot where Mass was celebrated by a Saint early on October 9, 1845, when Newman, Stanton, Dalgairns, and Bowles made their First Communion. "Put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground." Susceptible Americans, male and female, have been known to weep there. It is all so very bare and lonely, almost sordid, that long ground-floor habitation! to us who are so accustomed to lay undue value on the material comforts of life. Not so the English. Save in great cities, simplicity is still their basis. The drop from the none too luxurious conditions of Oriel to the austere Μονή could not have been so great an outward sacrifice as it seems to some of us modern sybarites.

After Newman, grown old, first came up the remembered hill with Father Ambrose St. John in 1868, and leaned in tears over the lych-gate of his own little church of tender memories, he visited many of his former flock. Canon Irvine has been shown many gifts sent to them by Newman after he had gone back to Edgbaston. These took the form of his own photograph, inscribed with his name and some affectionate word of personal remembrance, or else of a presentation copy of one of the volumes published, not after, but during, his Anglican life. What a typical, though trifling instance of the power of delicate discretion which he brought into all his dealings! Students of the Oxford Movement will remember that he intended the *Movf* or "College" to be but a temporary residence; for, as Mr. Wilberforce has not failed to remind us, Newman bought and planted for his ultimate purpose a large tract of desirable land. Readers of this Magazine may like to know that these acres lie between the church and what is still known as the Barnes house, a small, square brick affair, standing very near the road going towards the railroad bridge, and next to a public house. It has a pretty little terraced lawn at the back. Newman was on very friendly terms with the Barnes family, and frequently stayed with them here before settling at Littlemore for good. He bought the adjacent property, on which he intended to build a roomy *cœnobium* looking towards the Mynchery and the fertile slopes of Garsington. His trees, which he was so proud of in their infancy, have grown into a considerable grove. This pleasant estate, now in private hands, might well be coveted by the Oratorians! One can but echo Mr. Wilberforce's wish that some enduring memorial of Newman should rise upon ground endeared to him and associated with him at Littlemore. It is to be feared that for Catholics to win possession of the poor long-dedicated little "College" is, at any rate, impracticable. It stands on glebeland, having been bequeathed by Mr. Crawley to the Vicarage inalienably; and, as it is a diocesan matter, it would be difficult indeed, or impossible, for us to interfere. To hire the place would be useless, low as the rent is; it should be safeguarded and kept sacred forever, or else left alone.

Newman lived four months of his Catholic life there: he did not leave Littlemore until February, 1846. He and his companions attended Mass and Vespers at the Chapel of St. Ignatius

in the district called St. Clement's, Oxford, the selfsame building still used by the Catholics of the neighborhood both as a School for girls, and a Chapel-of-Ease to the Jesuit Church in the Woodstock Road. The Society has been active on the Oxford Mission, with but one short interval, since the early seventeenth century. Father Robert Newshan was Priest-in-charge at St. Ignatius' during what is often humorously alluded to as "the '45." The Littlemore neophytes, in order to avoid observation, used to travel to Oxford, not down the Cowley Road, but down a path roughly parallel with it, which, if it were as muddy then in winter-time as it is now, must have developed their patience, and given a tang of martyrdom to their first fervor.*

* A word more. These pages, as well as the better pages which they are meant to supplement, make frequent mention of the Reverend John W. Irvine, Vicar of Littlemore, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Alas! news has just come of his death. No one else connected with Littlemore ever was or ever can be more devoted to the memory of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Something of his heart went out to each man or woman who revered it as he himself did. It was always over him, like the sun-flecked shadow of a great tree. He knew all that was to be known about him *in loco*; he collected portraits, letters, and traditions of his Oxford life, and it was good to see his clear eye kindle as some new aspect of that ever welcome topic was brought before him. The spiritual face of Canon Irvine, full of manly gravity, and yet quaintly sweet, the silver hair, the fresh color, the attractive, old-fashioned air of courtesy and wisdom and deep human helpfulness, will be missed by many "advenæ" as well as by his bereaved friends. A High Churchman of the elder school, in many essential matters he saw eye to eye with Catholics. Peace to that dear and devout spirit. Never to find him again on a flower-bordered lawn of that hilltop which Newman loved before him, is to be robbed of a great deal of its moral warmth and light.

New Books.

CATHOLICS AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

By Dr. Hogan.

As a solution of that perplexing problem, the Irish University question, a project that receives, or has received, some support from prominent Catholics, and much more from the opposite party, is so to modify the constitution, character, and personnel of Trinity College, which is, in fact, the University of Dublin, that Catholics may enter it on equal terms with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. "Voices," we quote from the introduction to this very able statement* of Dr. Hogan, "come from various quarters, telling us that there is nothing for it but to storm Trinity College, to invade Trinity College, to nationalize Trinity College, to modify the constitution of Trinity College, so as to make it like Bonn or Breslau, to get rid of the Divinity School, to put out the parsons, and not to let in the priests; in a word, so to transform and reconstitute the whole establishment as to make it a congenial habitation for young Irishmen of all creeds and classes."

Against this proposal the able professor of Maynooth protests vigorously; and backs up his position with a forcible presentation of telling arguments. It might, he admits, be possible, after a long and bitterly-contested struggle, for Catholics to obtain a sure foothold in the citadel of Protestant intolerance. But, he says, the victory would be scarcely less disastrous than defeat: "Thirty or forty years of instruction by Protestant teachers, slowly, imperceptibly, patiently, perhaps in many cases unconsciously, infusing into their young disciples an anti-Catholic, or even an un-Catholic spirit, would do more harm to the Catholic faith in Ireland, in my humble opinion, than three hundred years of the Penal Code."

To expect a transformation of Trinity College, sufficiently radical to render it a fitting place for Catholic youth, is, the Doctor holds, impossible. The Protestantism of Trinity is of too long growth, with roots too deep, to be eradicated, or rendered harmless. In support of his assertion, Dr. Hogan proceeds to analyze the constitution of the University; and to diagnose its spirit as expressed in various publications of its

* *Irish Catholics and Trinity College.* With Appendices. By the Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D., Professor of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin, Cork, and Belfast: Browne & Nolan.

administration and professors. He shows very powerfully, by ~~this method~~, how Protestant influences—and it must be remembered that Irish Protestantism ~~means~~, in any of its corporate forms, uncompromising, aggressive, bigoted hostility to everything Catholic—work through the Divinity School, the Provost, the Vice-Provost, the governing body (Provost and Senior Fellows, Senate, Council), through the Junior Fellows, the “Erasmus Smith” Professors, and the special schools of Literature, Philosophy, History, Law, and Medicine.

Some observations that the doctor makes regarding the indirect influence on Catholic students of the Divinity School are well worth the attention of those on whose backs rests the burden of safeguarding the faith of the rising generation of American Catholics who seek a university education. It is true that the conditions in non-Catholic American universities are not quite so unfavorable as those of Trinity College to the faith of Catholic students. In the former, the divinity faculties do not tower over the entire institution; and their Protestantism, where any survives, is too anæmic to exhibit any proselytizing vigor. But, instead, there is an all-pervading, insidious spirit of agnosticism and rationalism, which is all the more to be dreaded because its easy, tolerant, good-natured mien is less likely to arouse in the Catholic the fighting mood which direct attacks on his religion are sure to inspire. Says Dr. Hogan: “In Trinity College, Catholic students would be cut off from the clergy of their own Church, and made to associate with the clergy, ecclesiastical students, and professors of a Church which is working might and main for the overthrow and annihilation of their own. They would, ever afterwards, be inclined to associate all learning, knowledge, and refinement with the clergy of another creed, and to look down upon and despise their own. It is not in vain that all these subtle influences, often intangible, imperceptible, unseen, would be allowed to have free play on their hearts and consciences, as well as on their minds, during their most critical and impressionable years.” With a few textual changes, substituting rationalism and agnosticism for Protestantism, in the above definition of a hypothetical condition in Ireland, we have the statement of an actual one at home. The following passage needs no modification to suit it for home application: “What wonder, then, that some, at least, of those who, taking upon

themselves all responsibility, submit themselves to these and similar hostile forces, should come forth full of arrogant and supercilious condescension towards their own brethren and pastors, and that they should, not rarely, pass from the attitude of bare toleration to one of petty annoyance and open warfare?" The great stream of young American Catholics who are exposing themselves to become examples of this assertion is yearly swelling. Meanwhile the staunch friends and supporters of the national Catholic University may be counted on one's fingers.

The advocates of the plan which Dr. Hogan repudiates cite, in support of it, the German universities where, amid a concourse of Catholic and non-Catholic students, the religious rights of the former are effectively protected. But, contends Dr. Hogan, there is no parity between German and Irish conditions. In Germany the number of the universities is large and varied, so Catholics may choose. The residential system not being in vogue, the influence of fashion and corporate opinion is not felt; and, as the result of a long struggle, the German Catholics have secured a sort of balance, while the Minister of Education sees to it that the Catholics get fair play. We must congratulate Dr. Hogan on having delivered a very destructive criticism against the scheme which he attacks, and of having demonstrated that, even in Ireland, strong things, on burning topics, may be said, and uncompromising opinions stated, without infringing the laws of fairness and courtesy. Besides the service which it renders directly to the cause in which it has been issued, this pamphlet is an extremely useful contribution to the literature of the Catholic education question, because it sets forth, clearly and convincingly, in how many ways various branches of study, that do not immediately bear on religion, may be so conducted as to become the channel of influences pernicious to Catholic faith.

This volume* is written by a son
THE MENACE OF PRIVILEGE. of Henry George, whom America
 By Henry George, Jr. honors as a noble type of lover
 of his kind. The elder George
 may have been in error, or his misfortune may have been to

* *The Menace of Privilege.* By Henry George, Jr. 1905. Pp. 421. New York: The Macmillan Company.

be ahead of his time. In any case, he is remembered with undiminished respect as the years remove him quickly into the memories of the past. One would expect that the son would inherit the father's theories. The work to which reference is now made is, in fact, a plea for the single tax as the one solution of our social wrongs. But the plea is minor, in a way to allow the main contents of the book to stand as a complete narrative.

After describing the United States as the land of inequality, the author describes the "Princes" whom privileges have created among us, telling of their financial methods, morals, luxury. The favored class, thus created, constitutes, in tendency and wish, our aristocracy. Next, the author describes the victims of privilege, the despoilment of the masses, their physical, mental, and moral deterioration. The reaction against privilege is, according to the author, found in organized labor, whose dangers are described with some sharpness. Effort is made to show that Privilege uses the courts to further its interests, corrupts politics, national, state, and municipal, while press, university, and pulpit are, it is alleged, at the service of Privilege.

A general chapter, drawing lessons from history, leads the reader to the final chapter, in which an appeal is made for single tax as the single, natural, adequate remedy for the crime, degradation, and suffering described.

We quote from the author's conclusion: "We have found the unequal distribution of wealth, which so distracts public and private life in the republic, to be due to Government favors to individuals operating in all instances as if private laws had been made expressly for their benefit. We have seen the Government favors or privileges fall into four general classes: monopolies of natural opportunities, tariff and other taxes on production and its fruits, highway grants and incorporation powers, and immunities. We have seen that the first two of these can be destroyed by shifting the entire weight of taxation from production to land values, that highways should be taken over, and that then would easily follow simplified processes of incorporation and modified judicial practices."

No writer need draw on his imagination to paint a gloomy picture of our times. Optimist and pessimist are differentiated rather by interpretations than by facts. The author in this

case, has given a reliable narrative of depressing facts, but men will differ from him and among themselves in their interpretations. The reviewer feels that there is truth enough in the chapters to protect the author against very sharp criticism. Ultra-conservative persons may bemoan the emphasis placed on social evils, but it is useless to laugh them away or belittle their significance.

There are usually erroneous inferences in the wake of generalizations concerning social conditions. When Mr. George attempts to show that press, pulpit, and university are in bondage to the interests which he attacks in the name of humanity, he cites some facts and some expressions of view which give a semblance of confirmation. But an indictment as sweeping as that made, needs a mighty array of argument and an imposing series of facts. These are missing. The McGlynn case, as Mr. George sees it, is sufficient in fact and argument to support the insinuations against the Catholic Church which the volume contains. That is poor logic and poorer history.

However, well-wishers of popular government and public morality will welcome the volume. It is a challenge clothed with dignity, as well as a plan of reform that is not devoid of charm. If the work may serve to awaken the public seriously to the tendencies which are so fraught with danger, one will readily pardon the faults of logic and exaggerated inferences which it contains.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PENTATEUCH.

By Dr. McKim.

Dr. Randolph McKim, of Washington, has published three lectures,* originally delivered before a theological seminary against the Wellhausen theory of the composition of the Pentateuch.

From the nature of the case an adequate treatment of so vast a subject is impossible within the limits to which Dr. McKim restricts himself, and doubtless every serious reader who picks up this book will find that his curiosity has been aroused rather than that his mind has been set at rest. But, for its scope, this brief volume is fairly well put together. It indicates the salient difficulties against Wellhausen's position as to the late date of Deuteronomy and the Priestly Code, and makes a show of answering the arguments

* *The Problem of the Pentateuch.* By Dr. Randolph H. McKim. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

adduced in favor of that position. Dr. McKim's negative work, that is to say his criticism of the dubious features of Wellhausen's hypothesis, is the best portion of his book. It was also the easiest part of his task, for negative criticism is always easier than constructive criticism. Indeed, Dr. McKim gives us very little that is constructive. His study would have been twice as valuable if he had attended to this side of the case a little more extensively, and offered us some sort of theory of Pentateuchal composition, and of the development of Judaic legalism. We desire this all the more curiously because Dr. McKim hints now and then that he accepts a modified documentary theory himself and is inclined to put some restrictions to Mosaic authorship.

Difficulties of course there are in the hypothesis associated with the name of Wellhausen, but where are there not difficulties? It hardly refutes modern criticism to point out its shortcomings. What of its arguments, its general theory of development, its assault upon the traditional view? We do not blame Dr. McKim for not adequately treating all this in three short lectures. We only wish that, when he came to publish, he had expanded his original addresses so as to cover the ground somewhat better.

Whatever may become of the current critical opinion of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch, the question is shifting nowadays from a literary to an historico-comparative one. The apologist for the Bible must henceforth turn his chief attention to the new province opened out to us by recent Babylonian, Egyptian, and Persian investigations, and must base his defence largely upon data furnished by the comparative study of religion. Wellhausen and his co-workers in the inner analysis of the Hebrew literature, are yielding to Zimmern, Winckler, Gunkel, Böhlen, and other students of ancient Babylon and Persia. And assuredly the assaults of these latter are more serious than what has gone before. Christian apologetics still await a capable defence against them.

The author of this very commendable volume * has chosen a happy motto for his title page: "Is example nothing? It is everything."

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no

* *Great Catholic Laymen.* By John J. Horgan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

other." So said that profound anatomist of human nature, Edmund Burke. It is this truth that has been the motive of the Church in providing for her people, during every age, lives of her saints; and, it would be mere platitude to descant upon the immense value which such writings have been to her in the instruction of the people unto justice. The story of the lives of the men and women who have been conspicuous for heroic sanctity has, in countless instances, evoked the resolution to imitate them. *Cum isti et istæ cur non ego?* Are Catholics to-day, that is, the men and women of the world, zealous to avail themselves of this source of edification? It is not here that such a question can be answered, however briefly. There is one thing, however, that can be said without risk. There are many men who never think of reading the life of a canonized saint, or a great theologian, who would willingly, and with profit, read the biography of some great Catholic layman. Yet, in English at least, biographies of this kind are almost non-existent. While hundreds of pious pens are ever busy providing for the priest and the religious fresh lives of the great saints, scarcely one ever turns his attention to the needs of the layman, who is far more likely to be attracted to, and stimulated by, the story of some one who has lived in the world that he himself lives in, and has fought the fight of faith and justice in conditions not absolutely dissimilar from those that surround himself. We have *Heroes of the Nations* series; and *English Men of Letters*, *Lives of the Philosophers*, and dozens of other collections of a secular type. We have *Lives of the Saints* innumerable; but we have few, if any, *Lives of Catholic Laymen*, written not exclusively from the hagiological standpoint. For this reason, we welcome the appearance of this volume from the pen of a young, professional layman; not alone on account of its intrinsic value, but also as a first plant of what we hope will yet prove to be an abundant crop of an intellectual grain that, though valuable, has not hitherto been cultivated.

The subjects have been judiciously selected. Each one gives us the picture of a man whose life was a shining light, a source of glory to the Church and of practical inspiration to his fellow-men: Andreas Hofer, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, Frederic Ozanam, Montalembert, Frederic Lucas, Windthorst, Louis Pasteur, and, "the greatest is behind," Daniel O'Connell. Mr Hoigan

is master of his facts, and of a simple, correct, pleasing style. The literary quality of the work is good. In the interest of the reader, as well as of the writer, we heartily wish this excellent volume *Bon Voyage*, and trust that we may soon see others of a similar character soon follow in its wake.

CATHOLIC THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

By Abbe Dimnet.

The Abbé Dimnet's studies on the chief Catholic thinkers of England make up a book* of extraordinary brilliance and depth. In six chapters this acute Frenchman discusses the intellectual and spiritual work of Wiseman, Newman, Tyrrell, Lilly, Barry, and Wilfrid Ward—men for the most part so thoroughly English in temperament and idiom as to make it unusually hard for a foreigner to appreciate the finer shades of their thought; and yet, as we lay the book aside, we find ourselves wondering if any keener analysis of their writings has ever appeared. Some of M. Dimnet's pages attain the excellence of classical criticism; and in his interpretation of the relation between the great men of whom he writes and the spirit of the age, he displays a penetration of judgment and a comprehensiveness of mind, which give him a place among the best Catholic thinkers of our time. He thoroughly understands both the religious problems now pressing upon us, and the antecedent conditions from which those problems have arisen. Philosophy and criticism he has studied well, and in many a moving page he describes their assault upon orthodox belief and their challenge to the Christian student of to day. And with this large outlook he takes up these six Catholic thinkers of England, places them in juxtaposition to the movements of modern thought, and estimates their achievements, their shortcomings, and their value to the earnest Christian believer who is looking for adequate solutions, legitimate adaptations, intellectual and spiritual peace.

We cannot here give a detailed account of M. Dimnet's judgment on these six men. Suffice it to say that he regards them all as more or less representative of one type of thought.

They all, in his opinion, manifest a certain dissatisfaction with traditional expositions of Catholicity, and lean toward a

* *La Pensée Catholique dans l'Angleterre Contemporaine*. Par Ernest Dimnet. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

new portrayal of faith, which shall show forth the beauty of Catholicity to this age better than it had been shown by strict schoolmen and syllogistic scholastics. The vitality of religion, its fitness for the whole nature of man, its necessity as a stimulus to the full realization of our human possibilities, its sanctifying of the affections, its safeguarding of conscience, its response to our innate hopes and aspirations—this, says the Abbé Dimnet, is what we need to have brought home to us, and this is what the age needs as, in fact, the only apologetic it will now listen to; and this in diverse ways has been either foreshadowed or openly taught by these great Catholic spokesmen of the nineteenth and early twentieth century. In the development of this idea our author, as we have already said, lets fall many brilliant suggestions, and points out many a solemn lesson for those who have religion's welfare at heart. Few books will give the reader a better understanding of the grave issues that now confront us, and of the kind of men that can competently meet them.

A TEACHER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By W. B. Freer.

The author of this book* spent about three years in the Philippines; part of the time as a primary school-teacher in northern Luzon, the rest as a supervisor of schools in the southern end of the island. His story, told with a simplicity that recalls *Robinson Crusoe*, conveys a more vivid and life like picture of life among the Filipinos than is to be found in more pretentious volumes. The author recounts, with diary-like directness, the incidents of his travel from Manila to the small town of Solano, where he took charge of the government school. Afterwards he tells of the nature of his work, his method of teaching English, his relations with the people, their modes of life, the things that they ate, the songs that they sung, their entertainments and religious celebrations, their good qualities, and their failings. On the latter point Mr. Freer has much less to say than some others who have undertaken to enlighten the American nation upon the qualities and character of its brown Pacific ward. Mr. Freer brought to his work a spirit of kindly sympathy for the people among whom he was sent. And he seems to have been well repaid with the

* *The Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher.* A Narrative of Work and Travel in the Philippine Islands. By William B. Freer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

affection and respect of his pupils and neighbors. It does one good to read his frequent tributes to the courtesy, intelligence, kindness, and loyalty that came under his notice. Unfavorable criticisms are rare in his pages, and there is no trace of those airs of the superior person describing an inferior race, that are only too frequent in some books of Filipino travel. The impression left by Mr. Freer's narrative is that American influences are making their way in the islands, slowly but surely, to the advantage of the natives. His opinion is the more valuable, for the reason that his experiences have been gathered not in Manila, with its mixed population, and almost cosmopolitan character, but in remote quarters, where native conditions prevail. He abstains, usually, from indulging in generalizations and inferences, preferring rather to lay facts before his reader. He has only one opinion to advocate to Americans at home: it is, that the Filipino is not yet fit, and for many years to come will not be fit, for self-government. He brings his book to a close with the relation of an incident concerning a bird which, after being kept in a cage, was released, only to be half killed by some wild crows, from which it was rescued by its former master, Don Fulgencio. This gentleman finds a parallel between his *pajaro de siete colores*—bird of seven colors—and his countrymen. "We are well off, but we are thinking of freedom; continually sticking our heads through the bars. We fancy we want independence. There may be crows hovering about that we know not of—maybe Germany, maybe Japan. For the present, we are well off, let us be content in the cage." "And," concludes Mr. Freer, taking leave of his readers, "as I walked to the school I reflected that the same object-lesson would be beneficial to some of my brother Americans—to those well-meaning, but mistaken, friends, whom we call anti-imperialists, could they but understand that the Filipino is now no more able to take care of himself than was Don Fulgencio's bird."

BALZAC.

By Taine.

The translator of this minor work* of the great French critic has done his original into easy, flowing English, which retains the clearness of the French. The exquisite aroma of French prose, alas! never

* *Balsac: A Critical Study* by Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Translated, with an Appreciation of Taine, by Lorenzo O'Rourke. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

survives the process of decantation into English bottles, no matter how skillful the hand that performs the operation. Mr. O'Rourke's contribution to original criticism, which he presents as an introduction to the translation, contains a fairly accurate estimate of the literary character of Taine, and furnishes a short sketch of the life of a man whose personality is but little known to thousands that are familiar with his literary reputation. "Taine," writes Mr. O'Rourke, "is the type and embodiment of that form of materialistic determination which the definitive overthrow of the old ideas by historical criticism, comparative philology, and the modern conception of evolution, established to so large an extent in the learned world." A conscientious commentator of this text would append a note here, to the effect that the vogue enjoyed, two or three decades ago, by Taine's deterministic doctrine has, to a great extent, ceased in the learned world. Though Taine's *History of English Literature* continues, and will long continue, to occupy a very exalted place in the world of letters, yet the central principle of its author, which would trace the genesis of "Paradise Lost," "Hamlet," "Don Juan," Macaulay's *England*, etc., etc., to British beef and turnips and northern fogs, now provokes a smile or a wink, such as people exchange as they listen to a theorist running his hobby to death. The philosophy condensed in Taine's epigram, "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar," is among the creeds that have had their day, and ceased to be.

Mr. O'Rourke's dissecting knife cuts very cleanly into the complexus of tissues that make up Taine's style, in the following passages: "What Taine possessed was a constructive imagination. He was denied the rarest gift. This is the reason that his letters and his personality are rather uninteresting, while his scientific and literary productions vibrate with interest. The descriptions of natural scenery which abound in his works, and his descriptions in general, are often catalogues, and sometimes tiresome catalogues." "His scenery is not nature; it is a herbarium lit by electricity. The magic, the sorcery of words, that indefinable, subtle, and inspiring essence which is the soul of poetry, and which lies beyond the reaches of chemistry, is non-existent in Taine." "In reading him," but this is Amiel, not Mr. O'Rourke, "I have a painful sensation—something like the grinding of pulleys, the click of machines, the smell

of the laboratory. His style reeks of chemistry and technology; it is inexorably scientific." But, "in spite of his lack of the poetic faculty, he is able to astonish us at will by his brilliant paradox and wizardry of words. Certain passages remind us of a brightly uniformed army marching with streaming banners and glittering bayonets to the strains of martial music."

Mr. O'Rourke has placed his meritorious piece of criticism at a great disadvantage by putting it in such close juxtaposition with Taine's estimate of Balzac. One cannot help contrasting the two studies. Then one must ask why did not the translator take a hint from his master, and by apt citations from the author's works, illustrate his own points, justify his judgments, and delight his readers? But, perhaps, Mr. O'Rourke's answer would be that his purpose of merely offering an introductory sketch precluded an elaborate treatment of the subject.

We lay down this little book *

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER. with a feeling of genuine admiration for the modesty of the writer who, under the veil of anonymity, would escape the honor which it wins for him. To compress into a hundred small pages a worthy exposition of the nature and spirit of monasticism, an account of the rise of the great religious orders, a brilliant historical sketch of the Benedictine community and its Cistercian offshoot, giving a glimpse of the glories of Monte Cassino, Subiaco, Cîteaux, La Trappe, Clairvaux, Mellifont, Melrose, and Tintern, with all that these names recall, a faithful picture of Cistercian daily life, and, finally, to show the continuity which unites the great monasteries of the past with Gethsemane in Kentucky, and our Lady of the Valley in Rhode Island—this task done, with skill and taste, is one in which the writer might take an honorable pride. He has furnished a book that will afford edification to Catholics, and will, certainly, help to remove the prejudice, and the distorted notions that prevail among outsiders regarding the nature and moral value of the monastic life.

* *The Cistercian Order: Its Object, Its Rule.* By a Secular Priest. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

Current Events.

Russia.

The immediate future of Russia is still in the highest degree uncertain: the outlook seems to grow

darker and darker. In the Manifesto issued by the Tsar for the dissolution of the *Duma* his Imperial Majesty gave expression to his belief "that giants in thought and action will appear and that, thanks to their assiduous efforts, the glory of Russia will continue to shine." It would be a relief in these days, in which none but mediocrities abound, if such giants would arise, and certainly Russia stands in more need of them than any other nation; but there is no sign of their appearance. On the contrary, there seems to be such widespread and deep-seated distrust and suspicion, as to threaten the dissolution of society and a reversion to barbarism, or to a rule of brute force worse than barbarism. The only thing that seems to be powerful is the soldiery—a soldiery that flogs defenceless women for the utterance of scornful words.

In the same Manifesto the Tsar confirms his immutable intention of keeping the *Duma* as an institution of the Empire, and even appoints a date—March 5, 1907—for the meeting of the newly-elected body. He declares that he is bent—unshakably bent—on reforms, especially the reform of the lot of the peasants by the enlargement of their lands, but by legal and honest means. Great distrust, however, is felt, not so much of his will as of his power. One of the few officials who did good and honest service during the Russo-Japanese War, Prince Khilkoff, who has personally known the Tsar for fourteen years, and has worked with him, asserts that the Tsar is himself very Liberal, and is sincerely desirous of having a Parliamentary régime. He has frequently heard his Majesty declare that he was ready to give everything, his blood if need be, for the people's happiness and the country's weal. Is he ready to sacrifice any of the absolutist prerogatives, the exercise of which has brought the country to such a pass? Personally he may be, but he is in the hands of the stronger and more selfish personalities behind the scene, who so often control, from a position of irresponsibility, the actions of the single autocratic ruler. It is the influence of these that,

in the opinion of one of the most distinguished authorities on Slav affairs—M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu—led to the dissolution of the *Duma*. The proposal to expropriate the lands of private proprietors, although with compensation, frightened the Grand Dukes, for the greater part of their wealth consists in landed property. Expropriation of land is not a novel proceeding in Russia. When the serfs were emancipated, in 1861, a distribution was made. Since that time the number of the peasants has doubled, and a further distribution is of the utmost necessity. The cry of the peasants is now not for liberty alone, but for land and liberty; and if they realize that the avarice of Grand Dukes stands in the way of what is necessary to their well-being, the support which they have hitherto accorded to the Tsar may be withdrawn; and as he has already lost the good will of the workmen in the towns, the only reliance of the Throne will be upon the Army. How far can he rely upon that? The suppression of the mutiny in Finland makes it more probable than it was thought before that its allegiance can be depended upon, notwithstanding outbreaks which have taken place, several before and a few since. But nothing definite can be said. Prince Khilkoff looks upon a dictatorship as absurd, and the shots fired at one of the rumored dictators, the Grand Duke Nicholas, by the soldiers of the Imperial Guard, may render it difficult to find a person ready to undertake such an office. At all events, no such appointment has been made at the time these lines are written.

M. Stolypin, in trying to find associates to co-operate with him in governing the country against its people, sought, at first, assistance outside bureaucratic ranks. At one time there were hopes that Conservative reformers, like Count Heyden and M. Nicholas Lvoff, would give this assistance; but the Sveaborg mutiny, and the strength it has given to the reactionaries, have led them to decide not to take part in such an attempt, and the Premier, thereupon, has sought and found help from avowed reactionaries—men committed to repression. On entering into office he had declared his intention of carrying out strong-handed reforms; in his most recent declaration, while still promising reforms, he says that force is the only visible way of fighting the revolution, and that too great liberty has hitherto been accorded to the press. The election of a new *Duma*, however, is not yet excluded from his programme.

A new party has been formed which hopes to stave off Revolution on the one hand, and to destroy Absolutism on the other—to create, in fact, a Constitutional Monarchy. This party looks to the formation of a government which is not arbitrary; to the destruction of the old order of things. The Manifesto of the 30th of October is to be carried into effect. Compulsory expropriation is recognized as legitimate within certain limits. The needs of the people, this Party holds, can only be satisfied by avoiding violence and by obedience to law, and, therefore, it counsels, as a means for the establishment of the better order of the future, absolute submission to the Tsar's action in dissolving the *Duma*, and urges upon the people the expediency of patiently waiting for the new *Duma*. Of this party of Peaceful Regeneration Count Heyden, M. Nicholas Lvoff, and M. Michael Stakovich are the most distinguished members. What the strongest party in the dissolved *Duma*, the Constitutional Democrats, will do is still uncertain. A large number of them signed the Viborg address to the people, calling upon them not to pay taxes nor to enlist as soldiers. This, however, was done rather against the will of many even of those who signed. The course to be taken is to be discussed at a meeting which was to be held near the end of August. But a question of greater importance is: What will the peasants do? The hopes which they have long entertained for an increase of their holdings—hopes which seemed on the point of realization—have been dashed to the ground by the dissolution of the *Duma*. Will they accept the situation with peaceful resignation? They have been appealed to by their own representatives in the dissolved *Duma* not to pay taxes nor to enlist as soldiers. Will they listen to that appeal? Will they, giving up all hope of getting land by fair means, have recourse to violence? A great change has come over the attitude of the peasant. "We do not recognize our peasants," is the testimony of Russian landlords, "they have changed completely since the elections to *Duma*." The servile *moujik* has blossomed into a fiery devotee of freedom. The most recent news is to the effect that already in some parts of Russia they have had recourse to violence, fighting like beasts and repulsing the Cossacks. There are forty millions of adult male peasants in European Russia, and of those thirty-seven millions have not sufficient land to sustain themselves

and their families. The land is there, but in the possession of large proprietors, badly cultivated, and not put to any adequate use. If the peasants make up their minds to put an end to this state of things, the government has no more than half a million of mercenaries, including those necessary for garrisons and for the cities, with which to compel submission. That the soldiers will fire upon their own kith and kin is doubtful, however willing they may be to do so when called upon in the case of Poles, Jews, or others of the various nationalities in the Russian Empire.

Another great problem is that with reference to finance. The deficit in this year's Budget is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars not covered by the last loan. Large sums of money are required in addition, in order to give relief to the large districts suffering from famine. People able to judge look upon a large foreign loan as necessary in the immediate future. What security, after the dissolution of the *Duma*, is there for such a loan? Twenty-seven millions for the relief of famine has, by the latest accounts, been virtually commandeered from the State Savings Banks. When news of the dissolution of the *Duma* was received, the Russian Fours, which fell after the battle in the Sea of Japan to 70, went down even lower, to 67½. They have risen since then, but do not stand much higher than they stood after the great naval disaster. The prospects of a loan, therefore, are not brilliant. How soon order will be evolved out of the chaos caused by long-continued oppression and injustice no one is temerarious enough to predict. Perhaps the fact that the universal strike, which had been called by the Social Democrats, has proved a failure indicates that the main body of the people wishes to have more time for thought and reflection, and place their hopes in more moderate measures, or in a more thorough preparation for the revolution.

Germany.

Very little has to be recorded about German affairs. Although the best disciplined country in the world, it shares with the country which is, perhaps, the least disciplined, in the misfortune of being badly served by corrupt and self-seeking members of the community. Officials of the Colonial department have been visited with well deserved chas-

tisement for a series of misdeeds, the character of which has not been fully disclosed. The Kaiser has been taking a holiday, yachting in Norwegian waters; in the course of this his Majesty found time to pay a visit to the newly-crowned King of Norway. As William II. is the one European monarch who, at the present time, both rules and governs—the disorganization in Russia having restricted the power of the Tsar, and the Sultan being more an Asiatic than a European ruler—it is not to be wondered at that great attention is paid to his sayings and doings. Consequently, several French papers have given considerable space to his table-talk; whether reliance can be placed upon their reports is hard to say. He is said to have expressed great distrust of the Japanese, and that he would not feel surprised if the European Powers might, within ten years, see a fleet of that nation in the Mediterranean Sea. In accordance with the policy of Germany, with reference to arbitration and disarmament, his Majesty is said to have declared that anti-militarism was an international plague, and that for Germany to rejoice at its propagation in France would be like illuminating because the cholera had broken out over the border, the one evil being as great and as contagious as the other. The plans of the promoters of peace have, it would seem, an outspoken and determined opponent. Whether the Emperor's meeting with King Edward, whom the world is acclaiming as the Peacemaker, will modify the Kaiser's views remains to be seen.

The most important event of the past month, from a German point of view, has happened at a place a long way from her own borders. The assembly of the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro will doubtless result in the tightening of the bond which unites the Republics of South and North America, and in still further restricting the character of foreign interference. One effect of this will be to extinguish any hope that may be still entertained in Germany of securing permanent possessions of her own in South America as an outlet for her surplus population. Such an outlet, as we have noted before, is of vital importance to German well-being.

The heir-presumptive to the throne of Bavaria, Prince Ludwig, has recently made a speech which has attracted considerable attention, and which is considered to indicate that the future King possesses the qualities of a statesman. The

speech was an appeal for unity among the German peoples, not only of spirit, but also of purpose. He reminded his hearers, who consisted of the German Association of Rifle Clubs, that while in the past German Emperors, out of ambition, had sacrificed the common weal for the good of their own house, in the new German Empire princes and people stood together, and the Sovereigns stood side by side. This was rendered necessary by the many most difficult and important problems which the future held in store.

Austria-Hungary.

Very little calling for record has taken place in Austria. The preparations for universal franchise, to which the Crown is committed, have been proceeding with a fair prospect of success, the various nationalities being ready to compromise their respective claims for the general good. A difficulty arose through what is called the dog-in-the-manger tactics of the Bohemian Germans, who put forward claims unacceptable to the Czechs. There seems reason to hope that this difficulty will not prove insurmountable.

In Hungary the Parliament has been at work making up for lost time clearing up the arrears caused by the prolonged crisis. The estimates have been sanctioned, the Recruits Bill voted. The discredit which was beginning to be cast upon Parliamentary institutions by the obstruction which so long prevailed is no longer deserved. Certain elections, which have gone against the government, and a vote of the Chamber, have rendered it doubtful, however, whether Dr. Wekerle's ministry has the full confidence of the country, and have raised the question whether a process of disintegration has not begun within the Independence Party itself, and in the relation of the government to the Magyar electorate.

The Near East.

The Greeks, who have been so aggressive in their treatment of the Vlachs as to cause a rupture with Rumania, have themselves become in Bulgaria the victims of a series of outrages, both in Macedonia and Eastern Rumania. Their churches have been appropriated and desecrated,

their shops looted, many murders committed and houses burned. The government has been called upon to expel the Greek clergy from Bulgaria, to boycott Greek trade, and to break off all diplomatic relations. The Sultan's policy triumphs all along the line, Christians being arrayed against Christians, and hating one another more than they hate the common oppressor of them all.

The Cretan question has been raised again. The somewhat arbitrary government of Prince George, the High Commissioner, and the desire of annexation to Greece, led some time ago to great discontent and to a revolt in the western district. The protecting Powers, England, France, Russia, and Italy, intervened, and appeased the trouble for the time being by promising to prepare a scheme of reforms. This scheme has at last been published; it is, however, considered altogether inadequate, both by Greece and by the Cretans themselves. Although the scheme substitutes for the foreign forces at present occupying the island a native *Gendarmerie* and militia under Greek officers, and sanctions various reforms, it makes no mention of the annexation to Greece, which is the one thing which the Cretans have at heart. Instead of this it admonishes them that every step towards the realization of national aspirations must necessarily be subordinated to the establishment of the maintenance of order and a stable *régime*. Both Greece and Crete agree in rejecting the scheme, and Prince George threatens to resign.

France.

In the midst of so many events that are disheartening in France, it becomes all the more a duty to record everything which makes for improvement and progress. The non-observance of Sunday, so prevalent on the continent in violation of the law of the Church, has led to visibly bad effects upon the health of those who have had to work without intermission. This led the French Senate some time ago to pass a law rendering a weekly rest obligatory, and Sunday was fixed for this day; the latter provision met with considerable opposition on the part of fanatical Anti-Clericals, who looked upon it as an undue concession to religious feeling, but the good sense of the majority of the Senators overbore

their opposition. The Lower House, before its adjournment for the holidays, ratified the action of the Senate by a majority of 575 to one, and so Sunday rest is established by law in France.

France and Switzerland have been on the verge of war—commercial war. As this, however, sometimes leads to real war, it is a matter for congratulation that the conflict has been averted. The satisfaction felt is increased by the fact that, had a war broken out, the danger was great that Switzerland would have been brought into more intimate relations with France's great opponent.

The Pan-Islamic movement, which is causing anxiety to England with regard to Egypt, has affected regions under the influence of France. A question has arisen with Turkey as to the rights of the latter to a certain oasis named Janet in the *hinterland* of Tripoli. Although Turkey denies the occupation of this oasis by its troops—an occupation which would be against the rights of France under the Anglo-French Agreement of 1899—the truth of this denial is doubted by the French government, and Turkey has been warned that energetic action will be taken, if necessary, in order to safeguard her rights. The aggressive action of the Sultan on the oasis of Janet and on Egypt has given additional strength to the *entente cordiale* between England and France, as he has become the common enemy of both. The character of the Pan-Islamic movement cannot be better illustrated than by a quotation from a letter sent to Lord Cromer during the recent crisis by an educated Moslem: "At the head of this letter I call you the Reformer of Egypt. . . . He must be blind who does not see what the English have wrought to Egypt; the gates of justice stand open to the poor, the streams flow through the land and are not stopped at the order of the strong." But if war should come between England and Abdul Hamid Khan, then the call of the Sultan would be the call of the Faith; and every follower of the Prophet must strike for the Faith, though he looks in the face of death and pulls down ruin upon his country. "Though the Khalif were hapless as Bayezid, cruel as Murad, or mad as Ibrahim, he is the shadow of God." This Pan Islamic movement, there is good reason to think, is being propagated in all the Arabic countries, and is finding expression in various points far distant one from another, ex-

tending even to West Africa. There are those who say that it was in Europe that the plan was prepared, and that it is still receiving encouragement and support from the same source.

The Holy Father has given his decision as to the practical steps to be taken with reference to the formation of the associations for divine worship required by the Separation Law; but, as the reports received by the cable are incomplete and uncertain, it is impossible to form a trustworthy opinion as to the exact course upon which the Pope has decided. Meanwhile, certain utterances of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, Cardinal Lecot, are deserving of attention as an indication of the recognition of the old truth that good may come out of evil. The Separation Law, the Cardinal said, had certain positive advantages, one of which was that it would bring the clergy closer to the people, that, inasmuch as the priest would have to depend upon them for his support, he would have to justify by real services the subventions which he receives. Another advantage was that by the rupture of the Concordat a veritable shackle on the Church forged by Napoleon had been removed.

Spain.

There is reason to fear that a conflict between the Church and State is on the point of breaking out in Spain. The King, indeed, seems to be perfectly loyal to the Church, and even devout, but he is one of the monarchs who reigns but does not govern. Spain is under a parliamentary régime, and the people have a greater voice in the government than they have in Germany. Hitherto, however, a somewhat peculiar understanding has existed between the two chief parties, that the one should give way to the other after a certain period of power. The result has been that, by a series of mutual concessions, the parties have become almost blended. Dissatisfaction has entered into the minds of not a few who are able to make their voices heard, a call for the affirmation of distinct principles has been made, and a period of conflict between the Liberals, who are at present in office, and the Conservatives seems imminent. Both parties are loyal to the sovereign, and seem to be pleased by his marriage. The question at issue is religious. There is a considerable dislike of the religious orders,

especially since so many have come from France. They are looked upon as foreign in their spirit, wanting in patriotism and love of country. The new programme adopted by the more advanced Liberals includes, therefore, measures for asserting the right of the State to control religious communities by bringing them under the ordinary fiscal and association laws, for the granting of liberty of worship and of conscience, and for certain political reforms, including that of education, which it is proposed to transfer to laymen. The question of the effects of civil marriage and the administration of cemeteries was raised some time ago. The proposals of the government are opposed by many Liberals and, of course, by all Conservatives; but those who have made them seem determined to carry them out and to push matters even to the last extremity. In all probability an appeal to the country will soon be made, and whether a conflict is to take place will be left to the voters to decide.

The meeting of the Second Hague Arbitration and Armaments. Conference, which is to be held next year, as well as the speeches of the British Premier in favor of a limitation of armaments and the reduction of the normal rate of increase of the English Navy, have caused these questions to be widely discussed. The Fourteenth Inter-Parliamentary Conference held in London, in preparation for The Hague Peace Conference, was a notable gathering attended by noteworthy circumstances. It consisted of 500 members belonging to 22 different Parliaments, its meetings were held in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, the members were welcomed by the British Premier in a very remarkable speech; they took luncheon in Westminster Hall; the luncheon was presided over by the Lord Chancellor of England; Mr. W. J. Bryan, possibly the next president of the United States, addressed one of the meetings, and a deputation of its members was received by the King. An almost pathetic incident was found in the fact that the men who left St. Petersburg as representatives of the *Duma*, the newest of Parliaments, when they arrived in London found that that body had ceased to exist. They would not take their seats, but they were saluted over and over again by the sympathetic cheers of the members; and the British Premier gave utterance to his outspoken

sympathy: "The *Duma* is dead; long live the *Duma*"; an exclamation which nearly all the world applauded, although there were some who blamed it as indiscrete.

The movement in favor of arbitration has made remarkable progress. Twenty years ago its advocates were looked upon by some as amiable, by others as pernicious fools. After a while benevolent tolerance was extended to them. At the present time, although their plans have not been universally adopted, arbitration has become an accepted means of settling many forms of dispute, and the prospect is that its scope will be more widely extended. There are no fewer than 38 arbitration agreements at present in existence between different powers. And while there is no prospect of disarmament, there is a possibility of a limitation of armaments. One great Power stands in the way, however, and while one opposes, the difficulty is insurmountable; it is not within the power of unregenerate human nature for either the nation or the individual to become defenceless in the presence of an enemy. The Pan-American Congress, held at Rio de Janeiro, unanimously signed a document which ratifies the adhesion of the Congress to the principle of arbitration. The document recommends that the Pan-American delegates to The Hague Conference be instructed to support any proposal for a universal arbitration agreement.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (14 July): An anonymous writer has published an open letter to Pius X., in which he affirms that the most competent archæologists are persuaded that the tomb of St. Peter does not exist, or that, if it does, it has been long since robbed and desecrated. He calls upon the Holy Father to end all dispute by excavating that part of the crypt where the tomb is supposed to be. Two distinguished scholars, Professor Marrucchi and Fr. Grisar, S.J., have offered learned replies refuting the above statements.

(21 July): Mr. Wilfrid Ward contributes an article entitled: "Newman through French Spectacles." He declares it to be an unkind fate which has brought it about that some of Newman's subtlest essays have lately been freely canvassed and described by foreigners, to whom the finer shades of meaning are necessarily imperfectly visible. Such misrepresentation has led to far more serious consequences than those attaching to mere literal inaccuracy, *e.g.*, the Bishop of Nancy has denounced the *Essay on Development* as dangerous. Mr. Ward especially points out the imperfect kind of *medium* through which the views of Newman become known to the French public. Quotations are offered, especially from M. Michaud and even from M. Brémond, which amply justify the writer's adverse criticism.

(28 July): The Biblical Commission has given answers to five important questions concerning the Pentateuch.

National Review (Aug.): Episodes of the Month treats, among other matters, the question of England's government of the Boers and the Transvaal. It includes also a significant paragraph on the Ritual Commission. The *National* says: "It rests with the Bishops to extirpate the practices which have caused so much scandal to all who regard the Church of England as having ceased to form part of the Church of Rome since the Reformation."——
"A Plea for Maintaining our Battleship Programme,"

by Arthur Lee, is a protest against the rumors that the Government has decided to effect a serious reduction in the shipbuilding programme.—“A Visit to the Chicago Stock-Yards,” by Adolphe Smith, is a chapter of horrors.—“Prussia and Germany in the Nineteenth Century,” is treated by Professor Meinecke.—“Two Poet Laureates on Life,” is a comparative study of Tennyson’s “In Memoriam” and Austin’s “The Door of Humility.” Mr. Mallock reads Mr. Austin a severe lecture on the art of versification and expression, but adds that Austin “equals and probably excels Lord Tennyson in his general conception of what great poetry is.”—E. N. Morris writes on “The Opsonic Treatment and Tuberculosis.”—A. Maurice Low, in “American Affairs,” writes: “There is a Catholic on the bench of the Supreme Court; . . . in no country in the world is there such toleration for religious belief and respect for religion as in the United States, and yet no party to day would nominate a professed Catholic for the Presidency. To one who is not a Catholic, but who knows how much America is indebted to the Catholic Church, and that the voice of the Church has always been on the side of law and order and respect for constituted authority, this is incomprehensible.”—“The Ups and Downs of Picture Prices,” by W. Roberts, gives some interesting and valuable data.

The Dublin Review (July): Dr. Barry opens with an article on “Our Latin Bibles,” not, however, confining himself to the “Vulgate,” but devoting some pages to an historical investigation of the origin of the chief foundation of the Vulgate, the so-called *Vetus Itala*. He accepts, and tries to prove briefly, what he calls, very justly, the “fascinating theory” that the *Vetus Itala* originated, not in Milan, as was formerly thought, nor yet in Africa, as Wiseman endeavored to demonstrate, but—strange indeed—at Antioch. He prefers, therefore, to reject the misleading term *Vetus Itala* and substitute “Old Latin.” The body of the article is an historical narration of the interesting circumstances attending the production of the Vulgate. Incidentally,

Dr. Barry pays generous tribute to the "austere and masculine" literary character of the Latin of St. Jerome's *Opus Magnum*. "Neither Tyndale nor Luther . . . compare with Jerome. They are antiquated; the Latin of the Vulgate remains unsubdued by years. It claims all the privileges of a dead language, while it lives on the lips of generations ever new.—The editor contributes a sketchy, interesting paper on Henry Sidgwick, the "enthusiastic doubter," the paradoxical person who could criticise without sneering, and sympathize generously with an intellectual theory before annihilating it.—An anonymous article on "Catholic Social Effort in France," points to the probable fact that the Church in that strangely unfortunate country, having lost her official position, will regain and even increase her influence through social works, for it is believed by many shrewd observers that the present restlessness and apparent trend to infidelity are caused fundamentally by the intolerable social condition of the masses of the people.—Dom Chapman writes the first of two papers on the eternal question of the Condemnation of Pope Honorius. He claims to have a new light on the "inner sequence of events." He endeavors to establish the case that though "the authenticity of the documents is now above suspicion," yet that fact is unimportant, since nowadays "no one is likely to teach that Honorius published his famous letters *ex cathedra*." The real question is, in view of the condemnation, what idea had the Eastern bishops of papal infallibility? The writer is going to show, by an appeal directly to the documents, that they had no different idea than had the Romans.

The Hibbert Journal (July): Sir Oliver Lodge, writing on "First Principles of Faith," says that the nation, in despair at an entanglement, may take refuge against its will in a purely secular system of State education. This would be unsatisfactory; a mechanical uniformity is worthless. A concurrence of effort for the amelioration and spiritualization of human life, in the light of a common gospel and a common hope, is not impossible. There is a mass

of fundamental material on which the great majority are really agreed. Familiarize children up to the age of say thirteen with this, during school hours, and leave distinctive coloring to other influences operating both then and later. He offers a sort of a brief catechism of this fundamental material, based on scientific knowledge and leading up to a religious creed.—Canon Knox Little says that the intention of the present Education Bill is to endow undenominationalism as a new religion, it is a State-made religion, but not Christianity.—An appeal is made by H. A. Garnett for the separation of the creeds of the Church of England from the worship.—

“The Teaching of the Christian Religion in Public Schools,” by the Rev. H. B. Gray, D.D., puts forward as a postulate that the first and the last aim of the religious teacher in public boarding schools is to press home the truth that, though the Christian Gospel is capable of doctrinal exposition, though it is eminently fertile in moral results, yet its substance is neither a dogmatic system nor an ethical code, but a person and a life.—Professor Henry Jones concludes his series with an article on “The Coming of Socialism.” The conception of private property is analyzed. Ownership of utilities is the essence of property. Property is never a merely material fact. Full agreement as to the exclusive relation of the private and the public will, and the direct antagonism of private and public rights of ownership—such is the attitude of both Individualists and Socialists. The problem is a question of the rights of personality. The saying “Socialism is upon us” is true in the sense that the method of organized communal enterprise is more in use: yet the individual’s sphere of action has not been limited; the functions of the State and the individual have grown together. The need of moralizing our social relations is paramount; every other reform will come as a matter of course.—Confusion between the order of thought and the order of existence is pointed out by D. H. Macgregor as the great fallacy of Idealism.—“Why not Face the Facts,” by the Rev. K. C. Anderson, D.D., asserts that the pre-

suppositions of the theology of the churches conflict with the presupposition of development which the modern mind applies to all things. The call is loud and clear for the churches to bring their teaching into harmony with modern science.

Le Correspondant (10 July): The latest life of Fra Giovanni Angelico, written by Henry Cochin, is reviewed by P. Thureau-Dangin, and given an extensive notice. No one could be more aptly chosen, the reviewer states, to write such a work than M. Cochin. Knowing the history of the Italian Renaissance as he does, he approached his task as a master, combining with rigorous precision and pious delicacy modern erudition.—M. de Barral-Monteferrat writes on President Castro and the conflict between France and Venezuela.—In "The Economic Life and the Social Movement," M. A. Béchaux, amongst other notes, discusses one of the latest social movements in France, namely the movement taken by the Social League of Buyers to better the conditions of the lodging houses of the servants of Paris.

(25 July): Norbert Lallié writes at length on the law which received quite a good deal of discussion in the French Parliament during the last session—the law which makes Sunday a day of rest throughout France.—In "Our Artillery" the writer states that that portion of the French army is badly disorganized. Combes, Pelletan, André, had eyes for nothing but what was known as the clerical peril. The Dreyfus affair was employed by the radical Socialists as the best means to disorganize the army. Provision must be made for reorganization. No time should be lost.

Études (5 July): A. d'Alès reviews at length the Lausiac History of Palladius.—In his second article on "Episcopal Elections," Jules Doizé describes the manner of election in the time of the Carolingians.—A. Condamin finds Baruch iv. 5–v. 9 a remarkable piece of poetry, and shows its poetical value.—The celebration at Rouen apropos of the third centenary of Corneille is treated extensively by Charles de la Porte.—G. Longhayé describes A. Dumas, Jr., whose person, works, and preten-

sions make him a moralist of the highest type.—J. Svensson pictures the life and work of Henrik Ibsen. The conclusion that he comes to is that the “great magician of the North” is impenetrable.

(20 July): In an article on mysticism Lucien Roure aims to show that this religious fact is really religious and not a mere ecstasy, or, as some psychologists say, hysterics.—Joseph Boubée gives us the French view of the English school trouble. In his study of the conflict he first describes its origin, then discusses the new law, and finally the bill in its relation to the English churches, Catholic and Protestant.—A. Aurèle reviews the fifth volume of Baumgartner's *History of Universal Literature*; which volume is concerned entirely with French Literature.

La Quinzaine: Dr. Marcel Rifaux contributes an article on “The Origin of Life and the Creation of Living Beings.” An historical account of this scientific movement is given. All experiments have, up to the present, proved failures, but that is no reason why we should conclude that the problem will remain unsolved. In the vast domain of hypotheses all hopes are legitimate, and there is no metaphysical impossibility that one day scientists will be making life in their laboratories. But what about God? There are some who see in Creation of life one of the strongest proofs for the existence of the Supreme Being. Dr. Rifaux says that we must bear in mind that the existence of God is not as absolutely demonstrable as a theorem in geometry. The voice of conscience, the wants of our moral nature, demand that we recognize the existence of God. Those who are of this frame of mind have no reason to fear the acquisitions of science, but on the contrary they will find in all scientific progress new and greater reasons to praise that Being who is the spirit of all life and truth.

(16 July): In his concluding article on the history of *L'Avenir*, Charles Boutard discusses the doctrines set forth by Lamennais. The doctrines are all summed up under the head of “Liberal Catholicism.”—In the second instalment of the *Essay on the Psychology of the*

Hand, N. Vaschide maintains that the hand can furnish psychological indications on the past, present, and future.—Louis Chabaud chooses as the subject of his portrait in this number, Mme. Tallien. Her connection with the Terror, with the Directory, with the Empire, and the Restoration, makes her an interesting figure in French history. It is mainly for this reason that the writer chooses her.—The "Origin and Development of the Idea of Sacred Scripture in Vedism and Mahometism," is the title of an article by A. Bros. The first idea was that of a soul. As this could not explain all, man was forced to the idea of a being inspiring his actions, and it was not a hard task to make this being divine. As this divine being inspired the individual he was soon conceived as inspiring his writings, his books. But these could not be considered a religious institution unless there intervened a social force, hierarchic and powerful enough to cause a unity of thought. So the divinely inspired writings became the expression of a religious unity. As such they express the religious life of certain periods. As social life and religious life developed, so did the life of thought; hence, also, did the expression of that thought, the Scriptures. And we can easily find this in the history of the Veda and the Koran.

Studi Religiosi (May-June): P. Palmieri, O.S.A., contributes an interesting account of the life, works, vicissitudes, and death of Hermann Schell. Professor Schell was one of the profoundest and most original thinkers that theological science produced during the nineteenth century. His works bear the stamp of a mind extraordinarily endowed with speculative power, and no less remarkable for fearless love of truth. Love of truth was, in fact, a passion with Schell. Opportunism was a word that disgusted him. Hence his trouble with the Congregation of the Index, to whose decision, however, condemning several of his books, he instantly submitted. What may be regarded as the distinctive features of Dr. Schell's work are: first, his tendency to question the eternal suffering of all souls dying without sanctifying grace; and secondly, his daring criticism of what he called

Catholic retrogression and obscurantism. In the midst of all his labors and overwhelming troubles Dr. Schell carefully cultivated the interior life and the spirit of prayer. The veneration for him cherished by all who knew him amounted, says P. Palmieri, almost to worship.—P. Brémond writes with his usual insight an interesting essay on the religious philosophy of Newman.—M. Federici has an exhaustive study on the commerce and industry of the ancient Hebrews.—Padre Minocchi continues his critical Italian translation of Isaias.—And L. Franceschi appeals to moral theologians to take some account of the discoveries of medical science.—A review is given of fifteen pastoral letters recently issued by various Italian bishops, the burden of which is an attack upon modernism in study and research. These bishops deplore the extent to which Catholics are cultivating modern methods, and advise their seminaries to exclude the works of Minocchi, Sameria, Murri, Ghigani, Buonainti, and Bonaccarsi. The *Studi Religiosi* also is excluded. P. Minocchi indignantly protests against the injustice done him, points to the fact that all his works have had the highest ecclesiastical authorization, and implies that if we do not occupy ourselves with modern studies, it will be so much the worse for us.

Revuc d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (May-June): Antoine Dupin investigates the origins of the Trinitarian controversy in the early Church. The elements of the Trinitarian dogma existed before Christian theology. In the Old Testament we find frequent mention of the "Spirit of Yahweh," meaning God's power, especially as manifested in mighty men like Samson, or in illuminated seers like the prophets. The idea of the Son, too, readily arose out of the idea that all men would be Sons of God in the Messianic era, and, in a pre-eminent sense, Messiah himself would be *Filius Dei*. However, it took some time before the threefold hypostasis stood distinct in the Christian Consciousness. Baptism was given only *in nomine Jesu*, up to 80 A. D. at least, and we may learn from the *Didachè* that the threefold

formula was used in the Eucharistic celebration only after 100.—M. Zeller writes on a little known Da'matian, St. Dominus of Salone.—L. Saint Paul discusses the date of an early Christian epitaph.—Among the book reviews is a favorable notice of Dr. Healy's *Valerian Persecution*.

La Civiltà Cattolica (7 July): An author in the *Civiltà Cattolica* treats of the possibility of an evolution or development of the Catholic Church from a highly abstract point of view. Confining himself to the intrinsic development of the Church, he maintains that development would mean a change in its very essence; that is, (1) in the moral of the Gospels; (2) dogma; (3) the hierarchy; or (4) the sacraments. But there can be no essential improvement on the love of God and our neighbor. And this is a summary of the moral teaching of the Church. Dogma means that the Church teaches, and she has no right to add to, or detract from, the deposit of faith left when the last Apostle was dead. The hierarchy embraces the ministers to whom the government of the Church is assigned, and is a fact of which Jesus was the author, and will remain as Jesus wished that it should. The sacraments are the effective instruments of individual perfection, the means by which the end of Christ's kingdom is attained.—Another writer presents an apologetic study of St. Luke, continuing the article, "I Nostri Quattro Evangelii."—Dr. Boissarie writes of the favorable attitude of Rome to the grotto of Lourdes.

(21 July): A writer advocates the founding of houses for Catholic students at the various Italian Universities, quoting a letter of Pius X. approving of a kind of Catholic dormitory and club already started at Padua.—Another writer treats of the anti-clerical prejudice in Italy.—Father H. Grisar, S.J., continues his study of the relics in the *Sancta Sanctorum* in Rome.—The criticism of Herbert Spencer and the study of St. Luke are also continued.

La Rassegna Nazionale (1 July): Berta Felice continues the study of Alfonsina Orsini under the title of "Femmin-

ismo Estetico."—Piero Misciatelli writes of woman in art.—An anonymous person publishes some letters of the Dominican, Alberto Guglielmotti.—Raffaele Foglietti recounts how the Congregation of the Index condemned a work of Guglielmo Andisio, thinking a quotation he criticized was the expression of his own opinion. (2 July): Apropos of the third centenary of Rembrandt's birth, Mario Foresi presents a study of his character and work.—E. Foresi treats of German Protestantism from Luther to Harnack.—L. Oberziner makes the charge that there are many Rosminian ideas in Fogazzaro's *Il Santo*, and quotes passages to support his contention.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FLORENCE B. LOW, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, dwells upon the responsibility of schools and teachers for the reading of the modern girl. The following shows the line of argument adopted:

It is curious to compare the taste of the modern girl with that of the girl of twenty years ago; fashion in reading has changed as greatly as fashion in dress, and it must be confessed for the worse. Those of us who were at school a couple of decades ago in England, were revelling in our Dickens and in our Scott in a manner that strikes our pupils of to-day as curious and odd. Mrs. Oliphant's stories, with their homely charm and real insight into human life, seem to have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Such books are too uneventful, too seriously written, too earnest for the generation that feeds on scraps and snippets. Charles Kingsley, the most popular novelist of the '70's and '80's probably, is neglected, while Mrs. Ewing, a writer of real genius, is scarcely more than a name. We who read *The Story of a Short Life*, *Jackanapes*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, when we were in our teens, regret that our successors should be shut out from such a great inheritance.

An authoress dearly loved in our youth appears but twice in a recent list. Louisa Alcott, a few years ago, numbered a very large circle of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Equally inexplicable is the neglect of Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Thackeray, Miss Yonge, and Miss Mulock. The modern school-girl is not reading a vicious literature; her taste is healthy, and for that let us be thankful in an age that produces much that is corrupt and unedifying.

Nevertheless, it were folly to disguise the fact that the reading of inferior novels, this filling the mind with scraps and tags of information, is harmful in the highest degree. If she does not read the great novels in her youth she is never likely to do so. Why is it that rubbishy novels have such an enormous circulation to-day, and that these same novels are published in their hundreds and thousands? Is it not largely due to the fact that the middle class, who form the bulk of novel readers, have no standard of taste? Having never read a good novel, they do not recognize a bad one when they see it.

If the lists which I have examined are a true index of the reading of the modern girl, it would be interesting to discover what the causes are that have brought about this changed taste in reading—a change, let it be emphasized once more, not towards the vicious, but towards a lower level of literary art, the standard novels being neglected in favor of stories by tenth-rate writers, and magazines of all kinds. Is it a natural evolution, and if so, no more to be stemmed than the current of a river that has worked its way into a new channel? . . .

How is English literature taught in our girls' schools to-day? In the upper forms—girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age—certain prescribed

books are studied, and, in order to pass the examinations at the end of a year, these books must be studied more minutely by the help of notes, which are often more adapted to real scholars than to young students. Ask a girl of sixteen or so what literature she is studying in school and she will most likely reply: "We are 'getting up' 'Henry the Fifth,' or 'The Merchant of Venice.'" Proceed to examine her in the nature of "getting up" a book, and you will find it principally consists in learning notes by heart. These notes deal with difficult points in philology, comparisons between the various editions of the play, and the different readings—all matters of interest to the ripe scholar, but surely not required by the "young person," who has probably read nothing more than one or two plays of Shakespeare. During the last three or four years examiners have dealt more with characters, with the result that editors of the latest text-books present their readers with ready-made sketches of the chief people in the plays, which the girls, with their terrible facility for "getting up" anything, learned by heart, and reproduced with a wearisome monotony. Of course, it may be said that a really great teacher may surmount these difficulties and, in spite of cheap criticisms and learned notes, inspire her pupils with a passionate enthusiasm for a Cordelia, a Rosalind, a Henry the Fifth. The great teachers are few and far between; they do, and have always done, good work, regardless of bad systems. It is the average, conscientious teacher with whom we are concerned, who loves her play or her poem, and desires her pupils to love them likewise. She would like to spend time over the beauties of character and of language; she would like her pupils to do original work; and often she urges them not to read the character sketches which serve as a preface until they have formed their estimates. She would like to disregard the notes. But how can she? She is, indeed, placed between Scylla and Charybdis. Omission of the notes will mean failure in examination, and that is a serious matter; study of them will mean distaste of a fine piece of literature, perhaps, and that is even more serious. Only those who have actually taught literature know how impossible it is to teach it in the way it ought to be taught when there is an examination looming in the near future. The teacher is obliged to lay stress on the unimportant and the unnecessary, and to pass quickly over the æsthetic and moral side of literature, which should make it such a valuable subject of study for young and impressionable girls. Literature is, of all subjects, least adapted to examination, for here the facts are nothing and the spirit and feeling everything, and one can, after all, only examine people on facts and deductions from facts, not on those things which appeal primarily to the emotional and imaginative side of the mind. There is no lack of interest in literature among girls, and there are plenty of enthusiastic teachers in our schools who would rejoice to see the present system of examinations done away with; or, if examinations must form a part of modern education, they believe that a kind might be devised less dependent on "cram," and more conducive to the acquisition of a knowledge and understanding of great works of poetry and prose suitable to the immature minds of young people.

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